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TEMPLE BAILEY

ERICH REMARQUE *author of*
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

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Majestic's Colorful Tone –

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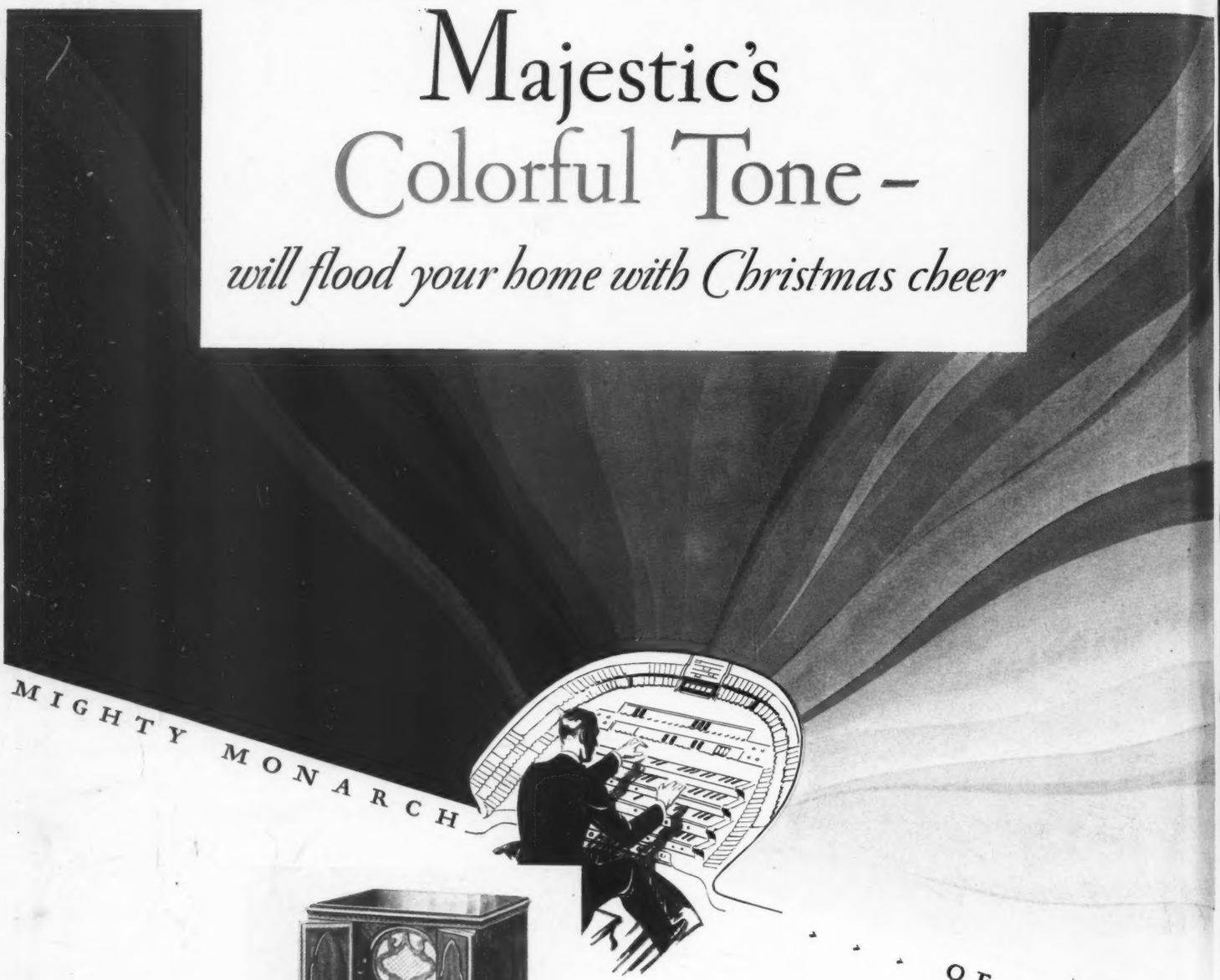

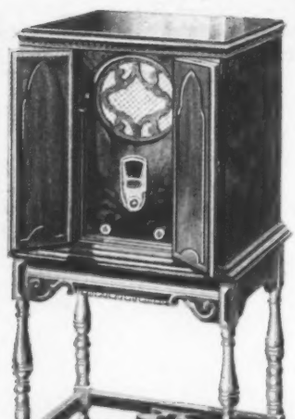

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Hear the new Majestic today. Realize what it will mean to every member of your family in *lasting* enjoyment. There's a Majestic dealer very near you. He will be glad to demonstrate. And he'll explain the Majestic Finance Plan that makes it so easy to own a Majestic. Arrange for delivery in your home Christmas morning.

MAJESTIC BEAUTY *as illustrated in this authentic Jacobean period model, matches the incomparable beauty of tone provided by the famous Majestic chassis and super-dynamic speaker . . . Tune in Majestic Theater of the Air over Columbia Broadcasting System every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Standard Time. Headliners of the stage and screen.*

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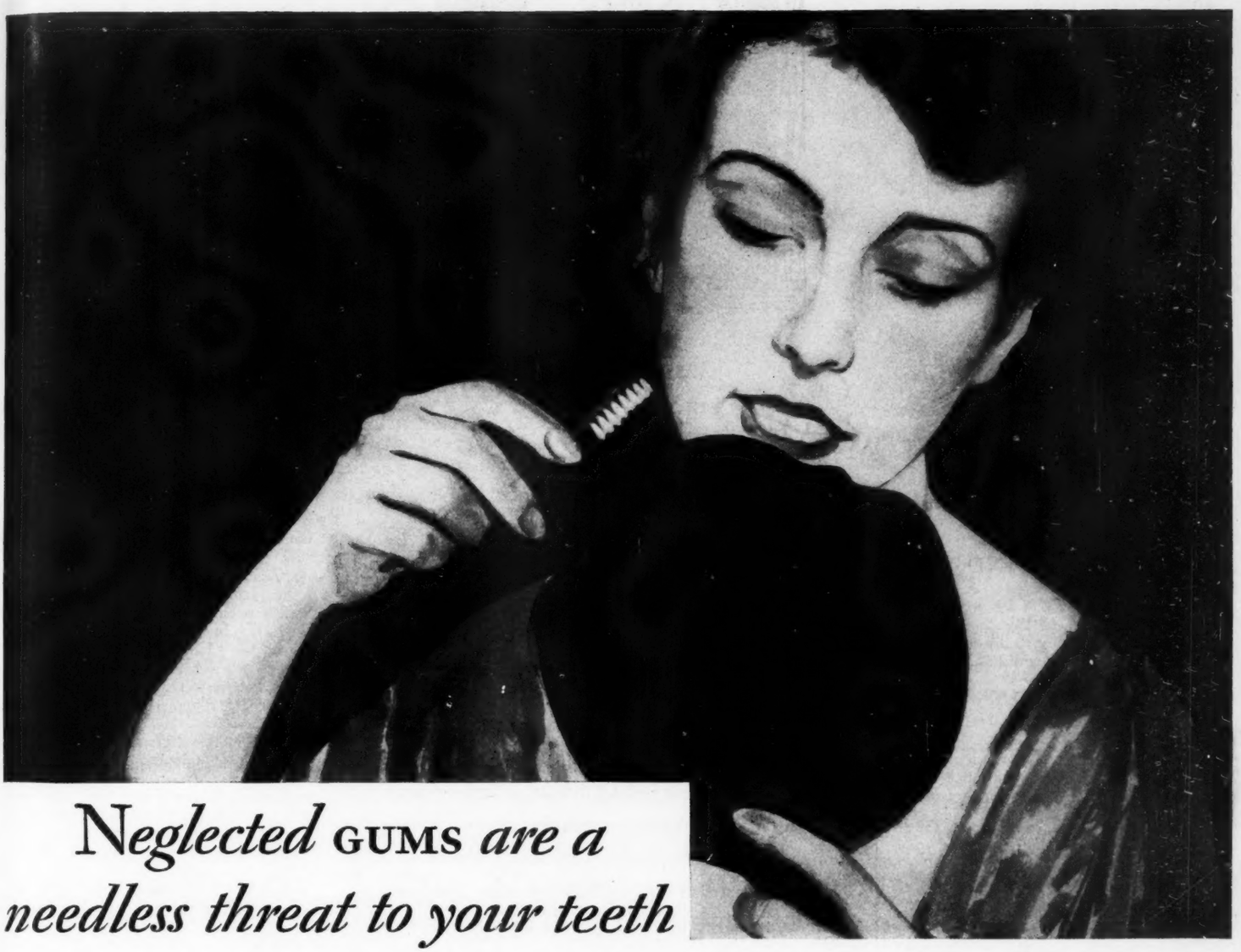
Does your tooth brush ever "*show pink*"?



Neglected GUMS *are a needless threat to your teeth*

EVEN an occasional tinge of "pink" upon your tooth brush should be taken seriously and corrected promptly.

For that little weak spot on the walls of your gums cannot be permitted to bleed, unchecked, without danger! It might be the forerunner of trouble far more serious.

Don't wait for gum troubles, prevent them!

As your dentist will tell you, unhealthy gums are responsible for the loss of thousands of good teeth. The host of gum disorders nearly always start with a slight bleeding—gingivitis, Vincent's disease, occasionally even the dread pyorrhea may follow!

Ideas of oral hygiene and dental care have changed radically during the past few years! And it's common sense to use a tooth paste that guards your gums while it cleans your teeth.

Thousands of dentists personally recommend Ipana. For Ipana cleans your teeth—keeps them sparkling white, immaculate. It tones your gums at the same time—sends the fresh blood coursing through them, to purify and strengthen the millions of cells!

Gum troubles attack when you least expect them. They are caused by creamy sauces; luscious, tempting salads—by the soft foods you eat and prefer. The modern diet gives the gums too little exercise to keep them firm and sound!

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So get Ipana and play safe. Its double protection makes it a wise economy, even though you pay a few cents more for it—with gum troubles the danger that they are—with gum neglect the risk that dentists tell you it is!

Send the coupon for a 10-day sample of Ipana if you wish but—better still—get a large-size tube from your druggist. Tonight, begin the full month's test! Your teeth will be kept spotlessly white. And long before the month is up your gums will be firmer, harder, sounder than ever before!

* * * *

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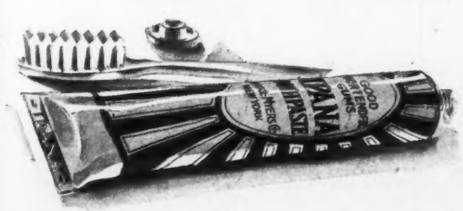
City ..... *State* .....



IPANA Tooth Paste

Merry Christmas to You All

Again the chimes ring out, and the glory that was born in Bethlehem shines with an everlasting radiance over all the land. For mingled always with the fragrance of evergreen and holly, and mirrored in the flames of gleaming candles, is the memory of that first Christmas, so many years ago. Some of its hushed wonder is captured in the miracle of every mother, every son; some of its spirit guides each merry Christmas wish. And as the triumphant notes of "Peace on earth; good will to men," ring out anew, the supreme message of the Nativity finds a welcome in every human heart. Then, the world is kin.

With the ending of an old year we stretch out our arms to the dawn of the new, with its magic promise of new life, fresh achievements, hopes and dreams unfilled. Daybreak of 1930! Each day of the unfolding year our goal will be to make those dreams come true; for it is our constant purpose to bring joy and enlightenment to the homes of America.

—The Editor

THESE and several other powerful serials will appear during 1930 in McCALL'S MAGAZINE:

THE WILD WIND
by
TEMPLE BAILEY
author of *Burning Beauty*
A New Novel Every Woman In America Is Looking Forward To
It begins in the
February McCALL'S

MARY FAITH
A powerful revelation of modern marriage; a work of deep significance and beauty
by
BEATRICE BURTON MORGAN
author of *The Little Yellow House*

THE FIFTH HORSEMAN
Heralding the coming of a new star to Broadway, her struggles and her splendid triumph
by
the great master of American romance whose stories are forever young
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

FIRE OF YOUTH
A poignant drama of love's conquest over a burning doubt that threatens the foundations of two lives
by
MARGARET PEDLER
author of *The Guarded Halo*

OCTOBER HOUSE
The gripping successor to
Desert Moon Mystery
one of the year's prize-winning novels
by
KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

On page 103 you will find McCALL'S Special Christmas Gift Offer.

There will be a delightful program of short stories and articles, embracing the work of the most fascinating and brilliant authors it has ever been our pleasure to publish, in the 1930 issues of McCALL'S MAGAZINE. There are light, glamorous stories for a short half hour's reading—entrancing pictures of life as it is lived in the far corners of the world, for a long quiet evening at home—and still others, keen and poignant dramas of conflict and triumph, that you will read and remember long.

These stories are spun from the pens of the most talented and beloved of American writers—your favorite is sure to be included; and now and then you will enjoy the thrill that comes only with the first reading of a new author, for McCALL'S publishes many first stories.

Among the notable story-tellers to appear in the pages of McCALL'S during the coming year are:

BOOTH TARKINGTON
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
HELEN TOPPING MILLER
ETHEL M. DELL
STEPHEN M. AVERY
MARY SYNON
ACHMED ABDULLAH
LYNN AND LOIS MONTROSS
ELIZABETH S. HOLDING
HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT
FRANCES NOYES HART
HAROLD MACGRATH
MARGARET WEYMOUTH JACKSON
VINGIE E. ROE
ELSIE SINGMASTER
OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
KATHERINE NEWLIN BURT
SAMUEL MERWIN
KONRAD BERCOVICI
REITA LAMBERT

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McCALL'S MAGAZINE—December, 1929. Volume LVII, Number 3. $1.00 Per Year. Canadian postage none; foreign postage, 75 cents. Publication Office: McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio. Executive Office: 230 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Branch Offices: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; Spring and Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga.; 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.; 204 Great Portland St., London W. 1, England. William B. Warner, President and Treasurer, Francis Hutter, Secretary. John C. Sterling, Vice President.—TRUTH IN ADVERTISING—McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to The McCall Company.—ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION—If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Use the enclosed subscription blank within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.—Copyright, 1929, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain.Entered as Second-class matter November 27, 1925, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The McCall Company. Printed at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our Publication Office, McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

EXTENDING THE Limits of Man's Opportunity

Only a few generations ago the life of man was circumscribed by his own physical limitations . . . the dexterity of his fingers, the strength of his back, the speed of his limbs, and the labor of domestic animals. . . . The interchange of commodities was slow, difficult. There were no good roads, as we know them today, nor any way to travel swiftly, surely, over these roads. The deeply rutted wagon trail was a long, hard trail. . . . Though boundless acres were all about, it was only the adventurous few who traveled far. Many a man lived and died without ever having been more than fifty miles from home. . . . Then was born an idea that was destined to reshape the frontiers and the future of the entire country—the idea of making a small, strong, simple automobile so low in price that it might be placed within the means of all the people.

THE coming of this new means of transportation not only changed the industrial life of the nation, but helped to change the private lives of every one for all the generations to come.

It leveled hills, extended horizons, created new opportunities, furnished the means to earn more money and to enjoy the leisure which that increased income should bring.

In creating and building a small, strong, simple automobile at a low price, and in using it, man became accustomed to thinking of machinery as a servant. He made power work for him.

More and more as time went on, in industrial plants and on the farm, heavy labor was taken off the back of man and placed upon the broader shoulders of the machine.

The Ford moved everywhere, blazing the way over miry roads and rocky mountain trails, through gumbo and sand, creating a rising demand for swifter, smoother travel that resulted in the construction of hundreds of thousands of miles of cement and macadam highways reaching to all parts of the country.

The benefits resulting from the introduction of the low-priced automobile have done more than perhaps any other single thing to increase the standards of living and to make this a truly united country.

All the people are blended together by the flexibility and swiftness of automobile transportation. The prairie farmer, the industrial worker, and the city business man are governed by similar impulses, similar tastes, similar demands upon highly specialized machinery to serve them.

THIS civilization can show no greater example of disciplined machinery than in the operation of the Ford Industries. The great miracle is not the car, but the machines that make the machine—the methods that make it possible to build such a fine car, in large numbers, at a low price.

Craftsmanship has been put into mass production. Millions and millions of parts are made—each one so accurate and so exactly like the other that they fit perfectly to the thousandth of an inch when brought together for assembly into complete units.

Men by the thousands and the hundred thousand are employed at the Rouge plant alone and there are hundreds of acres of plant equipment. Yet the purpose today is wholly the same as when the equipment of the Ford organization was housed in a single small building.

Everything that has been done has been done to give further scope and expression to the Ford Idea.

THAT idea is not merely to make automobiles—not merely to create so much additional machinery and so many millions of additional horse-power—but to make this a better world in which to live through providing economical transportation for all the people.

For that purpose the first Model T was made twenty-one years ago. For that purpose the new Ford is made today. In 1929, as in 1908, it is again helping to reshape the frontiers and the future of the country and to further extend the limits of man's opportunity.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

Photo by
Underwood & Underwood

Friend and counselor of the younger generation

In Miniature — Temple Bailey

A glowing picture of the author whose work is an inspiration to every reader of McCall's

By Mary Margaret McBride

SEVERAL years ago, I came upon a short story called "The Gay Cockade." I remember well that I missed my dinner to read on, without even getting up to make a light, until twilight fell and my eyes hurt, so enthralled was I by the beautiful tale which seemed to me to mirror all my own shy ambitions, painful sensitiveness and unrevealed longings.

I had forgotten the author's name, but recently, when I found "The Gay Cockade" in a collection of Temple Bailey's short stories, I knew why Miss Bailey had seemed so utterly unlike a stranger when I met her recently in Washington.

She has the rare quality of her own books—serenity, kindliness, sympathy, intelligence. Her brown hair is softly waved about her face, and her eyes are blue, changing a bit to match her moods, as a good seaman's change to match the moods of the sea. She is utterly unaffected and frank, completely lacking in egotism; and so gracious that before you know it, you are telling her your troubles, ambitions, hopes and fears. You feel that her wisdom goes deeper than book-knowledge.

IN THIS materialistic age the work of Temple Bailey is unique. Cynicism, unbelief and pessimism are the fashion; but Miss Bailey has kept her ideals, her faith, her optimism. They are reflected in every line she writes; and that her novels become best-sellers is one of the best indications that at heart human nature is sound.

And in passing I might say that not only are her books best-sellers in this country, but that to her millions of readers in America and England is added an audience which speaks in many tongues. There are Danish and Swedish translations of a half-dozen of her novels, and on the table in her sitting-room the day I saw her lay a gay Spanish edition of *Wallflowers*. And the author told me that the same book is to be done in Chinese! One wonders a bit what will be the reaction on demure Oriental maidens of Miss Bailey's gay dancing twins in their occidental environment!

Yet with all this, she tells you, "Nothing I have ever done has satisfied me—perhaps because my accomplishment is so far below my aspirations."

She does not, however, underestimate her popular appeal, and is tremendously interested in the thousands of letters which come to her annually from the men and women who have been drawn to her by the courage she has shown in setting down her belief in the things of the spirit, or who simply want to express to her their satisfaction in the perusal of a good story.

Miss Bailey lives and writes in a charming suite at Wardman Park Hotel in Washington. This home she shares with her mother, a lovely little lady to whom she is devoted. Her typewriter stands on a breeze-swept sun-porch overlooking Rock Creek Park. She dictates articles to her secretary, but types the fiction herself. Morning is her working time and nothing is allowed to disturb her schedule. The writing game as Miss Bailey plays it is not one for lighter moments. She believes, like Stevenson, that "to travel hopefully is better than to arrive."

"Of course at first we don't believe it," she admits. "Success shines ahead of us as something very definite, like a good dinner, a good play, or a good horse. We plan to enjoy it gloriously. But when it really comes—when our checks are in five figures and the critics are weighing us in the balance and our readers are crying for more, we find that happiness isn't, after all, to be found in the limelight, but in a certain quiet circle of gold made by our shaded lamp on a blue blotter."

She insists that writing cannot be taught. One can, she thinks, acquire technique, as a painter learns to use his colors, or a sculptor his tools. But emotion, imagination, sympathy and ability to look at life from more than one angle, are the qualities which make the artist, and they are inborn.

"We have too much standardized work," she comments. "The secret of success is self-expression."

Her own career as a writer has been unique in that both books and serials have been sold before they were written; and no long manuscript has ever been sent from editor to editor or from publisher to publisher.

"I served my apprenticeship with short stories," she explains; "and had many rejections—one of my manuscripts went to eighteen magazines before I sold it. But a publisher who had seen my short stories showed his faith in my future by having me sign up for four novels before I had written one; and when at last I decided to serialize, it was because an editor sat on my doorstep, as it were, until at last I succumbed. Since then my serials have been written under contracts for years ahead."

AS A girl Miss Bailey had no thought of a career. One day, however, she put her pen to paper and wrote a little article, and then another. Soon there came acceptances, and then a prize in a love story contest. She had had no training except that which came from a background of culture.

"I was not strong and my school life was somewhat intermittent—private schools and special college courses," she told me. "However, my father in out-of-school days supervised my English as carefully as my mother supervised my manners. I came to girlhood and finally womanhood with a rather easy gift of writing. But I really did not want to write and was not in the least interested in a career. I was, rather, tremendously interested in people. I have been always an intensely social person, liking my kind and clinging somewhat stubbornly to old ideals of democracy and the doctrine that 'a man's a man for a' that'."

This interest in people makes Miss Bailey's work vital and delightfully human. She writes of pretty clothes with enthusiasm, and the women in her stories are always smartly gowned. "I like [*Turn to page 102*]

—they selected FURNITURE

A *gift* for the home! What pleasant possibilities, what delightful anticipations! Rare, indeed, is the present that brings so much lasting satisfaction; so much permanent pleasure. And after all, isn't a gift of furniture the most logical, the most enduringly profitable of all investments?

Good furnishings are more than mere merchandise. They are the elements that make our dreams come true; a constant source of inspiration, and a definite aid to advancement. Thus, the saying: "First . . . furnish the home," is indeed sound counsel.

In this modern age you are judged by the appearance of your rooms. Scanty, inappropriate furnishings do you a real injustice; they give your guests an unfavorable impression that even your gracious manner and clever conversation cannot offset.

THIS HELPFUL, 24 PAGE COLOR ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET IS FREE! ASK ANY DEALER WHO DISPLAYS THE ABOVE EMBLEM FOR YOUR COPY

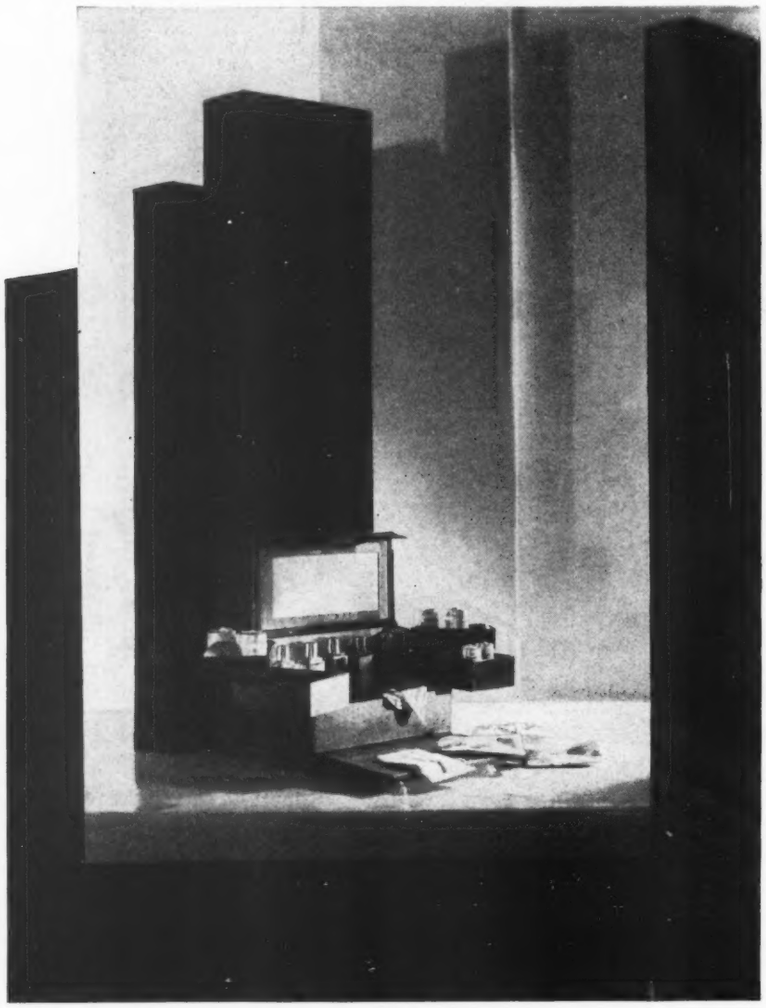
And it is so easy . . . so simple, to turn this handicap into real help; to make home furnishings speak in your favor. Just a few new pieces, carefully selected, will "dress up" your home and make a world of difference.

How about one or two occasional chairs, to replace those old-fashioned ones that have served their day? A new table, perhaps, or an attractive desk; a cedar chest, or Martha Washington Cabinet; new furnishings for the dining room and breakfast nook; a modern, comfortable suite for the spare bedroom. These are things within the scope of even a modest Family Budget. And what a difference they will make!

Why not take the first step now? There is no longer any need to do without the things you really ought to have. For the modern method of buying furniture lets you have them right away.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS GIFTS

the world ever knew were perfumes borne across the desert by three wise men



WITHOUT beauty, life would be a desert, trackless, and empty of meaning. Beyond the famous red doorway of the new Elizabeth Arden Salon are gifts of beauty, for beauty. Perfumes which challenge in their fragrant loveliness and symbolize the most beautiful of human relationships and moods . . . . Delightful imported gifts personally selected by Miss Arden, with the same warmth of interest she would use in choosing them for her own friends . . . . And the Beauty Box—filled with the loveliness which every woman longs for!

Who could resist one of these perfect gifts from Elizabeth Arden! Could You?

POUDRE D'ILLUSION. Elizabeth Arden's most exquisite Powder in a satin-lined box. *Illusion, Rachel, Ocre, Minerva Banana,* and *White.* $3. Two favorite shades of Illusion Powder—*Mat Foncé,* for daytime and *Poudre de Lilas,* for evening—have been packed in an original silver box that is charming enough to be a gift in itself. $3

BATH SALTS—Rose, or Pine, or Nirvana, as you prefer. Invigorating crystals, in transparent jars with satin bows that give a real holiday air. . . . $1.75, $3.00, $5.00

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S VENETIAN DUSTING POWDER—A delightful luxury: a smooth powder, pure, soft and lightly perfumed, in a large box gaily flowered, with a big puff. $3.00

BEAUTY BOXES AND TRAVEL CASES—Miss Arden's newest fitted box is as lovely as you would expect. It is made of rose lacquered metal with clever compartments that hold everything for the perfect grooming of the skin, including a full size box of powder. And it is only $9 There is a whole range of other enchanting boxes, from a tiny one for week-ends at—$3.85 to a gorgeous treasure-chest of loveliness (in leather) at $125

ARDENETTE — Just in time for Christmas, Miss Arden created her new octagonal powder case. The gold case is smartly engine-turned, and the compartment within holds a generous supply of your favorite powder—loose, according to the newest fashion. A separate compartment contains the puff. $3

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 691 FIFTH AVENUE

PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix LONDON: 25 Old Bond Street BERLIN W: Lennéstr 5

CHICAGO: 70 East Walton Place PHILADELPHIA: 133 South 18th Street WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Avenue DETROIT: Book Building
BOSTON: 24 Newbury Street SAN FRANCISCO: 522 Powell Street LOS ANGELES: 600 West 7th Street ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
BIARRITZ: Arcades du Grand Hôtel, Place Clémenceau CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries MADRID: Calle Alcalá 71 ROME: Via Condotti 65

© Elizabeth Arden, 1929

Ernest Schelling, maestro, and his audience of listeners whose age averages ten years

What's Going On in the World?

WORDS AND MUSIC

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

The Younger Set Stops to Listen

IF YOU will stroll into the auditorium of Carnegie Hall, New York, almost any Saturday morning about this time of the year, you will note with presumable surprise that a full symphony orchestra is upon the platform, about to play to a capacity house. "Stroll," as a matter of fact, is pure poetic license, for unless you have procured your tickets far ahead you will be unable to get in at any price, so heavy is the attendance, and so solidly booked ahead.

One or two things about the orchestra's surroundings may strike you as peculiar. The background, for instance, against which the players sit, instead of being the usual imitation tapestry backdrop, ornamented with the customary muses or shepherdesses so ineluctably associated with concert halls, is largely occupied by an enormous white screen. The conductor's stand, furthermore, is furnished with a microphone, while at the sides of the platform are two amplifiers. This, obviously, is no conventional symphony concert.

Nor is the audience conventional. One striking feature of it is the profusion of colors in which it is arrayed. The eye, accustomed to the prevailing black-and-white of the average symphony audience, is likely to be a trifle stunned by the riot of reds, pinks, purples, yellows, greens and oranges in whch these auditors have elected to express themselves. Its second striking feature is its restlessness. Music lovers do, upon occasion, wave fans and flutter programs; but who ever saw a symphony audience galloping up and down the aisles, putting its feet in its neighbors' laps, waving and yoo-hooing to its friends, and being hauled back from suicidal attempts to climb down the sides of the boxes?

Scrutinize this audience a bit more closely and you will find the mystery explained by the fact that its average age is ten years. Some of its members are callow striplings of five and six; some are grave and reverend seigneurs of fourteen and fifteen; and there are even a few adults present, to lend weight and discipline to the occasion. But in general it is about ten years old. For this is one of Ernest Schelling's Saturday morning children's concerts of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra.

The riotous behavior of the audience, one hastens to add, abates considerably, once the concert is under way. The conductor does not proceed directly with the music, but begins with a brief talk (hence the amplifiers), copiously illustrated with lantern slides (hence the screen). This talk may deal with the instruments of the orchestra, with the lives of the composers represented on the program, or with some phase of musical history; usually it deals with all three. It is in no sense of the word a lecture, for it is extremely informal in character. It might better be described as a monologue with interruptions. For the audience is not only allowed to join it, but is encouraged to do so.

Dr. Samuel S. Drury

"What is this?" the speaker will ask, as a picture appears on the screen.

"Oboe!" comes an answering treble roar from several hundred earnest young throats.

"When was the Battle of Hastings?" (I forget just why this particular question was asked). There is a moment's baffled silence.

"Fourteen ninety-two," one courageous guesser finally ventures; only to be overwhelmed by yells of protest that finally resolve themselves into a triumphant chorus of "Ten sixty-six!"

But the vocal contributions of the listeners are utterly hushed when the music actually starts. The programs, by the way, while wisely confined to selections lasting no longer than six or eight minutes each, are otherwise anything but infantile in character. Mr. Schelling makes no bones about offering his juvenile hearers such fare as Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Schéhérazade*, Debussy's *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*, and whole movements from symphonies. Nor is there any doubt that the children not only enjoy what they hear, but remember what they are told.

Lists of questions are included in all the programs, which the children are asked to answer and return; and the replies indicate an amazing grasp of the significance of the music as well as a knowledge of the essentials of musical history and an acquaintance with the instruments of the orchestra.

The Philharmonic-Symphony series takes place on Saturday mornings between November and April. It is by no means the only one of its kind. The idea of special symphonic concerts for children was inaugurated in New York by Walter Damrosch; and by now it has been generally adopted by most of the major symphony orchestras of this country.

The Gospel of a Boy

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

DR. SAMUEL S. DRURY

REVIEWED BY

REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON

DR. DRURY has been Headmaster of St. Paul's School for Boys, Concord, New Hampshire, for almost twenty years, resisting all lures to lead him elsewhere. Some years ago he declined Trinity Church in New York City, the greatest parish in the land; only recently he declined to be the Bishop Coadjutor of Pennsylvania. Out of his long experience with boys two books have grown, *The Thoughts of Youth* and *Fathers and Sons*, both of which have been widely read. The net result of his wisdom is that the famous firm of "Father, Son and Co.," [*Turn to page 102*]

Mary Philips plays Mazie in George M. Cohan's melodrama, "Gambling," wherein nobody shouts and nobody shoots

What's Going On in the World

"Who Could Have Done This Horrid Deed?"

A REVIEW OF THE THEATER

BY HEYWOOD BROUN

THEATERGOERS are tender-hearted, but they also like murder mystery melodramas. This makes it difficult for the dramatist. He must provide the necessary blood and violence and yet avoid offense to the sensibilities of the first-nighters. As a rule the problem is solved by killing the least prepossessing character in the cast. In fact, when the solution comes, it is generally a question whether the murderer should be indicted or decorated.

Grace Flandrau

The dead man almost invariably turns out to be a grand rascal dealing in drugs, rapine or robbery.

However, this formula has become a little shopworn with the passing of the seasons. There lies a yearning in the craftsman's chest to strike down some honest man or woman for the purpose of an evening's entertainment. Inevitably envy arises against that lucky fellow, the novelist, who can spin his yarn around the horrid sight which greets the housekeeper in the library. The good old Colonel sits beside his desk entirely dead and the ivory paper-knife is missing. One might think that insurance companies would refuse to insure venerable squires possessing paper-cutters.

George M. Cohan, always one of the most skillful of native technicians, has found a new method to provide his audience blood without tears. In *Gambling* he manages to have a most attractive young lady murdered in such a way that the spectators are not in the least troubled by her sudden end. The crime occurs before the curtain rises. Although some of the characters in the play are hard hit by the news, the audience can hardly be expected to mourn, since the girl is an utter stranger to them. They never do set eyes on her. Moreover, Mr. Cohan has arranged a thrilling [*Turn to page 76*]

TURNING OVER NEW LEAVES

WITH FRANCES NOYES HART

For Red Stockings and Blue

ONE of these frosty December days there is liable to come to the most prudent and far-sighted of us a moment of clear-eyed horror as we realize that Christmas is waiting for us just around the corner, and that we are still trying frantically to decide what in heaven's name to give Uncle Henry, who has everything in the world; and Miss Hitty, who has nothing; and little Jean, who is too big for dolls, and too small for vanity cases. Well, sit down in the nearest chair, and take a long, deep breath; there is the simplest of solutions waiting at your elbow. You can give every mortal soul on your list a book, and he will rise up and call you blessed.

You will be giving far more than a Christmas gift—you will be giving a talisman, an "open sesame" at which the doors of the darkest cave will swing open, showing the stored and glittering treasure within.

Uncle Henry first, because Uncle Henry is a simply blood-curdling person to give presents to. Wealthy, fastidious and erudite, he has everything in the world, including delusions of grandeur and a rather bad temper. You might try dangling in front of his jaded eyes a copy of that extremely handsome volume known as *An Elizabethan Journal,* compiled from sixteenth century sources by G. B. Harrison. In it he can read of queens and ballad mongers, pickpockets and plagues, broadsides and witches, and sundry other curious things. Or possibly he might succumb to the sinister fascination of *The Molineux Case,* Alfred Knopf's second volume in the American Trial series—a stately tome of four hundred tall pages, dealing with one of the most blue-blooded and sensational murder trials in the annals of American crime. It is worth two or three detective stories any day. Or, as he is [*Turn to page 93*]

Blessing the Union of Sight and Sound

A REVIEW OF MOTION PICTURES

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

From "Hallelujah"—an artistic talkie

WHEN sound was wedded to sight on the screen, there were devout worshippers in the cinema cathedrals who arose to protest against this unholy union. They announced that it was eugenically false and that it would [*Turn to page 87*]

ONE HAPPY CHRISTMAS "EVE"

meaning your wife, SIR ADAM, with the silver gift you give her

Being one of Eve's daughters her feelings and instincts are just as feminine as the curl of her hair or the curve of her mouth.

So it's simply feminine and natural that she should adore nice things. Pretty clothes, so that she looks nice to herself...and to you. A table that smiles and sparkles with radiant silverware . . . for her . . . and for you, too.

UNDER $5

Jelly Server	$1.75
Mayonnaise Ladle	2.25
Cold Meat Fork	2.50
Tomato Server	3.25
Berry Spoon	3.50
6 Coffee Spoons	3.75
Dessert Server	4.25

And being one of Adam's sons you'll strive to please her. Especially at such a mellow season as Christmas. Perhaps she's been struggling along resignedly, using a lot of old and ill-assorted silverware for 1,000 meals a year! No woman's pride was ever made for that. But Christmas, and silver gifts, were made just to change the situation.

Let your dealer show you the silverware to make your wife a happy Christmas "Eve" on Christmas day . . . and for long, long years to come, for 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is guaranteed without time-limit. And you needn't be a Wall Street magnate to buy her 1847 ROGERS BROS. . . . even though it's the finest of all silverplate. For it's really inexpensive . . . as the prices quoted, for your convenience, on this page will prove.

$5 TO $10

6 Oyster Forks	$5.25
6 Iced Tea Spoons	6.00
6 Butter Spreaders	6.25
6 Ice Cream Forks	6.25
6 Salad Forks	7.50
6 Cream Soup Spoons	7.50
6 Pie or Pastry Forks	8.50

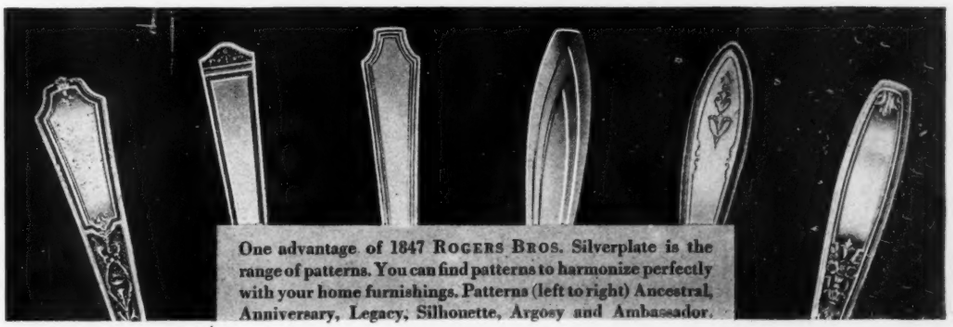
$20 TO $30

Gravy Boat and Plate	$20.00
Double Vegetable Dish	25.00
Meat Dish, 16 inch	27.50

A sparkling new booklet has been prepared, intensely interesting to anyone thinking of silver. It's called "WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED TABLE WILL WEAR IN SILVERWARE" . . . and it's yours if you simply address Dept. "E," International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn., and ask for booklet M-45.

OVER $30

Water Pitcher	$30.00
Centerpiece	40.00
Pieces of 8, 34 pcs. (chest at top of page)	43.50
3-pc. Tea or Coffee Set	65.00



One advantage of 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is the range of patterns. You can find patterns to harmonize perfectly with your home furnishings. Patterns (left to right) Ancestral, Anniversary, Legacy, Silhouette, Argosy and Ambassador.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS . . . NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO . . . CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Because

until the

You work less -

Rich suds save machine power:

Chipso is not only a convenient, but economical washing machine soap. A twenty-minute soaking right in the machine *before* the motor starts loosens the dirt so that, in half the usual time, and with half the usual amount of power, your clothes get spotlessly clean.

Have you discovered *why* Chipso gives such wonderful help in clothes-washing and dishwashing? If not, notice the *suds* particularly the next time you use it.

Hot water turns Chipso's thin flakes into foaming suds. But these suds aren't light, puffy suds that vanish into thin air when you put in your clothes.

Chipso suds are eager, rich suds that start immediately to loosen the clinging particles of dirt and grease. They're suds that *last* until *all* this dirt-loosening work is done. That's the secret of Chipso's help . . . the reason why you need never wear yourself out *rubbing* the dirt loose!

Foaming or quiet, Chipso suds are at work penetrating every inch of fabric. They loosen the dirt for you so thoroughly, in fact, that when clothes have soaked twenty minutes you can *remove* the dirt by squeezing the suds through the clothes a few times. (Only extra-soiled spots may need a little light hand-rubbing.)

Because Chipso is made of rich materials especially chosen to give lasting suds, you

Chipso—hot water—Quick suds that last! — Soaks clothes clean — Dishes ⅓ less time

© 1929, P. & G. Co.

The most amazing success in

these suds "stand up" task is done

the suds work more

are not continually adding more and more flakes to keep Chipso suds *alive and working*. They last and *last*—and *you* save time, trouble and soap.

Quick, thrifty Chipso! The 25¢ box does from four to five family washings (more if your water is soft) or an entire month of dishwashings . . . because the suds *last!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free! *Saving Golden Hours*—"How to take out 15 common stains . . . save clothes by soaking . . . lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with the newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Saving Golden Hours*. Send a post card to Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. CM-129, Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

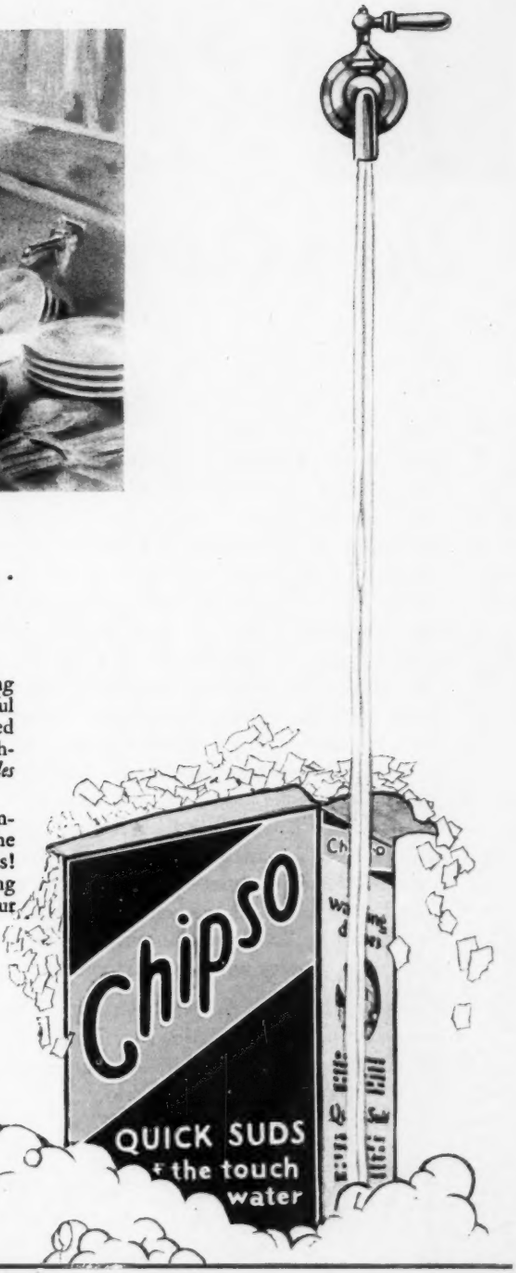
These lasting suds soak dirt free!

A twenty-minute soaking in rich Chipso suds loosens even greasy dirt completely. (Though you can soak over night if you prefer.)

New . . . Quicker . . . Chipso Granules *for dishes*

Now you can get rich, lasting Chipso suds in a wonderful new form—ready prepared for lightning-fast dishwashing! Ask your grocer for *Chipso Granules*—in a blue box with a *red* stripe.

Chipso Granules are Chipso suds in steam-dried form. Add hot water and watch the rich suds melt food particles off your dishes! A hot rinse and you're through. No wiping needed! No dishtowels to wash! And your dishes have an extra sparkle.



the history of household soap

Do you ever wish you could *leave your hands at home?*

Isn't there something a bit heart-breaking about hands that carry tales of dishwashing and cleaning into a gay and charming party? They are like poor little forlorn strangers wandering among the lights and pretty frocks by mistake.

Hands *can't* look gaily smooth and white after a busy day in and out of the strong, parching suds of harsh "kitchen soaps." But if soap-and-water tasks are done with Ivory—*then*, hands can work cheerfully and tell no tales when working hours are done.

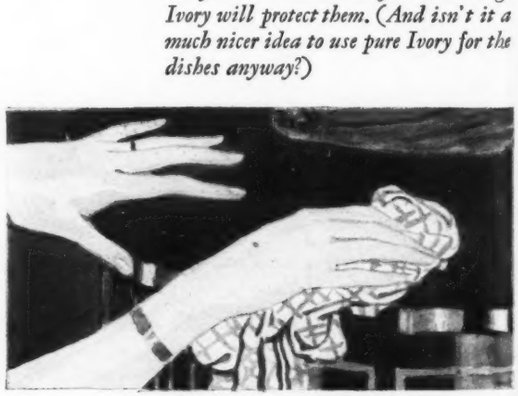
Have you ever thought that when you use Ivory for any purpose you are merely giving your hands a gentle Ivory bath? And Ivory baths are as kind to hands as they are to the millions of jolly little rose-leaf babies who receive them every day.

Ivory for dishes (and how they sparkle!). Ivory for your heirloom mahogany or new lacquered furniture (Ivory protects their delicate gloss). Ivory for cottons and linens (colors are safer). Delicate cleansing tasks or sturdy ones—Ivory does them for you quickly and well.

And your hands, as we believe you will discover if you try "Ivory for everything," will be smoother and whiter and lovelier . . . ready to adorn any party with a carefree grace. PROCTER & GAMBLE

Free: *A little book on charm.* What kind of care for different complexions? For hands? For hair? For figures? Write for "On the Art of Being Charming," and address Catherine Carr Lewis, Dept. VM-129, P. O. Box 1801, Cincinnati, Ohio.

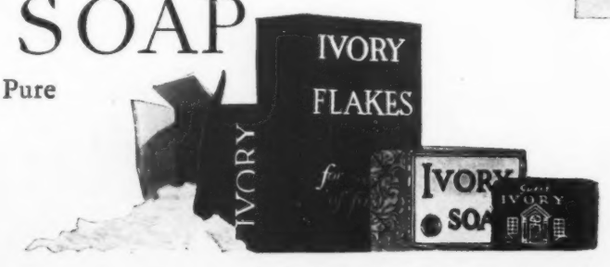
Don't let the beauty of your hands slip away in three-times-a-day dishwashing. Ivory will protect them. (And isn't it a much nicer idea to use pure Ivory for the dishes anyway?)



A pure soap is the best cleansing agent you can find. While Ivory is protecting your hands, it will also do all your soap-and-water tasks quickly and well.

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % Pure



Kind to everything it touches

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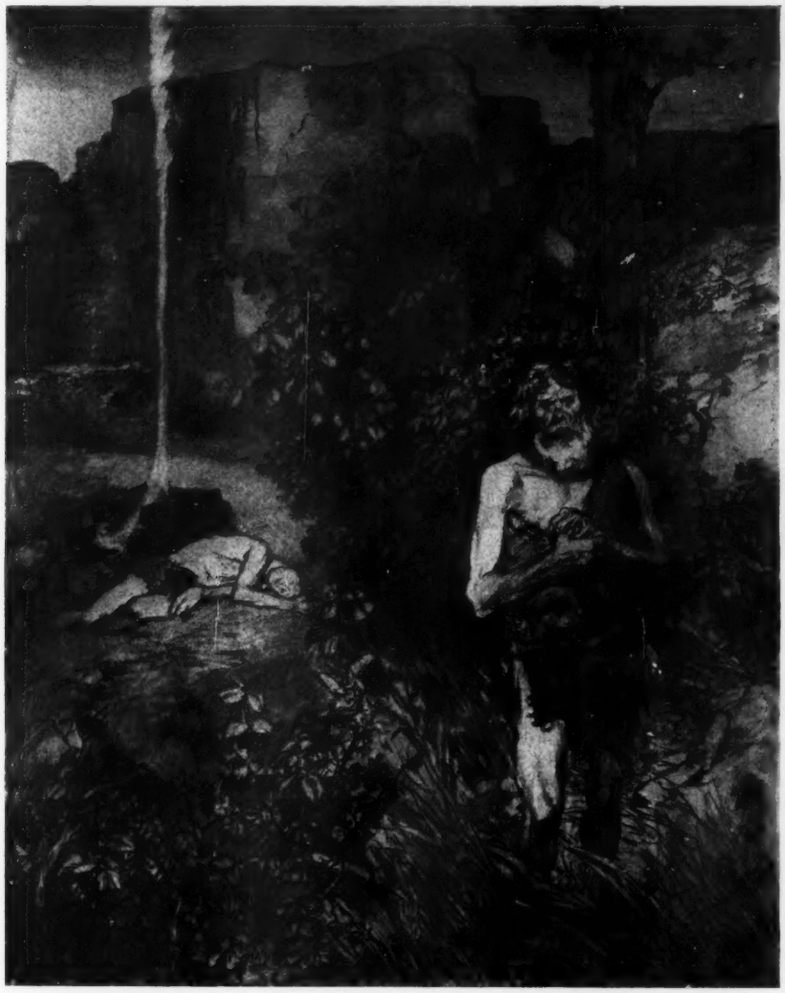
DECEMBER McCALL'S 1929



Am I my brother's keeper?
Gen. IV. 9.

FOUR SOLDIERS FROM FOUR COUNTRIES

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
the German private who wrote *All Quiet On The Western Front*

R. C. SHERRIFF
the English officer, author of the play, *Journey's End*

HENRI BARBUSSE
the French poilu, author of *Under Fire*

CAPT. JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.
the captain of American Marines who wrote *Fix Bayonets!*

join in an inspiring message of human brotherhood, revealing the deathless ideals that have survived the War

IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES

BY ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
Translated by Laurence Stallings

Decoration by F. R. GRUGER

IT IS inconceivable to us today, ten years after the war, that there was a time when hate and blindness and error stifled the impulse of man to seek the truth.

Only from ignorance could such hate and blindness and error spring; the ignorance that blocks the way of man toward truth. Millions of Frenchmen and Englishmen and Americans believed the Germans to be Huns who, for their chief pursuits, slew children and ravaged women. And millions of Germans believed that the French were destined by nature to be their arch enemies, that Russians all and sundry were barbarians and that Englishmen and Americans fought the war solely as a part of a cold, business-like quest for speculation and trade. It mattered not that such notions were false and one-sided. The war lent them strength.

It may be right beyond dispute that necessity, considered from the purely military point of view, stands ahead of truth in war. But it is an unnatural point; for the striving after truth and objectivity is the most admirable of all human traits.

Spurred by this inner striving, men had made a common lot of their great works of philosophy, of art, of knowledge. But the war had dragged these into the dust. A man shut his eyes and saw in his opponent only the enemy, never another man. To see only this enemy is to see from the exact military point of view. But this military viewpoint has not [*Turn to page 78*]

"Lift me down, Joseph, and let us hasten to prepare the manger"

MARY *and* JOSEPH

By Agnes Sligh Turnbull

For every mother, every son—an inspiring vision of the first Christmas and the glory that was theirs upon this day

THERE was never a sweeter springtime than that one in Nazareth. From the first whisper of green amongst the trees on the hills there seemed to be dreams abroad, caught in the scarlet blossoms of the promegranate, tangled with the perfume of the budding grapevines that covered the terraces, borne on the warm wind from the lake.

Strange dreams, luring one out of the town in the early mornings to the highest hilltop, where, away to the west, the mountains of Carmel rose and towered and then sank into the blue waters of the sea; haunting dreams, which sometimes at night give one no rest except in the cool garden where the asphodel and mignonette lay white beneath the dew. Or so, at least, it seemed to Mary, who had known the beauty of other springtimes, but never one like to this sweet, strange one which came that year to Galilee. It was as though a voice were calling her. Sometimes, indeed, she ran quickly to the lattice to see if someone from the street had really spoken her name. But no one was ever there.

Each morning when she woke she was breathless with a great expectation; and each night as she lay in her small room, her white limbs at rest like lilies on the lake, she watched the stars through her window and listened to the soft singing of the little stream that ran through Nazareth, and knew that there was a hunger in her heart. A hunger that held her with a tender pain; a sad, wild delight. She was frightened, and yet she would not have lost it if she could. It was a part of this mystery of the spring that had overtaken her, and which bent and swayed her as the young olive leaves were made to go the way of the wind.

It was, she told herself, because she was now betrothed. Yet the strangest part of all was that when Joseph came she had no feeling as she talked with him. None except the still acquiescence which she had known from the first when she promised to marry him.

Each day she met him quietly as he came into the court. He was a large man, strong and dark. In spite of his carpenter's blouse there was a fine dignity about him. Even a stranger to Israel might have guessed that he had regal blood in his veins. For Joseph was the direct inheritor of the throne, if there had been a throne then to inherit. A strong, silent man, Joseph.

And Mary was small. The top of her golden head came only to his breast. Her eyes were the color of the lake at evening—dark, deep blue, with a light always rising and glowing in them. She was a little timid with Joseph. She sat beside him in the garden and looked up at his strength.

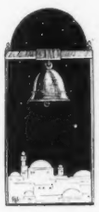
She wondered why, when he was so powerful, his body should tremble sometimes when she leaned against him, and that his voice should shake.

Joseph usually talked of his work.

"I did well today," he said one evening. "I was making lattices. I have a new design I'm trying out in the carving. I am going to experiment until I find the best. Then I shall put that on the windows of our house. In a few more months everything will be ready, Mary."

His voice always fell a little as he spoke her name.

"You haven't seen the new table yet, nor the couch frame. I have a fine arabesque decoration for the door, too. I don't feel like doing any of my regular work these days. I'm so eager to finish our things. Can't you stop



at the shop some time soon, with your grandmother, perhaps, and see what I've done?"

"You are so kind, Joseph," Mary said gently. Then as silence fell, she asked hesitantly:

"Did you see the clouds last night, just after sunset? They were like a vision. I was on the housetop and it seemed as though huge chariots were moving past, with angels driving horses of fire. Their hair floated behind on the wind, red like blood. Then suddenly they all melted away into two great portals of glory, and—the darkness came. I made some poetry about it. Would you care to hear?"

Joseph's black brows were drawn as he watched her intently. He nodded.

When she had finished, Joseph turned her faced toward him, holding it cupped in his hands. He looked at the dark shadows under the eyes, at the transparent quality of the skin, at the sensitive, musing mouth.

"Are you well?" he asked tensely.

AND then Mary laughed. The sound of the fountain was no sweeter.

"You are so amusing, Joseph! When I speak to you of how the sunset looks to me, or the moonlight on the orchards, or the sails from the hilltop, you always ask me if I'm well. You know I'm never ill! I do not know what sickness is. Listen, I'll tell you a secret. I look so small and slight, but I am strong. No one knows how strong I feel sometimes! I feel as though I could go weeks without eating, without sleeping—something within me would carry me on and on . . . "

But Joseph shook his head as he touched her hair in one of his rare caresses.

"That is not natural. I would rather you were like my sisters. They cannot wait for meal time. They laugh and sing and play jokes upon each other, and grow so sleepy at bedtime they cannot stay awake. They are plump and rosy, they look at the sunset only to see whether it will be fair weather the next day for their washing."

At the question in Mary's face he drew her to him with sudden passion. "I meant only that I wish you were as strong and robust as they. For yourself, I would not have you different by a single golden hair. I think it is because I never knew anyone like you, that I love you so. It is as though I found in you something I never knew existed, and yet had hungered and thirsted for all my life."

Joseph stopped, embarrassed. He had never spoken in this way before. As Mary made no answer he went on slowly—

"But sometimes I am fearful. You do not love me, and yet—we are betrothed."

Mary looked up in surprise.

"But I am willing to marry you, Joseph. You are so kind and strong and good. What more can I say? Is there more that I should feel?"

The man watched her for a moment and then looked away.

"There is something more," he said gently. "But I hope one day you will know."

"Is it perhaps—?"

Mary stopped. She was about to tell him of the strange sweet pain in her heart quite apart from him and his love, when something seemed to seal her lips.

"The stable! How dare you insult her so!" Joseph's hands shook him with a quick frenzy

Illustrated by Mead Schaeffer

Then at the sight of her wistful hesitancy, Joseph rose to his feet, standing above her, dark and strong.

"You must not worry," he said, his eyes softening; "I love enough for two."

When he had gone, Mary sat still in the garden, distressed that she could so easily forget his presence, then suddenly swept away again by the tremors of her soul.

Perhaps it was only the beauty that made her restless. Perhaps it was her longing to put the magic of it into words, but none of her poetry sounded so real, so beautiful, as the poetry of the Scriptures—the drama of Job, the Song of Songs, the Psalms. But of course they were all holy poems, written by men whose minds God had touched. She wondered if He ever stooped to breathe His spirit into the heart of a maiden.

But she would try to be a good wife to Joseph. She could keep house as well as any maiden in Nazareth, and she would study his wishes and learn to please him. It was strange to be loved as Joseph loved her.

Perhaps when they were wed, this pain would cease. She rose to her feet and stood gazing over the garden wall to where the orchards held up clouds of pink and white blossoms. They looked so fair, so fragile, poised on the dark boughs, as though they, too, were waiting for some great unknown consummation. Mary stretched out her hands toward them. Her slender young body swayed as branches move in the wind. She chanted softly and then broke off, shaking her head sadly. The words of her poems never sounded quite like the thoughts in her heart, she mused.

IT WAS time to go indoors now. Grandmother would soon be calling her. She must do a little spinning before supper. She moved her eyes slowly again, over the stretches of spring loveliness about her. Then she bowed her head.

"And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us," she prayed softly; "upon Joseph and me."

If there had never been before in Nazareth a springtime so bright with perfumed winds, so it seemed, there had never been one so ablaze with the color of novelty, of excitement, of rich flowing movement, as this one. For Nazareth lay in the very path of romance. It lay upon the great caravan road that started at Damascus, wound its way through the upper country, crossed the Jordan at Jacob's Bridge, touched Capernaum, then came through lower Galilee and on the great mart of Ptolemais on the shore of the Mediterranean.

All day long, from morning to night, the traffic of the world passed through Nazareth. Long files of camels, of mules, of asses, bearing silks and jewels to make lovely women more lovely; luxuries to make rich men more proud; delicacies to make epicures more discriminating and captious; all the precious things of the east for the west; all the riches of the west for the east, passed along the caravan road.

But not unaccompanied. Jews, Greeks, Romans, dwellers in the East, all passed through, with the glamor of the traveler upon them.

There were soldiers, all sheen of tinsel and spangle and sword; there were merchants, doctors, lawyers and gentlemen of leisure. Rich men and poor men; young dashing adventurers; and old, seasoned wayfarers; there were vagrants and vagabonds and gypsies; good men, and thieves; dreamers and purse-hardened Publicans—all blent together in the many-colored texture of life that the shuttles of the days kept weaving.

SURGE and flow, sound and glitter, clank of armor, love call of a lute, laughter, sighing, shouts and prayers passed through Nazareth in that strange sweet springtime.

But not all the travelers passed through with only interested glances at the terraced village with its flat, yellow-white houses and its gardens of olive trees and cypress.

Many of them stopped and tarried. Some wanted rest and refreshment at the inns; some wanted longer draughts of the mountain air; some stayed because of business; and some—because of a lovely face they had glimpsed through a lattice.

It is well to remember this in all kindness to Joseph, who was shortly to suffer the tortures of despair.

But there was still another procession that wound its way out of the village that spring. If the traffic of the world passed through, so did the commerce of God. For Nazareth was one of the stations of the priests. And on a still, warm day, when the spring seemed to have reached its zenith of beauty, the chant of the holy men was heard, and the solemn tread of their feet as they set out for Jerusalem. Mary, watching from her housetop, was lost in a rapture of devotion. All day she dreamed of the service of the temple. At sunset it seemed as though she, too, were kneeling with the hushed throng before the altar of incense. And when night came on, she could not rest.

When she was sure her grandmother was asleep, she crept out of the house and on to the garden where the rock roses and lilies were the sweetest.

There seemed to be a mystical pulse in the night itself that matched the throbbing of her heart.

And away to the west a young moon hung low, graciously curving, full of sweet promise, pure as pale fire, hanging from the darkness untrembling, sure of her destiny. A shadow of silver!

A whisper of light! The chant of the priests seemed to echo again, draw near, recede, die away.

Darkness grew deep, as Mary knelt among the lilies.

Joseph himself could not sleep that night. And this was strange, for usually after the long day in the shop, he flung himself upon his bed to taste the deep, unbroken slumber of those who toil. But this night was different. He, too, heard voices. But they were not the ones to which Mary was listening. His house was nearer the inns. So he could hear the noise and confusion of the travelers coming and going. He could hear the laughter and jesting of young men, which made him turn quickly to see that the door to his sisters' chamber was closed fast. He could hear the overpowering sweetness of a lute, as some minstrel played a foreign love song.

They were all disturbing sounds, and together with the strange throbbing in the warm spring air, made Joseph restless, fearful.

HE THOUGHT of Mary. Of her exquisite perfection; her purity which was that of a little child. He felt old before her innocence. He saw again in his mind the blue of her eyes with their ever-changing depths and the light on her golden hair. He had an unreasonable desire to hurry out now along the street and stand like a worshiper, outside her window. But he brushed the thought aside with a smile. He had never dreamed he could love so deeply, so madly, so tenderly, as he loved Mary. And it would be many months yet before they were actually wed, according to the terms of their betrothal.

He stayed on the housetop until all Nazareth lay quiet and asleep beneath the stars.

"Suddenly beside me stood an Angel. Joseph, I am to be the mother of Him for whom all Israel is waiting!"

But the next evening when he entered the court of Mary's home, she was already there to greet him. And even to an eye less discerning than a lover's her face must have looked white and distraught.

"Mary," Joseph said quickly, "you are ill."

She put her hands to her head. Her eyes looked dazed. "I—I am going away. My grandmother has given her permission. I am going to Hebron to my Cousin Elizabeth's. I feel I must see her and talk with her. I may stay some time, Joseph."

He put his arm about her with a quick tenderness.

"That is a fine idea! I can't tell you how I shall miss you, but I'm glad you are going. Nothing could be a better tonic for anyone than a visit with Elizabeth and Zacharias. It is just what you need. A change of air and scene. And remember! I shall expect you to come back rosy and strong."

It was only after he had returned home, that Joseph realized that behind the dazed look in her eyes, there was also fear. But he tried to put the thought from him, and work harder than ever in the shop.

At the end of a month he went to see Mary's grandmother.

"I've had no word," the latter said. "I don't know how long she will stay. Mary's a strange child, always lost in her poetry and her visions. It's unnatural in so young a maiden. I shall be glad when she's wed to you, Joseph. Marriage will make a woman of her."

"Our marriage cannot come too soon for me," Joseph smiled.

"No, nor for me," the grandmother went on. "When I find her on her knees in prayer when all the other maidens are dancing, I don't like it. And when she tells me she saw the chariots of Jehovah moving through the sunset, I have a feeling of fear. It's the look in her eyes."

"I know," Joseph agreed soberly.

IT WAS not until three months had passed and Joseph was on the point of journeying himself to Hebron, that Mary returned. She did not run to meet him as he had dreamed she might, but stood waiting for him to cross the court. Then before he could more than utter her name, she was speaking, her hands clasped to her breast, her eyes luminous with exalted fire.

"I have something to tell you, Joseph, so awesome, so wonderful! My lips can scarcely frame the words. But I must not keep the truth longer from you."

Her voice sank to a whisper.

"The night before I last saw you, I was here alone in the garden, there by the bed of lilies. And suddenly beside me stood—an Angel! Joseph, I am to be the mother of Him for whom all Israel is waiting!"

Joseph drew her close though he felt her shrink from his touch.

"Every good woman hopes and prays for that, my Mary. And there could be no one more worthy than you. We shall both keep that holy thought in our hearts."

Mary breathed a long slow sigh of relief.

"I knew you would understand, Joseph, and believe me. Grandmother does not. She calls me a child of shame. She says I will be an object of public scorn when—when people know . . ."

It was Joseph who shrank back now, his face white with terror.

"Mary! You don't mean—you can't mean . . ."

Mary's soulful eyes were still far, far away.

[*Turn to page 72*]

Illustrated by GRATTAN CONDON

"Which shall we believe?" the Boy asked. "Shall we believe you or our Mother?"

THE LIGHTED PATH

A star shines in the night and guides the way to love, as on that other morn in Bethlehem

By Temple Bailey

TAKE a lantern," the Mother said.

"We need no light. There is a moon."

But the Mother insisted—"The moon is not enough."

So the children went away, swinging the lantern.

The path they followed led through a wood. It was a pine wood; and the trees were close together, their branches making a roof which shut out the moonlight. But the moon was not shut out on the path, which was a silver thread in the tapestry of the night.

The children were not afraid of the dark wood, for they had often gone that way. They sang as they went and the Girl's voice was a treble chime, and the Boy's like a deep-toned bell. It was very cold and their voices carried far. There was not a cloud in the sky, nor a sign of snow on the pine needles. And it was Christmas Eve.

At the edge of the wood they met their father. "Mother made us bring a lantern."

And their Father said, "She would, of course." He lifted the lantern and blew out the light. "The moon is enough," he said.

Then the Boy said, "Which shall we believe? Our Mother says the moon is not enough. You say that it is. Shall we believe you or our Mother?"

The Father stood for a moment looking up at the bright moon. "You must think that out for yourselves," he replied. "Perhaps I see more light than there is; perhaps your mother sees less. I look up at the sky. She looks down at the path. She may be right. I may be right. Who knows?" [*Turn to page 82*]

"Did the poet die?" Primrose whispered at last

EARLY TO BED

The gay story of a child of fortune

By Lynn and Lois Montross

Illustrated by HENRY RALEIGH

UNDERNEATH the trim little bonnet of Primrose Muffet lurk all the lures of crinoline and old lace. With a saucy little nose and a wish to be happy, this ultra-modern daughter of the very rich spins her enchanting way down the glorious road to romance in the brightest of this year's novels.

UPON her unwise mouth lay the imprint of youthful dreams; but her twinkling feet were gay. That was Primrose Muffet, as quaint as an old-fashioned nosegay with the bright sophistication of a stiff lace-paper ruff, who found Roger Van Horne gumming labels on rare editions in her father's elaborate unread library—impoverished, shabby Roger Van Horne, clumsy, shy, stammering, troubled—the remembrance of whose eyes nestled in her heart like a tender fire. And Roger, an intruder in the suave, glittering, jazz-mad world that surrounded Primrose, defended her against the insolence of Allison Blaine, with the fervor of a plumed knight-errant; then bolted, fled from this girl of sea-green emeralds, with the gown of shimmering silver and a laugh that was a sob.

But Primrose, bending low over the wheel of her Mercedes, chanting a soft, eager song of power and pride and speed, raced swiftly after him. Seventy . . . seventy-eight . . . eighty-four kilometers . . . Her car swept along, a white streak in the gray dawn. Roger's fierce, strangely-stricken eyes, his endearing smile kept dancing before her. She could not let him go! And being the fascinating little barbarian that she was, she didn't, though her pursuit lead to the gateway of Hixon College and beyond—straight into English I under Professor Roger Van Horne himself!

Part II

THE girls of Hixon College said that Gertrude Coffey was the *dearest thing!* They all loved her; she had "the most charming manner" and "such sympathetic eyes." Perhaps it was the determined and unflagging sweetness of Miss Coffey's smile which moved them most, for the girls of Hixon College believed with

all their hearts in the illuminated motto above the door just outside Rebecca Holmes Hall:

Be sweet!
The morning greet
With cheer,
And clear
The sun will shine for you—
Be sweet and true.

Miss Coffey had an amusing way of pointing whimsically to the motto when things went wrong. This afternoon on the last day of registration she sat at a desk in the central corridor of Rebecca Holmes Hall while a chattering mob of eager girls swarmed about her, clutching well-thumbed courses of study and applications.

THE seniors, quiet, serious young women, were endeavoring to guide the excited and sometimes hysterical freshmen. Breathless female voices were raised in emphatic comment:

"I don't care! I do want to take that 3-A Botany with Miss Coffey—"

"She does have the most *charming* manner, doesn't she? I think she is just lovely!"

"And in that green dress this morning . . . don't you think she looks charming this morning?" They gazed admiringly at Miss Coffey's rather austere figure in green twill brightened by a daring plaid collar and cuff set, given her by a niece last Christmas.

In their sensible skirts and blouses they purred and twittered and wrote on their entrance blanks and got ink on their shiny noses and felt that Hixon College was really a darling place and Miss Coffey very charming indeed.

Suddenly one of them stared with transfixed eyes at the door. "Why, for goodness sake! Look, Lillian, who on earth do you suppose that girl is?"

"Oh, mercy, I don't know!"

The room was all at once very quiet as Primrose crossed it with her most unconcerned and lilting step. Beneath her careless felt hat of Chanel red only one dark eye was visible; but that single eye danced with enough flame and fervor to set all of Hixon College afire; her wine-red skirt flickered skimpily above her round knees; and the platinum fox collar of a gray caracal jacket fluffed immensely around her small pink chin. Her cheeks were gay with color more beautiful than Nature bestows; her young mouth curved with startling chroma in a fascinating bow-knot. Her heels were, as the girls later agreed, *simply ridiculous*. The motto above the door seemed to waver dizzily as the air became rich and heavy with the most exotic perfume ever devised in Paris.

ER—DEAR me," Miss Coffey was heard to murmur in some confusion as she glimpsed Primrose's chiffon knees twinkling merrily toward the desk.

"Good morning?" she said in her well-modulated voice. She took a yellow pencil out of her netted coiffure and then absently stuck it in again.

Primrose beamed at Miss Coffey. As the new applicant rested her soft brown hand on the desk a dozen bracelets tinkled with a beguiling clatter out of her sleeve. "Good morning," said Primrose. "I want to register. I want especially to take English and—oh, I don't know! English, anyhow. Perhaps you can suggest the other subjects. I want a broad general education," she added, with a serious air of large enterprise.

Miss Coffey looked at the bracelets and then at the dark eye glowing with starry determination from under the red hat. She said afterward that she had never felt so confused in her life. Hastily she fluttered the pasteboards of a card catalogue in front of her. "Your name?" she asked. [*Turn to page 57*]

"You must go at once," she said icily, "or I shall call the night watchman"

"Jule!" There was a swift movement and John was there, on his knees. His hair was quite gray—her John's!

STAR IN THE EAST

The glitter of modern living fades in the light of simple things

By Nelia Gardner White

Illustrated by H. J. MOWAT

SHE came down the snowy street slowly. She looked like a woman more used to riding. The short, smart, brown fur coat, her tight little brown hat and brown suède shoes, had distinction and beauty, and she held her head with a certain arrogance that was more habitual than intentional. She was thinking, a little scornfully, "This is what they call a pretty day. Like a Christmas card!"

It was, in truth, that kind of day. Big soft flakes and fresh snow underneath and all about, on cars and roofs and steps. In all the windows Christmas—wreaths and gifts and little trees. People hurried everywhere, their faces a little worried, but somehow glad, too; their arms piled high with packages.

It was not pretty to her. No day was. When the spring days had brought their soft air, their wistfully gay daffodils, their little new red tree buds, there had been no warmth in her heart, no spring. When the trees in the park had begun to turn golden and winds blew high, there had been within her but a dull low moaning, as if she saw instead of gold, a stripped, bare, brown earth, bereft of harvest. And now, at the Christmas season, the world was more than ever ugly, even though she was returning from the buying of Christmas gifts.

"Everything's done," she said to herself. "Even Cousin Lu!"

It had not been hard. It is not hard to say, "I'll take this, please"—not if there is plenty of money. And yet it had been an inexpressibly weary day. She said, "I don't believe I can bear another Christmas!" People seemed to go into a kind of madness at Christmas time. Such tired faces as she had seen in the stores, such a hub-bub of excitement, such evidence of straining to give beyond one's means! And all for what? In remembrance of Christ's birthday? Absurd!

Then, just before she came to her apartment house, she passed a little store, huddled between two tall neighbors, almost like an old-fashioned country store. She had seen the place a thousand times, but it suddenly seemed to take on some special quality, some quaintness she had not before discerned. It was as if, out of her small-town childhood, some memory came, all unbidden, to squeeze her heart. Or perhaps it was not the store. Perhaps it was the little boy, the very little boy who stood on his sled to make himself tall and pressed his round face wistfully to the glass while he stared with longing at a pair of skates all too big for his small feet.

She stood still, the soft flakes falling on her, while she looked at the little boy. He was so very small to be so wistful for such big skates. All over her pain seemed to come blackly, a monster pain that pushed at her from everywhere, that came inside and pressed against her heart till she could not breathe. She turned and ran, blindly, toward her apartment house.

She was in her own room at last, the door shut, though there was no one there but her. Without removing her coat, she flung herself down on her bed, never minding its smooth silken spread. Tears seemed to rush from her heart, but they could not get past that pain that pressed so terribly, so ruthlessly.

But after a while, it was near dinner time and she rose from the bed, took off her coat, and began, mechanically, to make herself ready for going out. They were having dinner with the Braytons. Her eyes were not wet—she had not cried. But, nevertheless, her eyes were full of sorrow worse than tears could evidence.

When she opened her door, John sat before the fire in his room, not ready for dinner—just sat there, tiredly, before the blaze. She had not heard him come.

"The Brayton's dinner is at eight," she said coldly.

He started a little.

"Would it matter if I didn't go? I'm really too tired!"

"It would matter a whole lot, I should think. You said, yourself, that a good deal of your business depended on Ned Brayton!"

"Yes, true. But I can't go, Jule. Will you go, and tell them I'm sorry?"

"Are you ill?" Her tone was mechanical.

"No."

"Then I think you might try to make the effort!"

He did not answer her at once. When he spoke, his voice was as bleakly cold as hers. "Well, I cannot make it," he said evenly.

AS SHE drew on her gloves, she found she was trembling, and she said to herself, "I can't go, either! I'm too tired!"

But she went on making herself ready.

"Jule!"

"Yes?"

"I haven't bought your Christmas gift yet; is there something special you want?"

"No."

"How about that amethyst bracelet you like?"

"Oh, I don't care! No—oh, just anything!"

"It might as well be something you want."

The trembling seemed to go all over her now and she could not answer him.

Soon she was out of the house. She was at the Brayton's table and people all about her were talking. The Brayton's house was wonderful and the food was perfect, but it all seemed so dull—the talk, the house, the food. Someone said: "Christmas at our house—heavens, I'll be glad when it's over! Nowadays young folks go

mad! But they don't pay any attention to anything you or anyone else may say!"

"Sure you say anything, Linda?"

Everyone laughed, for everyone knew Linda was as young and mad as the youngest and most mad of them all.

Someone said to her, "Jule, that's a perfectly stunning dress! Shouldn't think John'd let you go out alone in it!"

She made herself laugh. "Oh, he doesn't worry!"

Then she heard Pansy Pendergast say ruefully ". . . . yes—can you imagine—all of us! Max insists on it, and we go! Children and all! We have to drive up from the station in a sleigh and it's ghastly cold! We have stovepipes up in our bedrooms and grace at table! I have to miss Callie's dance—isn't it heartbreaking?"

Jule heard herself laughing with the rest. And yet Pansy's words brought a picture sharply—herself as a little girl, huddled near the stovepipe in her own cold room, hurrying on clothes with chilly fingers because, down there, was the Christmas tree!

She found herself wanting to hurt Pansy, to hurt everyone at this table because she had been made to remember that little girl so sharply. She said, deliberately:

"Yes, it's heartbreaking, Pan! Heartbreaking to see you pretend to hate what we'd all give an eye for!"

They shouted with laughter at that, too, as if it were funny to hear Jule preach; and she said no more. But she wanted to.

She wanted to stand up before them all and say, "Oh, you shams! You terrible people, going about your days with masks on, never letting anyone see your hearts! Or haven't you any? Are you all turned to stone? You're stone! You can't ever feel again! . . . . No, I take that back! Here I am, looking just like you, and I'm feeling! I'm dying of feeling and never being able to show it!"

She gave Pansy a glance. Pansy was old enough to have a daughter sixteen; and yet she looked like a child herself, a pretty, petulant child. Once Jule had been very fond of Pansy, but now she was fond of no one. All her friendships had crumbled to ashes and become meaningless. Pansy, after her remark, made up a little face and said, "You'd give an eye? For stovepipes and grace and cold feet?" Then she turned to Grant Oyer, who sat next her, and looked up at him as her daughter might have done. It was said openly that Grant was mad about Pansy.

JULE didn't go on with the rest to dance. It was too impossible tonight. She could not bear their jokes nor their familiarity nor their banality. It was as if, with every smart remark, some nerve was set quivering; and, when the dinner was over, the nerve had been touched too many times.

"Jule! Not home?"

She could not, though she was adept at excuses, give any excuse for going.

"Yes," was all she said.

Pan came up to her. "Listen, Jule, we haven't had a get-together for ages! Come have lunch with me tomorrow, at the house!" [*Turn to page 88*]

Jule, kneeling as the old voice prayed, felt like a little girl who believed in Santa Claus

A masterpiece of Western fiction by the greatest master of rangeland lore

"Lespeth, this is the gentleman who has served us well—Ames, a rider from

ARIZONA AMES

By Zane Grey

THREE shots flashed from his smoking gun, aimed from the floor where Lee Tate's fist had sent him sprawling; and Arizona Ames had avenged the honor of Nesta, his lovely, tempestuous twin sister. His bullet ploughed through Tate, the man who had dared betray an Ames! Then, with a gallant toast to the Arizona he was leaving, Rich Ames jogged off into the sunshine of Wyoming in the spring.

And because he seemed always "to be gettin' mixed up in other fellows' troubles," straightway he stumbled on the secret love borne by young Lany Price, a cowboy dreamer, for Amy, the girl-wife of Crow Grieve, a bitter, unscrupulous, hard-drinking range boss to whom Amy's father had bartered her in exchange for freedom from debt.

Despair wrapped the two lovers close; they floundered in the morass of jealousy, hate and terror. That is, until Arizona Ames, with the coolness of a mountain morning, made Grieve his own enemy and Grieve unwittingly played into his hands. But it was not until Grieve had stalked Ames, had waited for him like an eager hunter, that the impasse came. They met in the gray, gloomy hour before daylight. One shot from Ames' gun broke Grieve's rifle from his grasp, as the rancher swept it upward; and another bullet found his heart.

Illustrated by FRANK HOFFMAN

Arizona." The girl's large gray eyes met Ames' with fearless interest

A few minutes later, Ames rode out toward the range which was awakening to rosy beauty. "Well, Cappy," he drawled to his horse. "Reckon this ought to feel familiar to you. We'll shake the dust of Wyomin'."

Part III

IT WAS summer down under the glaring red cliffs, that strangest of desert formations, Hurricane Ledge. Hot, windy, dusty—it seemed hell to the lonely lost rider who faced it.

In all Ames' long ten years of wandering from range to range, he had never seen the like of this sublime and desolate Utah. And he was glad that circumstances had driven him to ride into it. How strangely and tremendously a contrast to his beloved Tonto Basin! In his mind's eye he could see the pine-black ridges, the rushing amber brooks deep down between, the sycamores shining in the sun, the floating, golden maple leaves, the purple-berried junipers, the craggy slopes rising to the Rim, gold and black against the blue.

He could see the deep Rock Pool of Tonto Creek, that eddying dark hole from which he had rescued Nesta now so long ago, yet so vividly remembered. Dear old sweet Nesta, with her hair like sunlight and the twin blue-star eyes! It would have been worth a great deal to see her again—this last had been the third attempt in ten years—but there were men still living who waited and watched for his return. It would have been sheer wild joy to give them satisfaction; but such a move would not have been for her happiness. She was happy, the last letter had said—two years and more ago—and Sam was prosperous, and the twins well. Little Rich was big and sturdy and took after his uncle, loving the forest trails and the brown brooks.

"Shore I'd like to see that lad," mused Ames; and he wondered if he ever would. At every turn it seemed that risks and hardships multiplied for him. He had entered Arizona again from New Mexico by way of the White Mountains; and at last, when he reached the Cibeque a camp-fire chat with a chance rider had turned him north again on the long trail.

He stopped at Williams, a lumber camp, where he bought supplies and traded one of his horses for a pack-mule. Venturing into a saloon, something he had seldom done of late years, he had been recognized by one of four gambling men.

"Arizona Ames!"

Ames did not know the fellow, who was evidently a rider, and neither an enemy nor a friend. Ames said, "Howdy," and passed on.

At the corral Ames addressed the lad who had taken care of his horses. "Hey, sonny, where would you go if you wanted to lose yourself?" [*Turn to page 94*]

Ann Tillery let her heart shine in her eyes

Illustrated by W. C. HOOPLE

LOVER, COME BACK

By Helen Topping Miller

AT FIVE o'clock the roar of the street took on that accelerated, excited note, the sharply released and grateful noise of thousands of home-going people.

The elevator in the building moved faster, small heels rapped the concrete, laughter drifted up from the pavement like bubbles, taxies grew strident and police whistles exasperated. The city seemed to rock with the drum-drum-drum of millions of feet.

Catharine Christy sighed a little, pulled the shade above her desk to cut off a broad wedge of westering sun, tucked her hair back wearily and slid a clean sheet into her typewriter.

On the opposite side of the desk Van B. Hicock, shirt-sleeved, intent, grim, tipped his chair back and frowned at the crumpled manuscript in his hand. There was no relenting in his face, no sign of relaxation. Five o'clock, said his eyebrows, was merely five o'clock to him. It meant nothing else whatsoever.

"Ready, Miss Christy? All right, take this. To the stage manager—let's see—Act Two, Second Scene—no, wait a minute, X that out. We have to arrange for a black-out in there. Where did I put that note? Now, take this."

Yes, Mr. Hicock. No, Mr. Hicock. Fingers flying mechanically—down the river, ferries hooting; small heels drumming: two million girls going home. But Catharine Christy was not going home. She was writing orders for stage electricions—lights up, right-hand flood in One, black-out.

Orders to sound-effect men. Orders for property men, because the play went into rehearsal Sunday and because Van B. Hicock was the rhinoceros-skinned genie who took a dry, blue-penciled manuscript and made it live and throb and sing on a stage so that long lines of people paid tribute to speculators in order to see it.

One-eighth of her mind saying, Yes, Mr. Hicock. No, Mr. Hicock. The other seven-eighths far away. Unhappily far away. Thinking about Shack Arnold.

Shack might come at eight.

You never knew what Shack was going to do. Sometimes he came, hatless, brown-eyed, that whimsy-amused line at the corner of his mouth. Came up her two flights, rubbing tobacco into his pipe with his thumb, smiling at her from that inner remoteness where he lived and moved, absorbed. Came and sat in her easy chair, saying little, sometimes reading detective stories all evening. Sometimes getting up suddenly to say, "Let's go to a show."

Shackelton Arnold, who was already beginning to be famous. Who had gone through Harvard as a rocket goes through a night sky, leaving a trail of brilliance and a little breathless hush. Who was listened to now by great brain specialists, though he was not thirty-five. Shack, who was always writing a book on brain diseases and carrying lime drops loose in a coat pocket. Shack, the magnificent, who by some incredible magic liked *her!*

He might come at eight. Seven-eighths of Catharine's mind told her that she was weak to stick at home every night, waiting, listening, hoping for Shack. Seven-eighths of her mind, beaten into common sense by the hard grinding of a purely utilitarian world, told her that only in stories did famous young doctors fall in love with secretaries—even quite well-paid and cultured secretaries—who lived in little Ninth Street apartments and wrote directions to crash-men and trombone players. And yet he had come, not once, but seven times.

She had met him during the rehearsals of *Backstage*, when she had sat in a box all night taking notes, which Hicock growled in her ear, and Shack had been there, called in professionally at considerable expense to see whether that emotional actress, Margot Blount, did her insane bit correctly.

The rehearsal had been horrible, and at the end Shack had looked at Catharine and said suddenly, "Gosh, you look rotten! Have you got a kitchen and a waffle iron? Let's go!" And they had gone.

And then he had come again and again, always without announcement, walking up her stairs at any hour before twelve, grinning at her boyishly, saying little.

She was foolish, of course, to believe that he would keep on coming, that he would ever care. Silly to sit here, aching with eagerness to be gone, hating the everlasting traffic whistle, every tick of the clock that measured the relentless minutes. Ten days since he had come now; and there had been that hour of misery at the opening of Hicock's last play when she had sat in a curtained box, the eternal notebook on her knee, and seen the blonde girl come down the aisle.

Lovely, fair hair, lovely, lime-green frock, foam of white fur and flick of perfectly managed smile. And with her, in perfect evening clothes, Shack. Shack's brown face, Shack's whimsy eyes, Shack's bony, strangely gentle hands helping the girl off with that glorious coat. A girl from his own world whom all the important people in expensive seats smiled at.

Catharine Christy set her teeth against that memory.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Hicock—would you go back to the opening of that scene—I seem to have missed a line—" her voice broke wearily.

"Haven't got time to go slow," complained Hicock. He was tired, too. The week before rehearsal was a nightmare, always. And the last day of that week, which was tomorrow, would be Gehenna. Only equaled in torment by the day after rehearsal, when everything would have to be shaped over.

Some day, Catharine told herself, she would have a little place a million miles from a theater. She would grow cabbages, feed pigs, do plain sewing, anything in the world that had no blue-flood in Act Three!

At eight, Hicock finally laid down the loathly script and took off his glasses.

"I suppose you'll have to go," he said wearily, "because you'll have to get down early. By eight. I'll probably work all night."

Catharine was briefly sorry for him. He had a wife somewhere, on Long Island. Probably he would like to be out there now, knocking a golf ball around a lawn, putting his little girl to bed. They would give him a line or two on the program and brief credit in the papers if the show went over. If it flopped he would get most of the blame.

"After this production is on hadn't you better go away somewhere for a few days, Mr. Hicock? You look jaded."

"Not a chance. Got to get something ready for Hayes. She's putting us in the red now every week of the world."

THE subway. Who said they ran these trains sixty miles an hour? Dark came before she reached Ninth Street. Dark and the yellow glow of lamps seen through clouding curtains. Children calling on the street, doors standing open, a homely block—her block. But no little black car. No sign of Shack. Probably he had come and gone away again. She climbed the two flights drearily.

A man was sitting outside her door, reading a paper by the dim hall light. Catharine's heart gave a jerk of ecstasy, then cramped cold again. The waiting man was Charlie Clark. He smiled at her happily, jumping up.

"Hello, Charlie, were you waiting for me?"

"I brought a steak." Gleefully he presented a limp, soggy bundle. "What are you doing, overtime?"

"Finishing up the odds and ends of a show that starts working Sunday. It's always a feverish time. Wait till I find my key."

Charlie Clark was a good chap. Catharine had known him a long time. He worked on the "Times," doing leg work for the dramatic editor. He had an A. B. from Wisconsin, an ambition to write a play and other ambitions which troubled Catharine acutely.

He liked to cook, and he was continually bringing things to her kitchen, setting tables cheerfully, talking about the doughnuts and orange cake his mother made back in Portage. Covering up a boyish homesickness with an air of worldly cynicism. Lately Catharine had found she had to be patient with Charlie often—patient and controlled.

The apartment was hot and still faintly odorous of bath powder and morning toast and the hair-dressing the maid-by-the-day used so extravagantly. Catharine threw open the windows, tossed her hat on the day bed which was also the night bed, pushed back her hair, got an apron for herself, a smock for Charlie.

Charlie was blissfully puttering in the tiny kitchenette. He had brownish hair and eyes of no particular color; and he kept jerking up an eyebrow inquiringly, so that a wrinkle was cutting in above it.

"This frying-pan's too thin," he stuck his head around the door. "What you need is an old-fashioned iron one, the sort that irritated ladies use to discipline erring husbands. Where's the butter?"

"In the ice box—in that brown bowl with a plate over it."

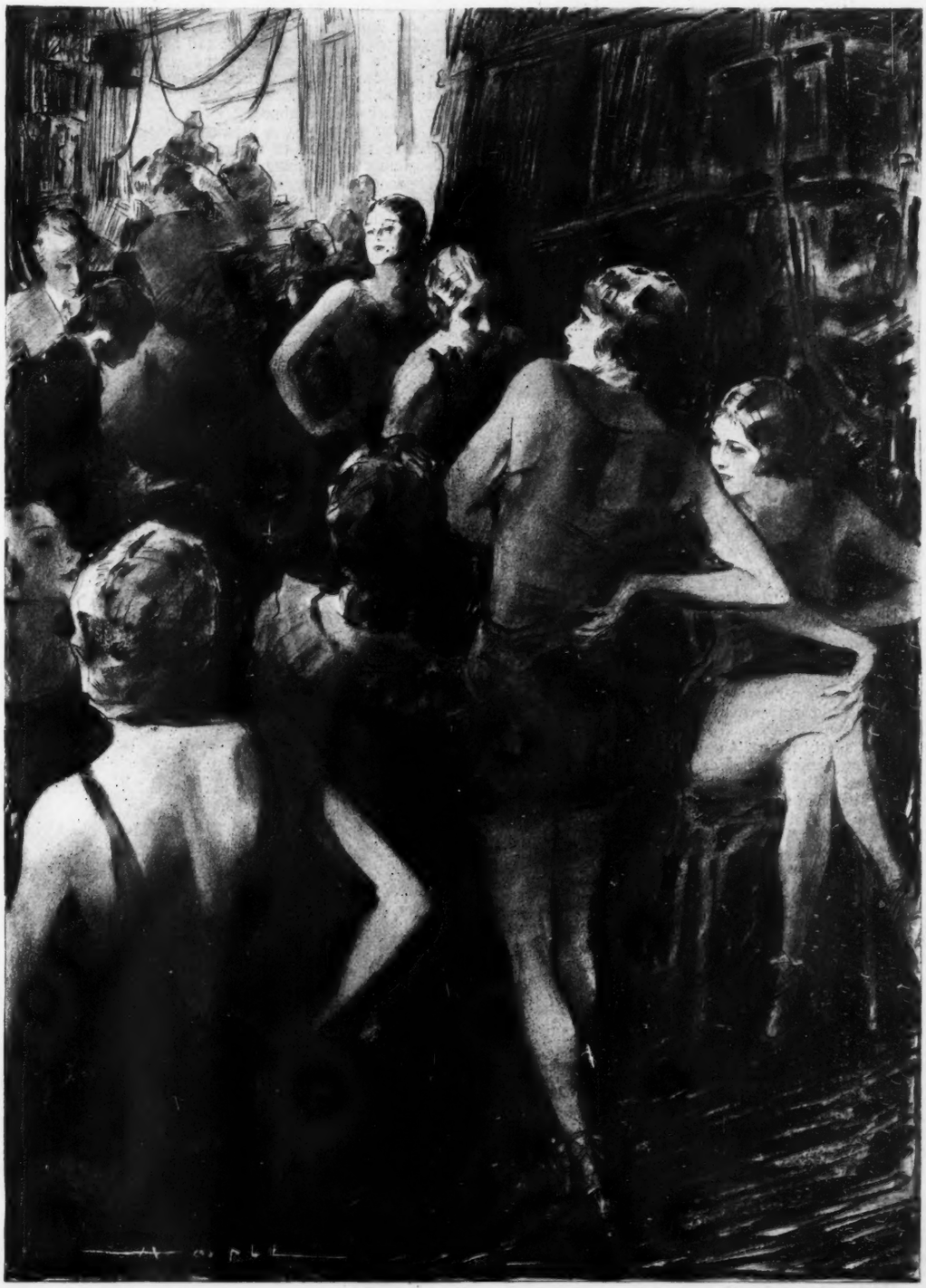
"Ha—there are still women who put butter in brown bowls with plates over it! This lettuce is fairly fresh. How about a salad?"

"Cook anything you find, Charlie." Catharine was clearing books and the bowl of blue asters—Shack had brought those from his mother's garden—from the table. "I'm too weary to protest." Her head was beginning to ache. August was a ghastly month. It should be expunged from the calendar.

"Lie down and put some camphor on your head," instructed Charlie; "after you've eaten this repast you'll feel like doing aesthetic dances on the roof. What's this new show of Hicock's like?"

"Costume stuff. Armor and arras and arquebuses. Horrible! But it's a change from dressing-room scenes and the wrong side of scenery and newspaper plays."

TWO plates, two cups, two salad forks. Her silver had been her mother's. Lovely old stuff, shining and heavy. In a foolish hour she had thought how nice it would look on a painted breakfast table, roses outside—whimsy-brown eyes looking at her across a daffodil-embroidered cloth—mad—mad and silly! She had found out the blonde girl's name. Ann Tillery. Ann Tillery of the powder Tillerys. Was he there now? Were they riding somewhere, through the soft summer dusk?



The chorus came stumbling upstairs in ballet shoes, bare legs and rompers

"Stop it, you idiot!" she snapped at herself, savagely thumping down the sugar bowl.

"What crashed?" asked Charlie, appearing again.

"Only my nerves. They've been at the snapping point all day. And I have to go to work at daybreak, me lad, so you'll have to leave early."

"What does Hicock think you are—a stevedore?"

"He works himself as remorselessly as he does me, Charlie. And after the rehearsal starts we'll have to sit for hours in hot theaters while actresses have hysterics in Act One."

"Some day—" began Charlie. He often began that way. Then, as now, Catharine headed him off deftly.

"I discern considerable smoke. Should the steak actually burst into flame to be as perfect as those they cook in Portage, Wisconsin?"

The table was dainty and Charlie's salad as attractive as a bouquet. Catharine discovered, as most deadly tired people do, that she was famished. Across the daffodil cloth Charlie beamed. He talked endlessly, the brittle, sophisticated, naïve conversation of the embryo intelligentsia. Catharine drank his fragrant coffee, nodded brightly, hearing not a word. A table for two—a daffodil cloth—and the wrong person!

I MUST stop this!" she exclaimed, before she thought.

"Look here, Kit, what's wrong?"

"Nothing—nothing at all. It's the coffee. I must stop drinking so much. I'll be a wreck—shot to pieces—"

"It's that confounded show of Hicock's."

"Oh, no, it isn't—it isn't, at all. I love my job, Charlie; it's only that I'm worn out tonight. I'm sorry."

Charlie broke a roll into tiny, tortured bits. Then he stood up, his eyebrows tense, his face a little white. "Listen, Kit, I'm not a fool. I know where I stand. I'm not kicking. Only I hate to see you shot like this. It's that doctor, isn't it?"

"Don't be an idiot, Charlie."

"You mean go on being one! Go on being blind and letting you break your heart over a chap like him. A fellow who thinks that a nice girl is any man's game—if she happens to work for a living!"

"Charlie, you're insulting. I won't listen."

"Yes, you'll listen. And you'll wake up—if I can wake you. You haven't been yourself—not for weeks. Not since that night I came and found him here. Don't you know, Kit, that down at the office the society editors have got the mats all ready and the heads set, ready to run pictures of Arnold and that girl of old man Tillery's, when the story breaks?"

"What of it? Do you think I don't know, Charlie? Perhaps you're engaged to somebody, perhaps they've got heads set up on the society page for you. You're still my friend. You come here because you like to come. So does Shack!"

"Sure, he likes to come. I'm not criticising him. It's you—you've let yourself fall in love with him. You're letting yourself be hurt. I can't endure seeing you suffer!"

"So you hurt me, humiliate me, yourself? Your ideas of friendship are a little weird, don't you think?"

"You're in love with him," said Charlie mournfully, "so there's no use talking. It's all right, Kit; I'm standing down. Thirty for me. Until you wake up!"

Catharine's anger passed and a heaviness pressed her down. After all, Charlie was probably right. And he had proved himself for her, a hundred ways, unselfishly, gladly.

"Let's not quarrel," she pleaded; "it's such a rotten thing to do. I'm so tired, Charlie. Go home and come again when this play is staged. And forgive me if I've hurt you—"

"The thing that hurts, Kit, is to see you hurt. You know that. And if this fellow ever—"

"He won't, Charlie. Ever."

"He'd better not," stated Charlie, grimly.

She watched him go, down the two flights. She ached all over. She hated hurting people. If only Charlie wouldn't dream dreams, impossible dreams! She heard his voice half-way down the lower flight, and then another voice that sent a quiver over her. Shack! Shack was coming!

Swiftly she slipped back, closed the door, and with a queer bodiless feeling began carrying dishes back to the kitchen. Nothing seemed real, even now that Shack was coming. Her breath was sharp in her nostrils, she felt taller, lighter, somehow brittle. She opened the door for Shack with crisp casualness, as though he had been an hourly visitor, not especially important. She laughed and said bright, indifferent things. But her heart was a husk. Charlie had done that. Quenched the precious flame in her with cold floods of common sense.

Shack was tired. His eyes were shadowed. His long, brown face had a haggard look.

"Gosh, what a day!" he groaned. "Jury trial. All day long. Twelve good men and true, a venomous maniac of a prosecutor and eleven brilliant experts, including me, calling each other liars cheerfully. You haven't got a cup of coffee lying round anywhere, have you, Kit?"

He dropped into the easy chair, stretched his long legs, began thumbing the old pipe and rummaging through the magazines for his favorite febrile publication.

"Charlie Clark made some coffee a while ago." Catharine was pleased with the cool ease and airiness she was able to achieve. "I think there's some left. You won't mind having it warmed over, will you?"

"Got a doughnut? Give me a doughnut and I won't care what year's brew it is. I had a banana for lunch, and a squab's wishbone with considerable heated conversation for dinner."

Only yesterday she had gone out and bought doughnuts. Bought a fat bag of them and wrapped them lovingly in a towel. But she carried the cup of coffee in unaccompanied.

"Sorry, Shack—no doughnuts."

Never, never when he was married to Ann Tillery, should he be privileged to remember that she had saved doughnuts for him, wrapped in a towel!

Shack spooned in sugar, setting the warm cup down on her precious walnut tip-table. Charlie would have put something under it, carefully. And Charlie, her thought ran, would have carried in the cup, not she. What perversity dwelt in women that they loved so much better the men they served, the men who sat in superbly cheerful ease and were waited upon, than they loved the men who pattered joyfully to wait upon *them?*

She opened the door with cold, aching fingers

Shack, lost swiftly in his magazine, puffed his pipe in restful oblivion. Catharine washed cups in the kitchenette, tingling a little with resentment. Yesterday Shack's casualness had been dear, but tonight it stung. Charlie had done that. Turned her uncertainty, which was endurable, into suspicion, which made everything cheap!

She finished the dishes, put cold water on her temples where a hot little pain ran like lightning, framed her features in firm control.

Shack smiled at her as she sat down. His quick dark eyes approved her; admitted her to an inner circle of complacent peace where no words were necessary; but Catharine burned under the look. Men looked at the women they owned like that—wives—and women!

"I'm going to send you home early, Shack. I've had a terrible day. And we begin at dawn again tomorrow. From now on we'll be at the theater every waking hour and nearly all night."

"Want me to go now?" Why must he look at times like the small boy every woman aches to own? Even the pitiful mad people in his sanitarium adored him, she had heard. And Ann Tillery—poor little Ann Tillery had worn her heart on the outside of the lime-green gown, worn it quivering in her eyes!

"By the way, Mother's having some sort of a rowdy-dow on Sunday—she told me to ask you out. Tea on the lawn and little flat-chested flappers doing spring-is-here dances on the greensward—cheesecloth and bare feet—you know. At five."

Catharine smiled drily. For once she blessed Van B. Hicock, his hectic job from which there was no escape. So, the overpowering Mrs. Arnold condescended to recognize the existence of the girl who typed instructions for scene shifters! She knew the gesture. Old stuff. The society novels and plays had worn it out already.

The working girl in whom son is interested is asked to the smart affair, patronized, her diffidence and dowdiness exaggerated until she becomes a pathetic figure; clever cruelty, masking as friendliness, impaling her in strident contrast to the finished county daughters who wear their eyebrows haughtily. Catharine could even hear the silky voices, smooth as satin ribbon, deadly as a serpent's tongue. "You are a secretary, Miss Christy? How capable! And just what is it that you do?"

I'M SORRY, Shack," she said, "but I'll be working Sunday. They're getting the cast together and we have to check every thing. Will you tell your mother how sorry I am?"

"Being a finished liar, I can do that," he said. "I'll tell her how grieved you are, when I know you're darned glad to escape. I can think of a thousand things to do with a summer Sunday besides standing under a tree infested with caterpillars, while you balance a sandwich in one hand and a wobbly cup and plate in the other and keep a frenzied frozen smile on your face!"

"I'll be standing in a dusty wing with a notebook in one hand and a pencil in the other, while four or five frantic gentlemen swear down my neck. You'll be at the party, I suppose?"

"If some wealthy and important lady will develop a mild case of dementia, I may escape; but the chances are thin. My mother is a small sweet lady, the sort you can't hurt. You'd like her, I think—she isn't the dowager type at all. But the shindy will be over early. There's no praecox or incipient paresis in this new show of yours, is there? No chance of a job for me?"

"Not a chance, Shack." In spite of the red hot pain in her temples, Catharine found herself melting a little. Shack was so dear. No wonder women shut their eyes and leaped blindly, the lovely gold and crimson of their burning bridges painting the sky wildly behind them! "This show is sickeningly sweet. Crackling with stiff silk and all full of elegant lines and curtsies. It may click, I don't know. It's different. And I think people are a little tired of muck and profanity."

"I could do with another job or two. I need the money."

So, Charlie was right. And the society editors were canny as usual. Well, Ann Tillery would make a lovely bride. Catharine managed a successful smile.

"I hope you have everything you want, Shack," she said gallantly. "Good luck—everything."

He looked at her curiously. "Do you? Do you, Kit?"

"Of course. Everything!" [*Turn to page 104*]

"You won't forget me again, Rory? You promise?"

The Altar of Honor

By Ethel M. Dell

Illustrated by JOSEPH SIMONT

SUDDENLY Charmaine knew that her love for Rory had merely been slumbering as she meets him once again, the boy of the rollicking Irish eyes, who had kept a tryst, long ago, when the tide washed high on the rocks by Malahide Breakwater. And Rory loves her too! But the plans for Charmaine's wedding to Basil Conister sweep forward. Quickly the days race by until only two are left before Charmaine will take her place in the world as the future Lady Conister! Torn between honor and her burning love, Charmaine creeps out secretly to meet Rory at Lovers' Temple, while Culverley sleeps. Her last farewell to Prince Charming!

Part V

DOWN through the shadowy beech trees like a flitting moth ran Charmaine, to the verge of the Lovers' Pool, quite fearless, quite confident, eager as the child of long ago who had run down to the shore by the Malahide Breakwater, at the behest of the boy Rory! Now, as then, Rory was waiting for her. Now, as then, she came to him in secret, unaware of danger, recking nothing of the great tide racing in so nearly to overwhelm her.

He met her, there on the mossy edge of the pool. His young arms encompassed her, and she went into them with a little laugh of sheer gladness. At least tonight was theirs.

"I couldn't get here sooner," Charmaine whispered between those ardent kisses of his that seemed to turn her blood to fire. "Have you been waiting long? I'm so very sorry. But you knew—I was coming?"

"Yes," he said. "I knew."

His voice was deep and quivering. He held her as though he could never let her go.

Her lips moved against his. "I had to come like this. I'm not even dressed. There was no time. It was so dreadfully late. And I knew you wouldn't mind. We're such—old friends."

"My precious Charmaine!" he said. "My beautiful, adored Charmaine!"

His words, his voice, thrilled her; but the tremor that they awakened was not of fear. She did not understand it—this fiery exultation that possessed her.

"Let's go over the bridge, Rory darling!" she whispered. "Then we can sit on the steps above the water and talk—as we did before."

"Yes, let's go to the Temple!" he said. "It's open. I picked the lock while I was waiting."

She laughed; and surely fairy laughter echoed around them in silvery cadences! "You picked the lock! You thief! What ever will they do to you?"

"They won't know," he said. And then, as closely linked together they began to walk, he saw her feet. "My darling, you've no shoes on!" he exclaimed.

She laughed again; the whole night seemed full of mystic, happy laughter. "What does it matter?" she said. "Does anything matter now?"

But Rory stood still. "My own love, it does matter! You shan't walk like that. Do you think I'd let your darling feet be hurt? There! Put your arms around my neck! I'll carry you."

She obeyed him. Obedience was natural to her. She had been coerced and thwarted for so many years that all her powers of resistance had long since been pruned.

And so they crossed the bridge to the Lovers' Temple, he carrying her with the lithe agility of the trained athlete, and up the steps into a velvet darkness.

He laid her down upon the boat cushions. "I've made everything ready for my queen," he said.

But she still clung about his neck. "I only want—you," she said. "Sit by me, close to me, dear Rory! I can't bear to lose hold of you tonight."

He sat beside her as she desired in the soft darkness.

"Oh, this is heaven!" sighed Charmaine. "If only—if only it could last!"

Rory did not answer and Charmaine peered up at him, seeking his face in the gloom.

"Don't you like it, dear Rory? Aren't you happy?" And then, piteously, "Oh, can't we be happy—just for tonight?"

"I don't know," he said; and this time the tremor in his voice hurt her vaguely. "What about—afterward?"

"Need we think of that?" she pleaded. "The time is so short. Can't we make the most of it? Can't we pretend there is no afterward—just for a little while?"

"I don't know," he said again. "Oh, Charmaine, I've simply lived for tonight; and now—and now—"

His voice broke. Was he sobbing in the darkness? He was—he was! She sat up swiftly and drew him to her, pillowed his dark head on her breast. "Rory, Rory, don't! What is it? Can't we be happy—can't we be happy just for tonight? The time's so short. Don't let's waste it in being miserable!"

He lay in her arms, his own arms clasping her. "You're so young," he muttered. "You can't understand."

"Oh, darling, I can, I can!" she said. "I've loved you always, remember, even when you had forgotten me."

"I shall never forget you again," he said. "I shall always want you—always."

Her soft lips pressed his forehead; she had no words.

But his distress pierced her. It was vital, it was urgent, and like the cry of a child to a distracted mother, must be stilled at all costs.

She clasped him closer. "Rory, darling, let's pretend!" she said. "Let's pretend that tonight is everything—and that tomorrow will never, never come!"

His hold responded to hers instantly, became close and eager.

"Oh, my darling, if we only could!" he said.

"Well, but why can't we?" she urged softly. "Such a pity to spoil everything by looking forward, when we have got each other for tonight!"

"I haven't got you," he said.

"But you have—you have!" she insisted. "I'm yours. Don't you know it? No one else has any right at all to me tonight."

"Oh, Charmaine!" he said, and drew a long hard breath. "Oh, Charmaine!"

AND suddenly he set her free, got up gasping as if suffocating, and went to the dim doorway almost with the gesture of one seeking escape from some relentless pursuer.

She watched him standing there with an aching heart. He was leaning against the doorpost, bowed, his head in his hands—Rory, her Rory, the gay, the debonair, the daring—going through this bitter suffering for her sake.

She got up trembling and crept to him. "Rory, darling—Rory! Do you want me to go?" Her voice was small and frightened, with a catch in it which seemed to come straight from the pain at her heart. "I will go if you want me to," she said. "I—I'm afraid—p'raps I did wrong—to come."

She could not check that last sob. It burst from her. And at sound of it he turned. In a moment she was in his arms.

"Want you—to go?" he muttered, his lips pressing her face, her neck, her bosom, in a wild passion of love that would no longer be denied. "You—the loveliest thing God ever made—you—that I worship so!"

Words failed. He held her closer, ever closer to him, and as her arms clasped him in answer, the loose coat she wore fell back from her shoulders, leaving her white breast bare to the starlight. Her eyes looked up to his, blue and dark as the Lovers' Pool.

"I love you too!" she said. "I—love—you!"

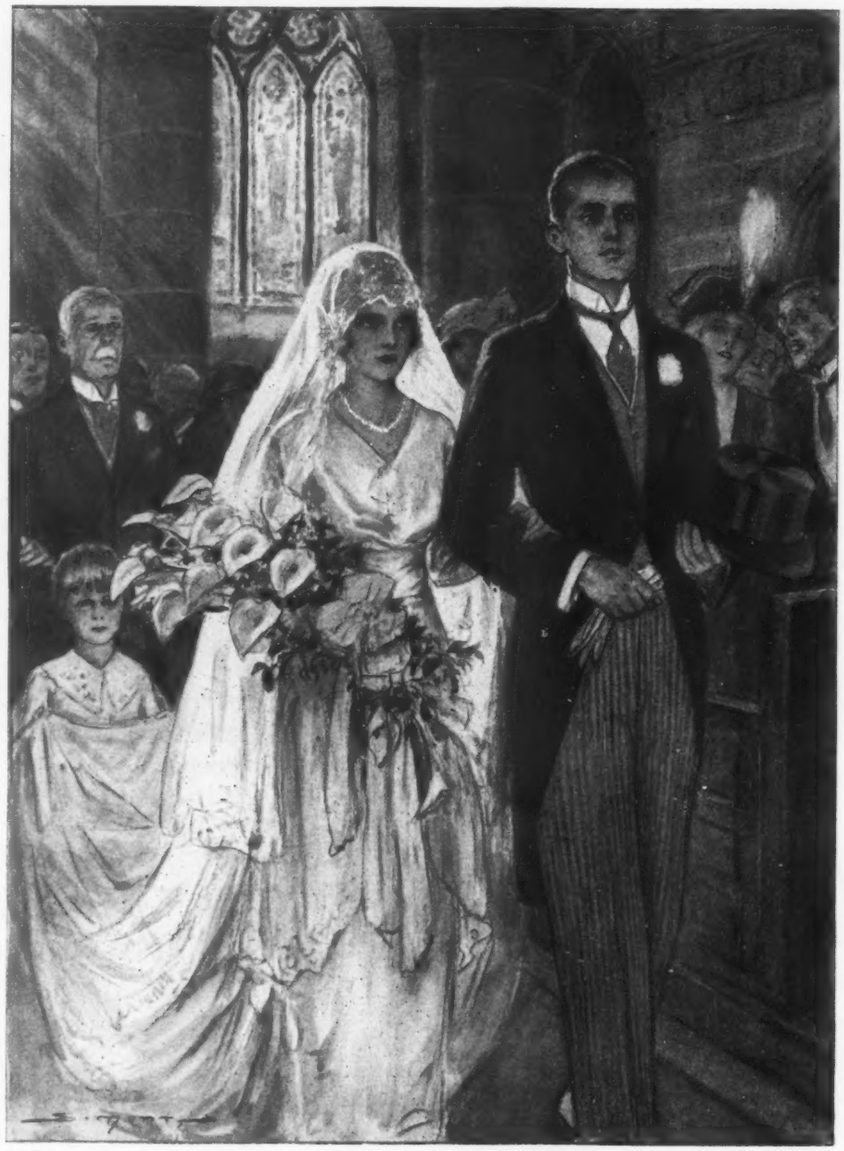
And then as his arms lifted her, she gave herself into their keeping, conscious only of an overwhelming rush of thankfulness that she had found a way to comfort him at last. As he bore her back into the dark of the Lovers' Temple, she had no other thought than this.

Four hours later they stood together and saw the ineffable dawn-light spreading slowly over the sky. A little thrill went through Charmaine, but she said no word. It was Rory who broke the silence between them.

"And so after this it is goodbye!"

His voice was low, but it held no questioning.

She answered him almost in the same tone. "Yes, yes. It's got to be goodbye now."



Charmaine's lovely eyes were shadowed

"I suppose it's Fate," he said. "But—but—we've had tonight. Charmaine, you'll never be sorry?"

"Sorry!" she echoed. "Sorry!" Her eyes regarded him wonderingly, "Oh, no, darling! How could I be? I—I've loved tonight."

Passionately he interrupted her. "Put it all away from you! It's the only way. Now, sweetheart—my own little love—I'm going to carry you back—and say goodbye."

He lifted her with the words, and carried her back up the slope to the garden. There he set her white feet on the grass and stooped for the last time to press his lips to hers.

She clung to him, sobbing a little.

"You won't forget me again, Rory? You promise?" Charmaine was pleading now.

"I'll never forget you, Charmaine," he said. "And if you're ever in any trouble, no matter what, and wanting me, I'll come to you, darling."

He strained her to him for the last time, his lips on hers. And then very slowly he opened his arms.

"Goodbye, Charmaine!" he said as her freed her. She looked up at him half-frightened, but the old boyish smile flashed over his face and reassured her.

"Run, darling, run—or you'll be late!" he said. "You mustn't get caught—this time." And Charmaine turned with a sudden feeling that what he said was desperately true. The memory of his smile went with her, comforting her, and robbed the actual parting of its tragedy.

"Well there!" said Mrs. Dicker, and wiped her eyes. "I've never seen a lovelier sight. No. never!" And she was filled with a great gladness, although she could not understand why Charmaine's lovely eyes were shadowed.

Lady Cravenstowe, too, thrilled with pride at the vision of Charmaine, white as a lily though she was, moving down the aisle with her hand on Basil's arm. It had so long been the wish of her heart to see her nephew happily married, and now that this was at length about to be gratified, her delight knew no bounds.

SHE wondered, as she reentered her own house, if the ordeal had been a very great strain upon Charmaine.

"Dear little soul! She'll be glad when it's over," was Aunt Edith's inward comment.

She reserved to herself the right to help the little bride when the noisy luncheon was over and the time came for her to change for the journey.

Charmaine submitted to Aunt Edith's tender ministrations almost as if she were unaware of them.

"You're just tired out, darling," was Aunt Edith's final verdict. "But don't be afraid! Basil will take care of you."

And then there came a very decided knock at the door that sent a look of apprehension into Charmaine's face.

Aunt Edith went to it with a small sound of impatience and found Griselda upon the threshold.

"I suppose I may come in and see my sister for a moment," she said.

Aunt Edith gave way before her, taken by surprise, and Griselda entered with a sweeping movement.

"If I might be alone for a second or two—" she said with authority.

To her everlasting self-reproach, Aunt Edith actually yielded the point. She went out and Griselda turned immediately to Charmaine who shrank with the old instinctive gesture of cringing.

"Well," Griselda said, "you've done it, and I certainly congratulate you."

Griselda stood regarding her with the old familiar half-smile of contempt. "Yes," she said, "you're entering a new life now and you won't have me to look after you." Her voice took a lower note. "You've got to be a better woman than your mother was. Remember that!"

"My—mother!" repeated Charmaine in quick distress. "I—don't know what you mean."

"No," said Griselda. "You were never told that, and there is no time to go into details now. I can only tell you that her lack of morals brought her to an untimely end."

"Oh, but—but, Griselda," gasped Charmaine, white to the lips, "wasn't she killed in the hunting-field—as you all told me? Wasn't she?"

"She killed herself," said Griselda briefly and grimly. "She galloped her horse over the cliff because she was found out."

"Oh!" Charmaine's cry was low indeed, but full of anguish. "But what—what was found out? What did she do?" For a moment it seemed as though the child were about to faint. [*Turn to page 123*]

Here's a soup that makes the whole meal sparkle!

See the full list of 21 Campbell's Soups printed on the label.

Tempting and vivid in color. Racy and delicious in flavor. A challenge to the eye. A delight to the taste. Campbell's Tomato Soup is all of these—and remarkably healthful and wholesome besides! A soup that belongs on every table *regularly*. 12 cents a can.

Send me lots of Campbell's Soups
And don't you be too slow, sir.
I know you have all twenty-one—
That's why you are my grocer!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

Sketched at the Yale Bowl

NEW FOOTWEAR STORM STYLES

BY FLOYD DAVIS

It rained - but why worry

Again the intensely practical young members of the Coming Generation have blazed the trail for their elders! At the Yale Bowl, observers note, undergraduates of leading women's colleges fairly flaunted their new Zippers and Shower Boots, obviously proud of the happy combination of style and sensibility embodied in them. If Fall insists on being nasty, the Modern Miss simply retaliates with smartness. . . aided and abetted by Goodrich artists.

After all, umbrellas have acquired smartness. Why not overshoes? The answer is, . . . they have!

Two-Tone Henna Shower Boot

Swagger Tan Fabric

7 ounces! That's all they weigh.

There's a comforting feeling in having one's feet snugly ensconced in Zippers or Shower Boots that comes not alone from their amazingly perfect fit and precisely right degree of warmth. It lies in the reassurance that smart (and costly) footwear is being protected!

This year they are ready for that puddle at A-gate. . . thanks to Goodrich Shower Boots in the new moiré rubber.

Brown Shower Boot

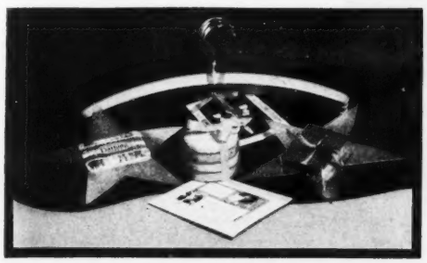
A new Washable All-Rubber Zipper

These new Goodrich Shower Boots are all-rubber... washable... and trimly tailored to meet the mode. They're only seven ounces in weight... and available in the smartest Fall colors and new two-tone combinations.

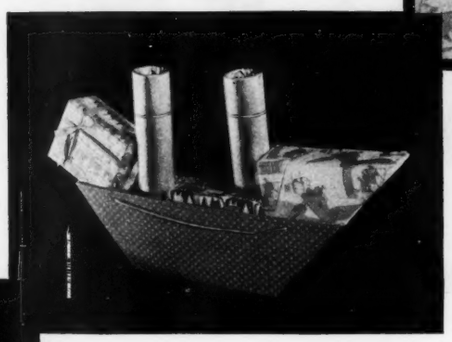
Goodrich Zippers

SHOWER BOOTS AND FABRICS

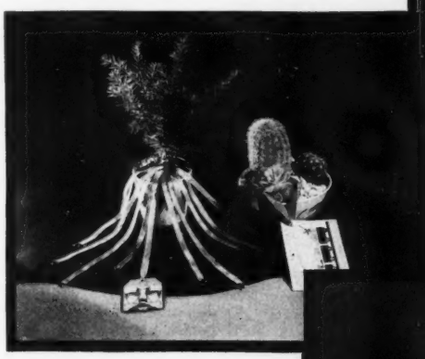
INSTEAD OF CHRISTMAS CARDS



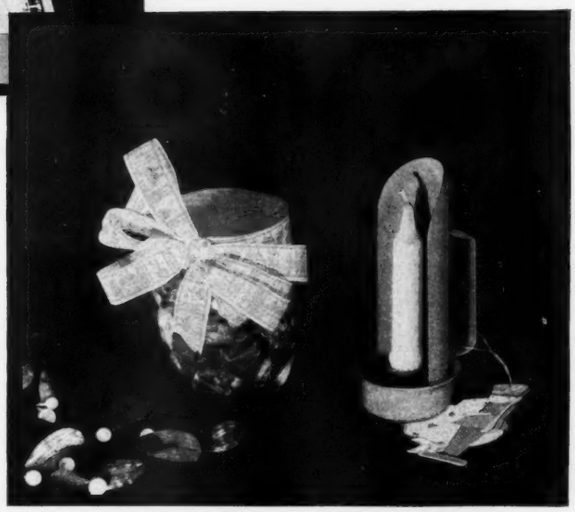
Darning cotton of assorted colors, or a box of hairpins are tied to a silver star. Sets of powder puffs and of painted coat hangers are held together with ribbon.



A home-making friend will welcome a note book with loose leaves for holding her extra recipes. Cover it with a highly-glazed paper, or with one of the washable fabrics used on walls. Leaves and cover should be tied together with a cotton tape of matching color



This year have your family's ship come in laden with the small gifts you usually put in the stockings.



A shower of stars on bright yellow streamers glorify a tiny Christmas tree found in the woods. Small, inexpensive cacti can be bought in almost any florist's shop.

For not more than twenty cents a jar can be bought, filled with homemade candy, and tied with flowered paper ribbon. Bed-side candle holders come in all colors.

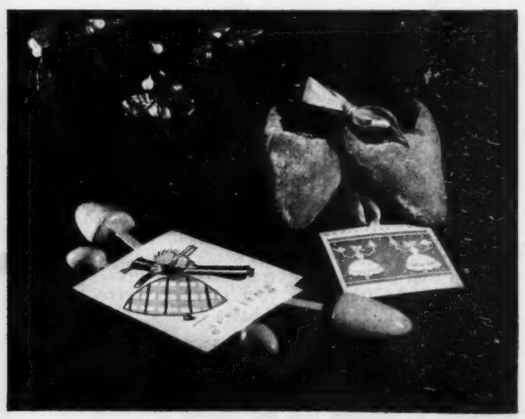
HAVE you friends to whom you would like to send something more than a Christmas card, but less than a gift, something which will make them say: "How thoughtful of Anne," instead of: "Oh, dear, Anne's sent me a present, and I haven't a *thing* for her." For, in the words of the advertisement, it is understood that such trifles "are without obligation."

Well, here is a page of remembrances—won't somebody please invent a name for them, a gay, affectionate, Christmasy name? Not one of them costs more than seventy-five cents, and several of them were found in the five-and-ten-cent store. Tied up with bright ribbons and a greeting card they will be hailed as real prize-packages by all your friends—from the girl who receives the little velvet forms for her dancing slippers to the elderly lady who isn't able to shop for the silver hairpins she has needed so long.

And don't forget the male "sect". It's quite pathetic the way some of them are neglected, even by their own families, at Christmas time!

Why shouldn't a man be given a trunk filled with homemade cookies, as well as a glass box of their favorite cigarettes?

Loose-leaf books can be covered with brilliant paper and used for photographs and clippings.



Party slippers need these little velvet cushions to keep them in shape without stretching: while wooden trees are best for leather shoes.

New and charming containers for your best loved scents

THE ARISTOCRACY OF PERFUME

By HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

DON'T we all love to give away beauty by the handfuls at Christmas time! Fine-textured creams for the tired, droopy skin of a busy mother . . . scented liquid fresheners for the trim business girl . . . just the purest and most delicate powder and rouge for wise young fifteen . . . a vial of precious perfume for the eternally feminine. Even the men of the family like to open tailored assortments of shaving or bathroom accessories on Christmas morning.

So when you're shopping—especially when you're on that last-minute tour of the counters—stop at the toilet goods section and think of the gaps on your list.

NO MATTER how costly a perfume is, it must be understood and appreciated to give us its most valued gifts. Those who make perfumes know this and they have valiantly endeavored to explain to us the message of the various groups of scents. But how little we heed them! We catch the suggestion of a haunting fragrance on a friend. We rush out and buy the same perfume, not realizing that it may not be nearly so appropriate to our type; not remembering that each essence, especially when used on the skin, changes subtly and makes its own blend with our particular kind of skin chemistry. A perfume used properly becomes absolutely individual; it is never quite the same on two different women.

My own personal preference is for the application of perfume to the skin itself: at the edges of the hair, a bit on the wrists, on the neck, hands, etc. Some scents are lovely on clothes and furs, but all cannot be used with equal success on fabrics.

There seems to be some argument about atomizers; some perfume experts advise using them, especially when perfuming garments or the hair. Others prefer that you apply a bit of perfume with the scent bottle stopper or your own fingertips. It is difficult to say, also, just how long a good fragrance should last. Certainly it shouldn't fade a few moments after it's been applied. A scent that lasts too long, of course, is not desirable. Nowadays we don't have just one fragrance which we use all the time and for every occasion. Women who like a particular scent sometimes wonder why it becomes tiresome after using it for several years. There is nothing wrong with the fragrance; your olfactory nerves are just inured to it. It no longer has a fresh appeal.

ANOTHER trick our senses play is at the time of purchasing perfumes. Have you ever watched a tired toilet goods salesgirl letting a customer smell many fragrances in the hope that she'll finally decide on one she likes? Nothing could be more foolish. After about the fourth "smelling" the sense of smell is tired; it no longer functions and one could go on smelling for hours without getting anywhere. When you buy perfumes, have some idea at the start about how much you want to pay, and what general type of perfume you want. This saves the salesgirl's time and yours, and much wear and tear on the patience of both of you.

"But I'm so confused about perfumes; I haven't an idea what kind I want to get next," you may be saying. All right; then do a bit of scouting on your own before you try them out. Read the descriptions of fragrances put out by the experts themselves. These aren't just words arranged to lure you; they are intended to guide you in your selection. When a perfume analyst says that an odor is "heavy with the mystery of Oriental night," he doesn't mean that it's "gay and light, like the tinkle of mandolins in the light air of a summer evening." I used to suspect that these descriptions were just pretty phrases and that I could decide by myself on the fragrance I wanted. But I soon learned that these people who have lived with perfumes all their lives know about all there is to know about them.

To make your choice easier many manufacturers put out samples in sachet form or sell tiny flacon for purse use. This is as good a way of finding your preferences as any. You should really *use* a perfume before you purchase it in a sizeable amount. This statement may scare off some attentive suitor who loves to give distilled sweetness to the lady of his heart. But don't be too discouraged, you men who buy perfumes for your wives or sweethearts. You may discover, by discreet detective work, which scent the lady likes. Or, if you can't find that out, you may choose two or three scents of various types. In this way she may use all three, keeping one, perhaps, for very glamorous occasions, one for daytime or sports use, and one for the occasional luncheon or afternoon tea type of gathering.

Large pottery bottles hold toilet waters

THOUGH it does not always follow, heavy Oriental fragrances like sandalwood, ambergris, narcissus, patchouli and chypre belong to the formal evening occasion when a subtle perfume is demanded. For occasions of smart simplicity, daytime wear, sports and the like, the simple flower odors are coming back into vogue: rose, lily of the valley, violet, gardenia, sweet pea, verbena, lilac, heliotrope, mimosa. For use with personal accessories and household linens nothing has ever taken the place of lavender.

Still another group is the great number of charming bouquet odors. These range from comparatively simple scents to complex and mysterious fragrances. Only your own nose can classify them; they have ravishing names, most of them, and the name usually suggests the general type of scent.

Perfume houses have shown great ingenuity in guiding purchases by these very distinctive names. After studying the psychology of moderns, one famous cosmetic house has produced a perfume of youthfulness that is designed to convey the spirit of young womanhood at about seventeen. At this age, say their perfume experts, a girl reaches the height of youthful, fresh, yet sophisticated charm. Another house, internationally known, selected a group of their scents to be worn when dancing.

In recent years toilet waters seem to have lost their charm for smart women. They are returning to favor, however, with the increasing popularity of shower baths. One cannot perfume the water of a shower bath, but one may dab toilet water on the skin before powdering with dusting powder and get the most refreshing effect. It's faintly tonic and makes you feel set up; besides it's a bracing comfort to those of us who never like to let the shower get too cool!

There is a small group of women who have never had time or patience to choose a personal perfume fragrance. I've even had letters from them saying, "I don't usually use perfume; please suggest a face powder without a fragrance." These requests always make me smile, because there is practically nothing in the cosmetic world, not even the simplest everyday toilet soap, that doesn't contain perfume. Even the finest ingredients of soaps and creams and powder may have raw odors that only the magic of perfume can conceal.

VOTED THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE ARTS . . .

by John Barrymore
Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.
F. Scott Fitzgerald

"BEWILDERING"—the judges found their task when it came to choosing the most beautiful woman in the arts among users of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Every type, every locality, seemed to be represented. There was a slim little golden-haired dancer from California. There was a grave-faced young violinist from Pennsylvania, with a head that might have been engraved on a Greek coin. There was a curly-haired art student from Kansas City—a tall young sculptress from Connecticut—and out of San Antonio, Texas, came the lovely laughing face of a singer of Spanish folk songs.

From hundreds of entrants the judges chose Miss Julia Evans, a young dramatic student of St. Louis.

★

Her beauty is very distinguished, very individual, with something rich and golden about it that somehow suggests the rippling play of light on Western wheatfields. Long lovely lines that give her most unconscious attitudes a wonderful plastic grace—a slightly husky contralto voice full of haunting undertones and overtones—a face as beautifully modeled as a statue's, but warm with color and life.

She is a member of "The Players" of St. Louis and has played in various amateur productions. She is "serious" about the stage—hopes to act professionally some day—and is all on the side of the revolutionists in drama.

When asked about her lovely skin—fair, warm in color, as if the sun had given it just a hint of the gold that is in her hair and in her voice—Miss Evans said that she had used Woodbury's for years, and that she found it matchless for keeping her skin in good condition.

"I know Woodbury's must be absolutely pure, for while other soaps have a tendency to irritate my skin, Woodbury's has just the opposite effect. It gives it an almost velvety softness. I love the feeling of my skin right after I have used Woodbury's—refreshed, invigorated—deliciously smooth."

FROM all over the country their letters come to us—letters from the beautiful girls and women of every community—telling how Woodbury's Facial Soap has benefited their skin. Only a few of their photographs can be printed in this series—only an indication of the thousands of women throughout America whom Woodbury's has helped to gain and keep a fresh, clear, flawless complexion. Get a cake of this wonderful soap today and see how much it will do for *your* skin. *You, too, can have the charm of "A Skin You Love to Touch!"*

WE SHALL BE HAPPY to send you a delightful Woodbury set, containing a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and directions for the new complete Woodbury Facial, for 10 cents and your name and address. The Andrew Jergens Co., 1523 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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"I LOVE THE FEELING OF MY SKIN
RIGHT AFTER I HAVE USED WOODBURY'S—"

MISS JULIA EVANS, of St. Louis, chosen from Woodbury beauties of 48 States as the most beautiful woman in the arts. She is photographed with the famous Benda masks.

John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

F. Scott Fitzgerald

JIMMIE GEE AND THE MAGIC EYE

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

Illustrated by GERTRUDE A. KAY

LITTLE Jimmie Gee sat in the big chair by the window, watching the snow drifting lazily to the ground. And though it was Christmas Eve, round roly-poly tears were chasing each other down his cheeks and making a little puddle at his feet.

"Oh, Gee!" he cried, "Oh, Gee! Oh, Gee! Oh, Gee!"

Whenever he wanted to be really expressive that is what he said and that is why grown-ups called him little Jimmie Gee.

The snowflakes peeked in at the window and went through all sorts of antics to make him laugh but Jimmie Gee wouldn't even look at them. "What can a little boy have to cry about on Christmas Eve?" wheezed one old grandmother snowflake who puffed and panted as she fell.

"Why don't you know?" said a worldly-wise little snowflake. "It's because he has a Dad who is so very, very rich that he hasn't anything left to wish for."

"Except that he can't run around and play like other children," broke in another little fellow. "I know 'cause I heard him tell his nurse so today."

"Maybe it's because he has no Mother," suggested a gentle snowflake with a sentimental turn of mind.

Little Jimmie wept all the harder and the toys scattered around his chair looked at each other in consternation. "There's another myth exploded," said a little tin soldier with a most cynical expression. "I heard someone say in the toy shop that every child is happy on Christmas."

And strangely enough, Jimmie Gee was crying because it *was* Christmas. When he got up that morning he had forgotten all the disappointments of other years and that he was lame and couldn't run around like other little boys. Maybe this Christmas there would be skis or a bobsled or even a bicycle! But when he asked his nurse about it at breakfast, trying so hard to keep the thrilling excitement of it out of his voice, she laughed.

"And what would a little lame boy be wanting with things like that?" she asked. "If you won't tell Santa I told you, I'll whisper something in your ear."

Jimmie Gee scrambled down from his chair and hobbled quickly to her side as she leaned over and whispered.

OF COURSE she couldn't understand why he drew away and cried in a jerky, half-ashamed sort of way.

"But I don't want picture books, and games. I want skis and a sled."

He was crying as though his heart would break when Uncle Jim found him an hour or so later.

"But Old Man," he laughed when Jimmie Gee had sobbed out his grievance to him, "I'm surprised at you wanting skis and sleds that any boy can have. I've something for you that no other boy has seen the like of . . . a thing that fairies have watched over and danced around at night when the moon is full."

He took a little round piece of glass out of his pocket and Jimmie Gee looked at it in dismay.

"But it's only a piece of glass," he cried. "The lens of a camera!"

"Only a piece of glass!" His Uncle echoed. "Is it possible you have only mortal eyes after all, Jimmie Gee? And I've been thinking you had the vision of fairies.

"This used to be only a piece of glass, but now it is more precious than diamonds, because the fairies found it one day when I lost it from my camera and endowed it with magic; and then I called it the magic eye.

"It has been all over the world. And by wishing, you will find yourself in any place that the magic eye has been."

Jimmie clapped his hands with delight. "Oh, magic eye, I wish I could be in a land where children are happy because it is Christmas!" he cried.

"In every land children are happy because it is Christmas," his uncle answered, but his voice came from far, far away as though mountains and snow and ice had come between. It was really very breathless, the way things happened.

He found himself walking along a snowy country road. The sun was setting, although Jimmie Gee knew it was only one o'clock beside the warm wood fire. But the most wonderful thing of all was that he was walking without his crutches and his foot was as slim and as straight as any child's.

Suddenly he saw a boy and a girl on skis coming swiftly toward him.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmie Gee," they shouted when they saw him.

Even as he wondered how they knew his name, he understood. "Why you're Karen and Johan, aren't you?" he cried delightedly. "And this is Norway, where children are happy because it is Christmas!"

"Come and stand behind me on my skis," Johan cried; "and we will ride home like the wind. We must get ready for the Julenisse."

"What is the Julenisse?" Jimmie Gee asked, wonderingly.

"The Julenisse is the good gnome who comes on Christmas Eve and gives the children the things they want more than anything else in the world, and doesn't reach any higher than a baby's heart," Johan explained.

"Then he's something like our own Santa Claus," Jimmie Gee cried. "Only *he's* as big as the whole world."

Karen took Jimmie Gee's free hand and Johan held the other as they came in sight of the house. It was a plain little white house sharply outlined against the wintry sky.

Inside the apple-green kitchen all was warm and cheerful. The firelight gleamed on the pewter in the cupboard and on the copper kettles on the stove and the kerosene lamp shed a halo on the bowed head of the woman sitting beside the table. Her hands were busily tying together a sheaf of wheat. Just to look at her sent a warm glow through Jimmie Gee's heart. "Are you a mother?" he whispered. "You must be because you are so beautiful."

The woman smiled gently and drew Jimmie Gee over beside her. "This is the birds' Christmas," she explained, picking up one of the golden stalks on her lap. "We mustn't forget the starlings and sparrows who have given up the joys of the Southland to stay with us through the long winter."

"May I hang it from the granary window now, Mother?" Karen begged. "I'll be very careful."

When her mother nodded she seized the sheaf in her arms and skipped out.

"Come, we'll get the animals' Christmas and the supper for the Julenisse," Johan whispered to Jimmie Gee. He went over to a gayly-painted wooden bin filled with cookies and put some of them on a saucer. Pouring a glassful of foamy rich milk he carried them carefully to the door and out into the snowy world outside. Jimmie Gee followed happily.

AS THEY neared the barn they heard the animals stirring inside and talking in their various tongues. The horses seemed to be giggling from sheer joy and the cow's long drawn moos were like the crooning of a happy child.

"This is Father," Johan explained as a tall man with a shaggy beard came toward them, carrying bags of grain. Let's put the Julenisse's supper up in the loft and then help Father," he said, leading the way up the rickety ladder to the loft.

"We must give him the best in the house," Johan explained as they cleared a spot for the glass and saucer. "Otherwise he will be offended and if he is, nothing but woe and misery will attend the house for the coming year. But come, now we must see to the animals."

Karen was waiting for them below. "Merry Christmas," she cried. "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all of you!"

The Father lifted Karen on his shoulder and taking Jimmie Gee and Johan by either hand strode out of the barn and into the cold crisp outdoors. "Mother will be having the Christmas porridge ready," the Father said.

The kitchen smelled of warm milk and baking cookies. The table had been drawn up to the stove and set with wooden bowls full of rice porridge, horn spoons and glasses of raspberry juice. The only centerpiece was a massive platter of delectable cookies and a bowl of wild nuts.

They sat around the table silently while the Father said grace before they hungrily began eating the creamy porridge. After that there were the cookies and nuts and Jimmie Gee felt he was almost bursting with all the good things he had eaten. [*Turn to page 122*]

An élite Bostonian of dark distinguished beauty

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER

is a leader in the Diplomatic Circles of three Continents

MRS. FRANKLIN MOTT GUNTHER, *wife of the distinguished American diplomat, is a singularly gracious hostess, whose hospitality has delighted hundreds of travelers abroad.*

LONDON, The Hague, Rome, Washington, Cairo—these brilliant circles have all acclaimed the charm, the chic, the dark distinguished beauty of Mrs. Franklin Mott Gunther, wife of the well-known American diplomat.

Tall and of regal carriage, Mrs. Gunther has the lovely coloring of a Velasquez portrait. Her finely-modeled head is crowned with dusky masses of smooth-coiled hair, in striking contrast with her wonderful topaz eyes and the clear pale olive of her perfect skin.

Aristocrat in the true sense, Mrs. Gunther comes of a fine old Boston family, the Hunnewells. When still a young girl, she was taken abroad to finish her education in France and England. She became an accomplished linguist, and learned in Paris to dress with simple yet superlative chic.

In Paris, as in America, a beautifully-kept skin is the first essential to chic. What a tribute to the efficacy of the Two famous Creams that Mrs. Gunther has always chosen them to keep her own skin smooth and fine and clear!

"I have used Pond's," she says, "ever since I was a young girl. For Pond's Creams are utterly wholesome, and I believe the skin should receive simple care."

Now Mrs. Gunther finds Pond's two new products just as dependably fine and pure. She says:

"The new Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues complete Pond's Method of care. The Freshener tones the skin so gently, and the Tissues are the only immaculate means of removing Cold Cream."

Pond's famous four products—Cold Cream for thorough cleansing, dainty Tissues to remove cold cream, Skin Freshener to banish oiliness and tone the skin, and Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

(Left) *Since she was a girl at school in England, Mrs. Gunther has excelled at golf. During her residence at The Hague she was a familiar figure on the links and two years carried off the amateur championship honors of Holland.*

(Right) *Carefully taught from childhood to guard the beauty of her pale olive skin, Mrs. Gunther is known for the unusual loveliness of her neck and arms, revealed in this striking Paris model of intricately draped black* crêpe romain.

This is the complete Pond's Method of caring for the skin:

First, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, morning, evening, and always after exposure. Pat on generously with upward, outward strokes, letting the light, pure oils sink deep into the pores.

Then with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, ample, absorbent, gently wipe away cream and dirt. These new Tissues economize towels and laundry.

For scrupulous cleanliness, repeat these two steps.

Next, after cleansing dab Pond's Skin Freshener briskly over face and neck. It closes the pores, firms, invigorates the skin, leaving it without a trace of oiliness, rosy and fresh.

Last, smooth in a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for protection and as a velvety powder base.

Give your skin this complete care during the day. At bedtime thoroughly cleanse your skin with the Cold Cream, removing cream and dirt with Tissues.

Send 10¢ for Pond's 4 preparations

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. Z
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When Age Chuckles

"YOU are the youngest looking grandfather I ever saw. What's the secret?" "My dear, two things. The good health that I have worked for and won—and a keen interest in life. With books, music, sports, travel, inventions—each day brings something new. I want to see what will follow the telephone, radio, automobile, aircraft—what electricity will do next. . ."

No longer do scientists accept the idea of a fixed "span of life". They know that the average length of life is longer in some countries than in others. They know that babies fare more safely in the world—that people everywhere face fewer dangers today from contagious and other diseases.

While the average length of life has increased by 10 years since 1901, the improvement has been achieved mainly among the younger ages, leaving as our most pressing problem the protection of the lives of those who have passed middle age.

One by one the perils which formerly caused untimely deaths are being conquered. "Witches" are not burned nowadays to stop plagues. On the other hand, sanitation, vaccination, inoculation and other scientific means are employed to prevent most of them.

People are learning the effect of fresh air, sunshine, cleanliness, proper breathing and exercise, sleep and a well-balanced diet. An annual medical examination for the discovery and correction of physical impairments before they have progressed too far to be remedied will help keep the body sound.

In the United States and Canada there are more than 2,500,000 people between 70 and 80 years of age; more than 600,000 between 80 and 90; fifty-odd thousand between 90 and 100; and about 5,000 past the century mark.

The person who plans wisely to live to a happy and ripe old age never forgets that the mind is a powerful influence and that physical troubles are apt to follow a morbid viewpoint.

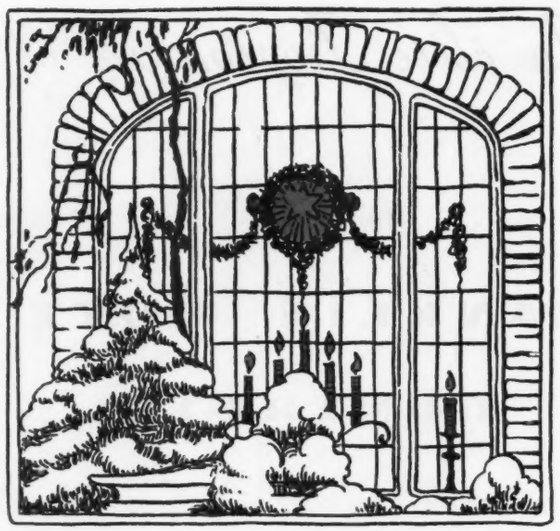
The world is tingling today with promise of future marvels even more wonderful than those we now know. Live to enjoy them.

* * *

You will find that the Metropolitan booklet, "Health, Happiness and Long Life", will help. Ask for Booklet 129-M. Mailed free.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N.Y.



Holiday Entertaining

THE season of merrymaking is here again, and the happy hostess on McCall Street is busy making plans for card parties, luncheons, teas for the club, a dance for the younger set, a Christmas party for the children, a jolly evening of games and stunts for the younger married set, and other gay holiday parties. There is Christmas help in each of McCall's Home Service Booklets and leaflets and the following list will tell you just what to send for.

Unusual Entertaining: Several charming Christmas parties are described in this booklet—a Christmas Toys' Ball, a Dicken's Christmas Celebration, Christmas games, bridge parties and dances. (Price twenty cents).

Parties for Grown-ups: Among other jolly parties for all occasions there is an Old Time Christmas party. (Price twenty cents).

Parties for Children: Here are delightful parties for Christmas and other occasions. (Price twenty cents).

A Snowball Party: For children. (Price six cents).

A Christmas Tree Party: Fun for the little ones. (Price six cents).

Parties for the Bride: Showers, announcements, etc. (Price two cents).

Bridal Showers: (Price two cents).

Parties for Young Girls: Jolly times and stunts for girls. (Price two cents).

A List of Christmas Plays: For church or club. (Price four cents).

Selections for a Program of Christmas Music: (Price two cents).

Christmas Goodies

What to Serve at Parties: Menus and recipes for Christmas dinners, a buffet supper for the Christmas dance, teas for the holidays, and a watchnight party for New Year's Eve are all given in this booklet. (Price twenty cents).

Some Reasons Why in Cookery: Wouldn't you like to have boxes of homemade candies to give your friends at Christmas time? This booklet will tell you how to make several kinds of fudge, caramels, taffy, fondant; also sweets for children and directions for making lollipops and the funny "Mallow Family and their son Marsh." (Price ten cents).

Master Recipes: The cooky jar has a peculiar way of getting empty during the holiday season! Recipes for nine delicious cookies as well as many other Christmas delicacies are given in this booklet. (Price ten cents).

Time Saving Cookery: How to prepare a tempting meal in very little time. (Price ten cents).

Pop Corn Balls: (Price two cents).

Candies for Christmas: Recipes for delicious hard candies, apples on a stick, taffy, etc. (Price two cents).

Other Helpful Booklets

The Family Budget: How to live better and still save money by the budget plan. (Price twenty cents).

Book of Etiquette: Solves all etiquette problems—introductions, calling cards, table manners, correspondence, travel, tips, weddings. (Price twenty cents).

Decorating Your Home: Harmonious interiors. (Price ten cents).

Four Lessons in Interior Decorating: (Price twelve cents).

The Friendly Baby: Proper care of the baby. (Price ten cents).

The Friendly Mother: Pre-natal advice. (Price ten cents).

Home Money-Making with Boarders: (Price six cents).

Preserving for Profit: There is money to be earned with homemade jams and jellies. (Price ten cents).

Money-Making Affairs for Churches: (Price two cents).

Four Fairs that Make Money: (Price two cents).

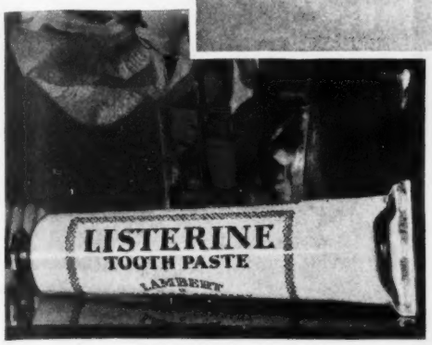
When You Travel to Europe: (Price two cents).

Books You Ought to Own: A list of books on club programs, club procedure, bazaars, pageants, etc. and helpful information for the Parent-Teacher Association. (Price eight cents).

Books on Church and Family Problems: A list of books on church work, spiritual enlightenment and mind training of children. (Price eight cents).

Dressmaking Made Easy: This helpful book tells you how to select patterns and materials, how to cut and baste and fit. There are chapters on tailored clothes, self-trimmings, various kinds of stitchings and other helpful information for the home dressmaker. It is well-illustrated with diagrams and sketches and the price is only twenty-five cents.

Send stamps for these booklets to The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.



Don't envy teeth like these—

Yours, too, can look attractive

—*this modern dentifrice is winning millions*

YOU have your favorite dentifrice—but lay it aside for one month while you try this new one which has won more than a million users in the last four years.

Listerine Tooth Paste is its name—made by the makers of Listerine. There can be no question of its quality.

Note how quickly it removes tartar and discoloration from dull, off-color teeth. Note how their natural whiteness becomes apparent. See how it makes them glisten—a brilliant luster such as nature intended.

Observe how it penetrates tiny between-the-teeth crevices and washes out matter that causes decay.

And then—note the wonderful, fresh, clean feeling it imparts to the mouth that sense of invigoration you associate with Listerine itself. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Yes—Only 25¢ the large tube

Buy what you want with what you save

You can, for instance, get a toaster with that $3.00 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. Its cost (25¢ a large tube) is about half of that of the ordinary dentifrice. And millions, both men and women, having proved that it cleans teeth whiter, are glad to take advantage of this economy.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . . 25¢

The place cards are tied to "peppermint" canes made of paper; the centerpiece, too, is homemade

HOLIDAY FEASTING

Take a plain meal, add a few fancy touches and see what happens

By SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Director, McCall's Department of Foods and Household Management

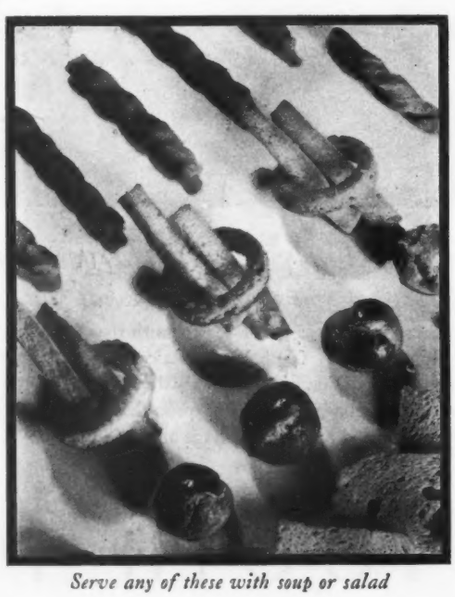
WHEN one begins to make plans for Christmas dinner, one realizes that the good old stand-bys of turkey, cranberry jelly and plum pudding can't be improved on. No, our only chance for doing something new lies in the small things—the "trimmings," let us call them, by which we can alter the looks of the familiar meal as much as we please.

The best thing about these fancy touches is that we can use them throughout the year whenever we want to dress up a party meal, or make a plain family one look imposing. So let's begin at the beginning.

Miscellaneous "Trimmings"—Olives and celery are old friends, but even they can be furbished up for special occasions. Do you serve ripe olives as well as green ones, and how many kinds of stuffing—besides pimiento—do you know? The larger stores sell olives stuffed with anchovies, with celery, with tiny onions, and with almonds. Celery can be cut in curls, or stuffed with one of the soft cheese mixtures for which you will find recipes at the end of this article.

Pickles become a popular item in the feast if they happen to be pickled watermelon rind, small pickled onions, or pickled walnuts or mushrooms. Cranberry jelly looks especially appetizing if it is molded in a seasonable shape (a star for Christmas, a heart for St. Valentine's Day, etc.). Salted nuts can be served in small individual baskets of bright paper which carry out special table decorations.

Canapés—Canapés are the delicious tidbits which are sometimes served as the first course. They are usually highly flavored, their purpose being to stimulate the appetite, just as bouillon or a fish cocktail does. They may be made of (1) thin slices of bread cut in small fancy shapes and toasted on one side, in which case several varieties of spreads are used, and an individual portion consists of one of each kind of canapé; or (2) a slice of bread one half inch thick, with crusts removed, is toasted on one side and covered with a soft, flavorsome mixture or with anchovies, split sardines, chopped ham or tongue, etc. (See recipes.)



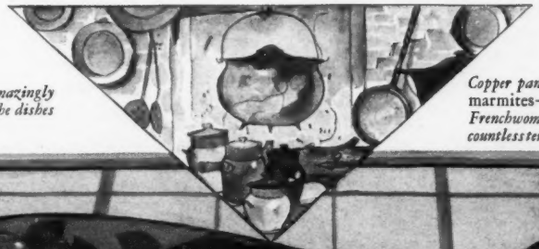
Serve any of these with soup or salad

Canapés are a practical first course for the woman without a maid. She can make them well in advance, cover them with a moist cloth and set them in a cool spot; then arrange them at each place before she summons her guests to the table.

Soups—I am not really going to talk about *soups* here, but about their garnishings and accompaniments. By accompaniments I mean the crackers or breads served with them. The simplest of these are saltines and the other thin, unsweetened crackers. I always like to crisp mine in the oven just before mealtime. (For clam or fish chowder—these are not soups for Christmas, of course—serve Boston crackers or pilot bread.) Split and toasted hard rolls are always good with soup, and toast rings, Melba toast and Crisps are something of a novelty to most persons. (See recipes.)

Garnish white cream soups—cream of corn, celery, onion, potato—with chopped parsley or a sprinkle of cayenne; they need a color contrast to make them interesting. Serve croutons (small squares of bread either browned in the oven, or fried in hot shortening) with cream of tomato and pea soups; also with split pea and purée of beans. Cream of pea and tomato soups are also often decorated with a spoonful of whipped cream. Chicken and tomato broth look very attractive if rice, spaghetti (in rather long strings), thin noodles, or alphabet letters are added to them. Other suggestions are: diced or Julienne (cut in fine strips) vegetables for any of the clear soups; a thin slice of lemon for each portion of lamb broth; vermicelli for consommé; popcorn for cream of corn soup; a slice of lemon and some hard-boiled egg (mashed fine) for [*Turn to page 41*]

These famous FRENCH styles of meat cookery *originated in simple, thrifty households*



Pork Roast, Boulangère—*a colorful dish, full of rich flavor, amazingly inexpensive. It is made with the Pork Shoulder, and it is one of the dishes described on Swift's new pork recipe cards. See coupon below.*

Copper pans and earthenware marmites—*utensils in which Frenchwomen have created countless tempting meat dishes.*

In France, even kings have prided themselves on their cookery! Louis XVth would feast his favorites on dishes made with his own hands.

A third series of French recipes for inexpensive cuts of pork

Adapted for the American table by GEORGE RECTOR

George Rector, famous restaurateur, who knows the secrets of both the American and the French cuisine.

How sophisticated they are, and how delectable—the fascinating meat dishes of the French *haute cuisine!* Dishes that have been the pride of many a great chef; the specialty of many a famous restaurant.

Dishes that originated in simple, thrifty kitchens. For the genius of French housewives first perfected these methods of meat cookery. And their creations have inspired even those czars of the kitchen who are known as *cordons bleus*.

Unusual—artfully seasoned—rich in alluring flavor! Because it is these things, French meat cookery has long delighted epicures. And because all this is achieved with inexpensive cuts of meat, it is a still greater delight to the housewife.

Dishes that combine economy and flavor

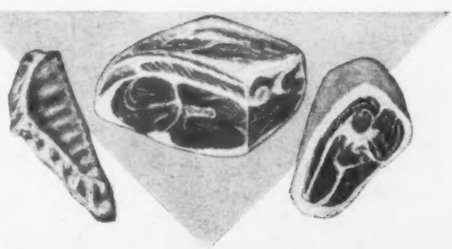
Ten more of these delicious, money-saving French recipes have now been collected for you by Swift. Each one a triumph of seductive flavor; each one making use of a less familiar, less expensive cut of pork. The recipes are printed on cards, convenient for filing, and every dish is illustrated.

These recipe cards are Swift's third series of "Tempting New Meat Dishes Adapted from the French." For so widespread was the interest roused by the first two sets, so many thousands of requests poured in, that now these additional new recipes on cards have been prepared.

That they may be sure to please American palates, these French recipes have been adapted for use in this country by George Rector. Mr. Rector, who is an outstanding authority on American and French cooking, is at present Director of Cuisine for the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific R. R. Co.

Once you have tried these delectable French dishes, you'll not only be *using* the inexpensive cuts of pork oftener but actually *choosing* them. For, if you are careful to ask for *Swift's* meats, you will find that the less familiar cuts are surprisingly meaty and full of flavor. 400 branch houses and a great fleet of refrigerator cars enable Swift to keep your dealer constantly supplied with choice, fresh meats. So ask for them by name. To get the new French recipe cards, just mail the coupon.

Swift & Company



Pork Spareribs—Pork Shoulder Roast—Pork Shoulder Hock—three of the inexpensive cuts used by Frenchwomen in their delectable meat cookery.

FREE —**the new Swift pork recipe cards, "Tempting New Meat Dishes adapted from the French—3rd Series." Mail the coupon today.**

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Thanksgiving Without Walnuts—
Who Ever Heard of Such a Thing?

And at this year's lower prices no family need be without them—

NEXT to the "Royal Bird" himself, there's nothing quite so appropriate at Thanksgiving as a heaping bowl of Walnuts on the table.

Walnuts add a festive holiday touch—without the extra work which so many holiday foods require. And they're a *most economical food*—especially this year, when a larger California crop insures *even lower prices.*

Naturally, you'll want to use Walnuts freely in your holiday menus, too—not only as an unexcelled flavor in turkey dressing, but to add new interest to cakes, cookies, candies, breakfast breads, puddings and frozen desserts. And don't overlook the wonderful help Walnuts give in dressing up every sort of salad.

The Best Walnuts Are Really The Cheapest

All Walnuts may look alike on the *outside;* but don't forget that it's *kernels* you want, not shells! And the only sure way to get them is to buy Walnuts as you buy other quality foods—*by brand!*

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Be sure your grocer supplies you with new-crop Diamond *branded* Walnuts. Then send for our free recipe book, "For That Final Touch—Just Add Walnuts." It's full of suggestions which will help you "sparkle up" holiday menus.

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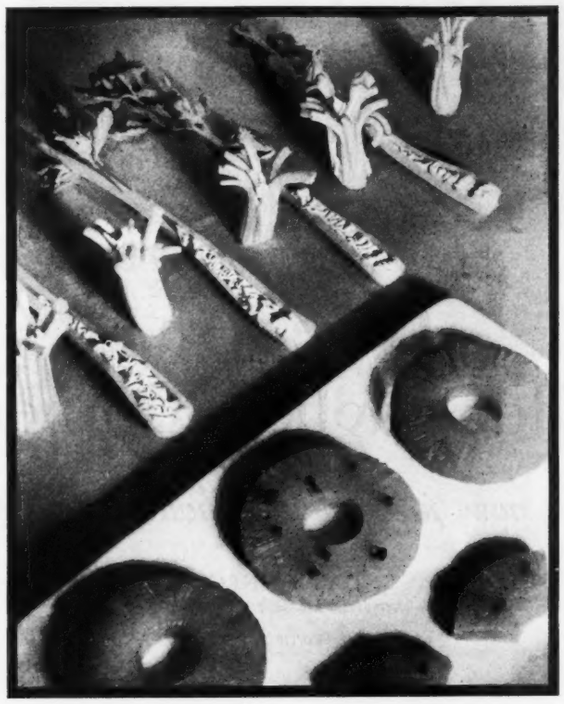
DIAMOND *branded* **CALIFORNIA'S FINEST WALNUTS**

HOLIDAY FEASTING

[*Continued from page 38*]



Stuffed celery, celery "trunks", and spiced pineapple

black bean soup; and grated Parmesan cheese for French onion soup.

Meats—Cranberry sauce or cranberry jelly are inseparable companions of turkey, of course. Apple sauce, glacéd apples, apple rings or currant jelly belong with goose and duck; mint or currant jelly with lamb. Sweet pickled peaches and pears, or spiced pineapple go well with almost any roast; you can either put them up yourself, or buy them as you need them. With beef, lamb or chicken, baked or fried bananas are delicious; they are easily prepared and can be bought at any season of the year.

Salads—The "trimming" for a salad may be just a crisp cracker with the right amount of saltiness, or a thin bread and butter sandwich, if you haven't time to "fuss." But try these once in a while with your dinner salads: paprika crackers, cheese crackers, cheese straws, tiny cheese biscuits, or puffed crackers. (See recipes). When a salad is the main course for luncheon or supper, plan for sandwiches, hot biscuits or finger rolls.

Cheese is becoming a very popular addition to the salad course, especially cream cheese, or one of the sharp, flavorsome cheeses. Ordinary American, or store cheese, makes delicious cheese balls. Grate the cheese, season it to taste and form into small balls, sprinkle with paprika and serve one or two balls on the side of each salad plate.

Shape cream cheese into balls, roll in chopped nuts and serve with fruit salads. Roquefort cheese goes well with plain lettuce or Romaine. It is often crumbled up and mixed with the French dressing instead of being served separately.

Fillings For Stuffed Celery

Roquefort Cheese Filling—Mash ¼ pound Roquefort cheese with a fork and blend with 3 or 4 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and a dash of paprika.

Spanish Filling—Mash ¼ pound pimiento cheese, add 2 tablespoons chopped olives, and enough milk or cream to soften.

Snappy Cheese Filling—Use snappy or highly-seasoned American cheese, grated or pressed through a sieve. Add 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and enough catsup or cream to blend to a smooth paste. Fill celery stalks and sprinkle with paprika.

Stuffed Celery Trunks—Select choice celery stalks and cut into 2 or 3 inch pieces. With a sharp knife fringe each piece at one end, making cuts close together about 1 inch deep. Let stand in ice water for several hours so that tops will curl slightly. Remove, wipe dry and fill with any of the above fillings. Press two stalks together to resemble a round, tree-like stalk. Serve on relish dish garnished with a bit of watercress, or arrange with full-length stalks of stuffed celery.

Toasted Delicacies

Crisps—Cut the crusts from fresh bread and pull apart in pieces about the size of an oyster. Place in a shallow pan and brown in a moderate oven.

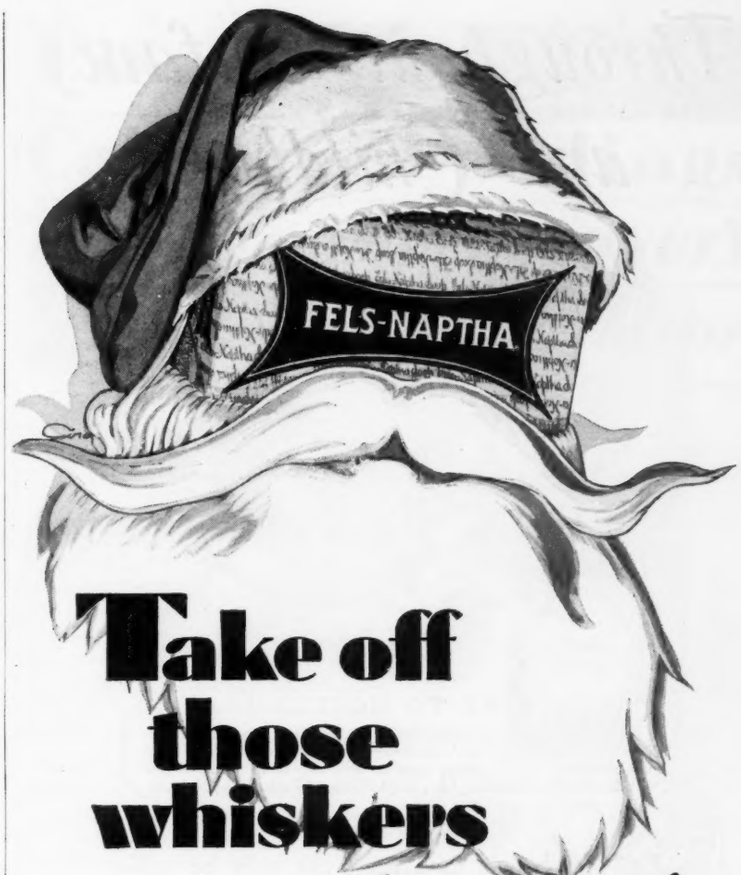
Toast Rings—To make these, slice bread about ½ inch thick and cut out rounds with large-size biscuit cutter; with a smaller cutter cut again, thus making the "rings." Brush over with melted butter, place on baking sheet and brown in a moderate oven. Strips of bread ½ inch thick may be browned at the same time and two of them served through each toast ring.

Melba Toast—Cut bread in thin slices, lay on baking pan and dry in moderate oven, until slightly browned.

Paprika Crackers—Spread saltines or any thin unsweetened cracker with butter, and sprinkle with paprika. Place on a baking sheet and bake in a hot oven until crisp and slightly browned.

Puffed Crackers—Split thick soda crackers and soak in ice water 5 minutes. Remove with skimmer or pancake turner, drain thoroughly and place on baking pan. Dot with butter and bake

[*Continued on page 70*]



Take off those whiskers

- we know you!

AREN'T you ashamed of yourself? An honest bar of Fels-Naptha Soap resorting to such methods! Slipping into a Christmas magazine disguised as Santa Claus!

What place have you in a magazine full of Christmas presents? We hope you're not venturing to suggest yourself as "a practical gift for any woman." You know as well as we do that women who have been practical for eleven and seven-eighths months out of every twelve crave frivolities at Christmas—and bless their hearts, they deserve them!

Ye-es, of course we know that you could be particularly useful while they're *having* to be practical—getting ready for the holiday, and cleaning up afterward. Your good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, do give *extra* help with every soap-and-water-task. *Extra* help that saves a woman's strength. Yes, we admit all that.

But — soap for a woman's Christmas gift! Even Fels-Naptha Soap!... No, we're all for silk stockings, or an amethyst ring, or—

What's that? Don't hang your head—speak up!... You weren't suggesting yourself for the woman of the house? You think *washing machines* deserve Christmas presents, too? Ah, now we see what you're getting at! You believe you should be on hand to help every washing machine with the first after-Christmas wash—to help it give its owner a whiter, cleaner, sweeter wash than ever before?

That's an excellent idea... Put the whiskers on again, if you like, and go back to the top of the page. You have our blessing. And just to show that we're in the spirit of the thing, we're adding a little gift of our own—to be sent to any woman who'll take a minute off between shopping trips to write for it. She'll find excellent use for it whether she uses a washing machine or not—and it goes to her with our best wishes for an easier New Year. Merry Christmas!

McC. 12-29

FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy little gift offered in this advertisement.

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Karo supplies quickly available energy for the active child. Used on cereals or in milk, it does not cause the child to develop an abnormal taste for sweets, nor does it spoil the digestion or the appetite.

For the Entire Family

Over a period of a quarter century, Karo has been the standard table-syrup — delicious on pancakes, waffles and sliced bread.

FROM CHILDHOOD TO OLD AGE

Give An Old English Dinner

A new idea for the holiday hostess

By DAY MONROE

Assistant Professor Home Economics, University of Chicago

DECORATION BY THOMAS FOGARTY

TO MOST persons, dinner-giving is not a thing to be undertaken lightly. But what an ordeal it must have been for the young hostess in 1782! Looking through an old-English cook book of that date in search of suggestions for an informal dinner, I found the following helpful rule!—

"As many dishes as you have in one course, so many baskets or plates must your dessert have; and as my bill of fare is twenty-five in each course, so must your dessert be of the same number, set out in the same manner."

For the three-course dinner then described, seventy-five different dishes were prepared! Yet Elizabeth Raffald, the author of "The Experienced English Housekeeper, for the Use and Ease of Ladies, Housekeepers, Cooks, Etc.," wrote that this was not an extravagant menu, "but erred on the frugal hand."

Looking over the menu for the first course, we realize why authors of that period wrote of "the festive board laden with viands." At one end of the table was "a tureen of Transparent Soup; at the other end, Hare Soup, with Mock Turtle in the center. Scattered about were such dishes as Boil'd Turkey, Small Ham, Ox Pallets, Pigeons Comport, French Pye, Beef Olives, Ducks à la Mode, Larded Oysters, Lamb's Ears Forc'd and enough other meat dishes to total eighteen, with only four vegetables—Kidney Beans, Brocoli, Botl'd Peas and Sallad."

And here is Mrs. Raffald's nonchalant outline for the dessert course:

"It will be easy to make five different ices for the middle, with four plates of dried fruit round them, apricots, green gages, grapes and pears; the four outward corners, pistachio nuts, prunelloes, oranges and olives; the four squared, nonpareils, pears, walnuts and filberts; the two in the centre, betwixt the top and bottom, chestnuts and Pottugal plumbs; for six long dishes, pineapples, French plumbs and the brandy fruits—peaches, nectarines, apricots and cherries."

Yet strange as it may seem, I *did* find the suggestions I was hoping for in Mrs. Raffald's extensive array, and I *did* plan an informal dinner for the gay Holidays, and my friends wondered where on earth I'd heard about dishes so "new and different."

Shall I take you into the secret? You can easily repeat my success, and have a charming, old-time Christmas dinner party of your own.

Our Menu

Transparent Soup
Ramequins of Cheese*
French Pye — Broiled Tomatoes
Green Pease
Sallad — Hunting Pudding

The transparent soup of 1782 was much like ours, a hot consommé, well seasoned and sparkling clear. With it we served celery and radishes, and crisp toasted cheese sticks, made according to a variation of Mrs. Raffald's "Ramequins of Cheese." If your holiday market does not offer radishes, use stuffed olives so as to have a touch of red in this course.

The main course was an open meat pie, garnished with asparagus tips, and served with green peas and broiled tomatoes. Doubtless Mrs. Raffald would have viewed with alarm the presence of tomatoes on her dinner table. In her time they were not eaten, being considered poison by many persons. But some concessions must be made to our present-day desire for vegetables, and broiled or sautéd tomatoes are so "just right" with a meat pie that we could not omit them. In holiday season you can usually count on finding fresh tomatoes, but you can substitute tiny red canned beets, hot, with butter.

Probably to Mrs. Raffald there was but one "sallad"—lettuce, chickory or some other salad "green." No directions for salad making are given among her "Nine Hundred Original Receipts, most of which never appeared in Print." With so generous a dinner as she planned no other type of salad could be so appropriate. However, since our dinner was less elaborate, we gave color and flavor to our salad by adding spiced red currants, grapefruit and cream cheese.

Salad was served at the table by myself—an informal touch which we like when congenial friends dine with us. The portions of salad were arranged on a silver platter—for each guest, a cup of crisp, cold leaves of lettuce, within which were the sections of grapefruit laid around a small mound of cream cheese which was covered with the bright red currants. French dressing was poured sparingly over the grapefruit just before this course was served. Canned grapefruit, rather than fresh, was used since it is far simpler to prepare. The red Christmas touch can be given by cherries if you do not have canned currants, or by tiny cubes of sparkling currant jelly.

The dessert was an English "plum pudding," called Hunting Pudding by Mrs. Raffald, possibly because it would be just the thing a hungry hunter might want for his dinner after a brisk day in the woods. We have varied her recipe by adding dates, which probably were not much used in cookery in 1782 but which we consider a welcome addition to the customary raisins and citrons. She "put it in a very clean cloth, tied it up close" and boiled it. We steamed ours in a clean two-pound coffee can, placed on a rack in a kettle of boiling water.

I was fortunate in finding just the right kind of Christmas card on which to write the menu. It was a double card, and the decoration on the front showed four young pages in colorful dress, each bearing aloft a steaming dish for the Christmas festive board. Inside, in imitation old-English script, I wrote the menu. Since each card bore a guest's name, they served as place cards as well.

French Pye

(Our Adaptation)

1 cup cooked veal
1 cup cooked sweetbreads
1 cup sautéd mushrooms
1 cup cooked asparagus tips
Pie crust
2 cups white sauce made from:
4 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour
1 cup veal stock
1 cup milk
Salt and pepper

Left-over roast veal is the best cooked veal, but veal cutlet, cooked until very tender and cut into small cubes may be used. The sweetbreads should be soaked in cold water one hour, drained, cooked until tender in boiling water, cooled, separated from the membrane and cut into small pieces. The mushrooms should be peeled, and sautéd in butter.

To make the white sauce, melt the butter, add the flour and cook, stirring for about two minutes. Add the veal stock and the milk, and cook stirring constantly until thickened.

Line a baking dish with a rich pie crust. Bake until it commences to color. Add the veal, sweetbreads and mushrooms to the sauce and heat together for about ten minutes to blend the flavors. Pour this mixture into the pastry-lined baking dish. Over the top lay the hot cooked asparagus tips, and dot with butter. Serve.

Ramequins of Cheese

To one-half cup of grated American cheese add 3 tablespoons of finely-mashed yolk of hard-boiled egg. Cut day-old bread in slices ½-inch thick, and remove the crusts. Cut these slices into strips one-half inch wide. Toast until golden brown, turning so they are colored on all sides. Butter generously. Roll in the mixture of cheese and egg until well coated. Lay on a rack (or a cake cooler) and place in the oven for about five minutes, until the cheese is slightly melted and browned.

Hunting Pudding

1 cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg, ginger
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup bread crumbs
1 cup raisins, seeded, or seedless
½ cup currants
1 cup dates, stoned and cut in pieces
½ cup mixed citron, candied orange peel, and candied lemon peel, cut in bits
2 eggs
¾ cup fruit juice, or melted currant jelly
¼ cup melted shortening
Candied cherries for garnishing mould

Sift together the flour, salt, spices and baking powder; add the bread crumbs and sugar and fruits, and mix well. Add beaten eggs and fruit juice mixed together. If the bread crumbs are very dry it may be necessary to add a little more fruit juice, but the dough should be stiff. Add melted shortening and stir well.

Grease a pan which has a tight cover. In the bottom arrange a design of candied cherries. A tiny Christmas tree may be cut from angelica, and other candied fruits, as pineapple, may be worked into the design, if you feel in a decorative mood. Cover the fruit carefully with the pudding. Cover the pan and steam for six hours. If two small puddings, rather than one large one are made, the time of steaming may be reduced by about an hour.

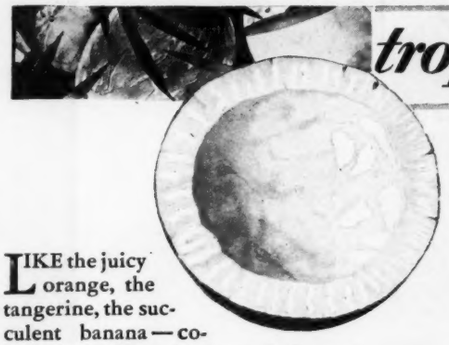
This pudding will be improved if allowed to ripen for a week or longer before serving, just as fruit cake ripens. Reheat it by steaming for an hour or longer. Serves ten persons.

To carry out the old-time Christmas spirit, I planned a little program of old-fashioned after-dinner games, such as forfeits and blindman's buff, and the singing of old Christmas songs. Before the guests left I served hot punch while we all drank each other's health and a "Merry Christmas."

Parties for the Holidays

Maybe you are planning a party for your club, or a dance for the younger set home from school or it might be a jolly Christmas family party with an evening of games and stunts. In any case you will find the booklet *Unusual Entertaining* helpful. It will help you plan that unusual bridge party or dance, and there are several Christmas parties. Send twenty cents in stamps to: The Service Editor, 230 Park Avenue, New York City.

Pies Cakes *and* Puddings *are richer with* Coconut's *tropic flavor*



LIKE the juicy orange, the tangerine, the succulent banana — coconut, too, draws its sweet, fruity taste from warm, tropic soils.

Creamy pies, cakes and other favorite desserts are more delicious for its sun-ripe flavor.

Franklin Baker's Coconut is prepared with extraordinary care. Only the choicest nuts are gathered. Fast fruit liners hurry them to New York. Here the snowy white meat—still cool and moist and fresh—is shredded and packed. Every bit of its native flavor is retained. Franklin Baker's Coconut is outstanding in this respect.

As you open the package the creamy shreds scatter over your cakes, pies or salads as fresh and fragrant as if you yourself had just spooned the tender meat out of the tough, brown shell.

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Baker's Premium Shred, in triple-sealed, stay-fresh packages, the familiar kind.

Baker's Southern-Style, the new moist-packed kind in tins, slightly sweetened.

Coconut Custard Pie

3 eggs, slightly beaten
⅛ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar
3 cups milk, scalded
1 cup Baker's Coconut

Line pie plate with pastry. Combine eggs, salt, sugar; add milk gradually, then add coconut. Mix thoroughly. Pour into pie plate. Bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, then decrease heat to moderate (350° F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Makes one 9-inch pie. *All measurements are level.*

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COCONUT
"adds tropic richness to desserts" © 1929 G. F. Corp.

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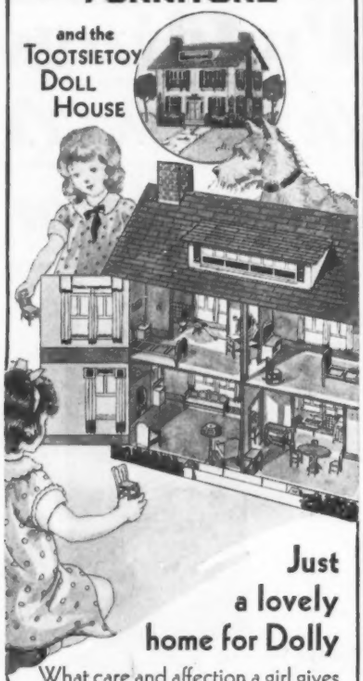

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8 pieces, $1.00
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TOOTSIETOY
DOLL HOUSE
(Unfurnished)
6 rooms
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Tootsietoy Doll House Furniture duplicates in miniature the appointments of a modern home. Graceful designs, rich and appropriate colorings with overstuffed pieces for the living room give charming results and permit of many different "settings" for the rooms in "*Dolly's Home*".

There are sets for the Kitchen, Dining Room, Bedroom, Bath Room and Living Room ... each, $1.00

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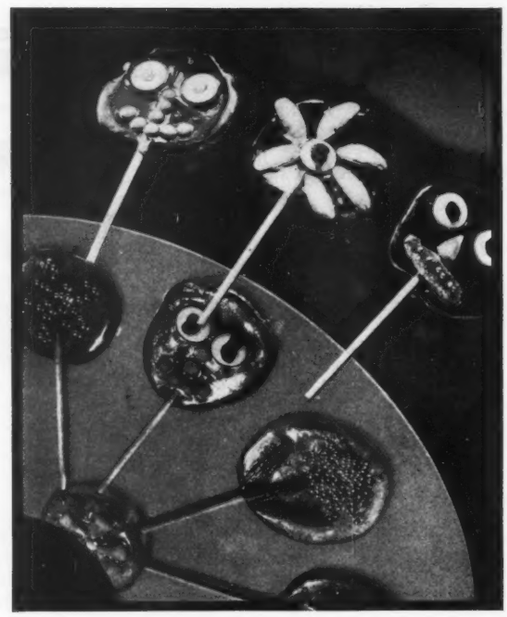


Lollipops hate to have their pictures taken; look at their faces!

HARD CANDIES *for* CHRISTMAS

These easy methods produce masterpieces

By DOROTHY KIRK

AT CHRISTMAS when there are stockings to fill, boxes to pack and a Christmas tree to be hung with cornucopias, hard candies become almost a necessity. Of course they can be bought, but as they are probably the most easily made of all candies, you may like to try your hand at them.

Do you know that granulated sugar, water and a little corn syrup, cooked to 310° F. will turn into a lollipop? Sounds like sleight-of-hand, doesn't it?—but you will soon learn the trick. The important thing is to keep the mixture clear and sparkling—so we take three precautions: (1) we use corn syrup to prevent crystals from forming; (2) we wipe down the sides of the pan with a wet cloth wrapped around the tines of a fork to clear away any crystals that *may* have settled there; (3) we do not stir the syrup while it is cooking—that is, we stir *only* until the sugar is dissolved. Aren't these rules simple?

Upper left—Pour syrup, which has been colored and flavored, on a greased marble slab; Above—Have ready wooden skewers and insert them for handles. This must be done quickly, while the lollipop is still soft; Right—With a supply of different kinds of small candies make designs rapidly before the lollipop hardens.

Keeping these three points in mind try the recipes on this page and see for yourself how easy it is. To make certain of success use a candy thermometer which can be bought for about two dollars.

Sparklets are very easy to make and are the basis of all clear hard candies.

Sparklets

2 cups sugar — 1 cup water
2/3 cup corn syrup (white) — Coloring and flavoring

Put sugar, water and corn syrup into a straight-sided saucepan or upper part of a double boiler. Place over a low fire, and stir until sugar is completely dissolved, then boil, *without* stirring, until syrup reaches 310° F., or until a little dropped in cold water becomes *very* brittle. (Cook rather slowly toward the end so that sugar will not caramelize and discolor the syrup.) While cooking wipe the sides of the pan occasionally with a wet

[*Continued on page 46*]

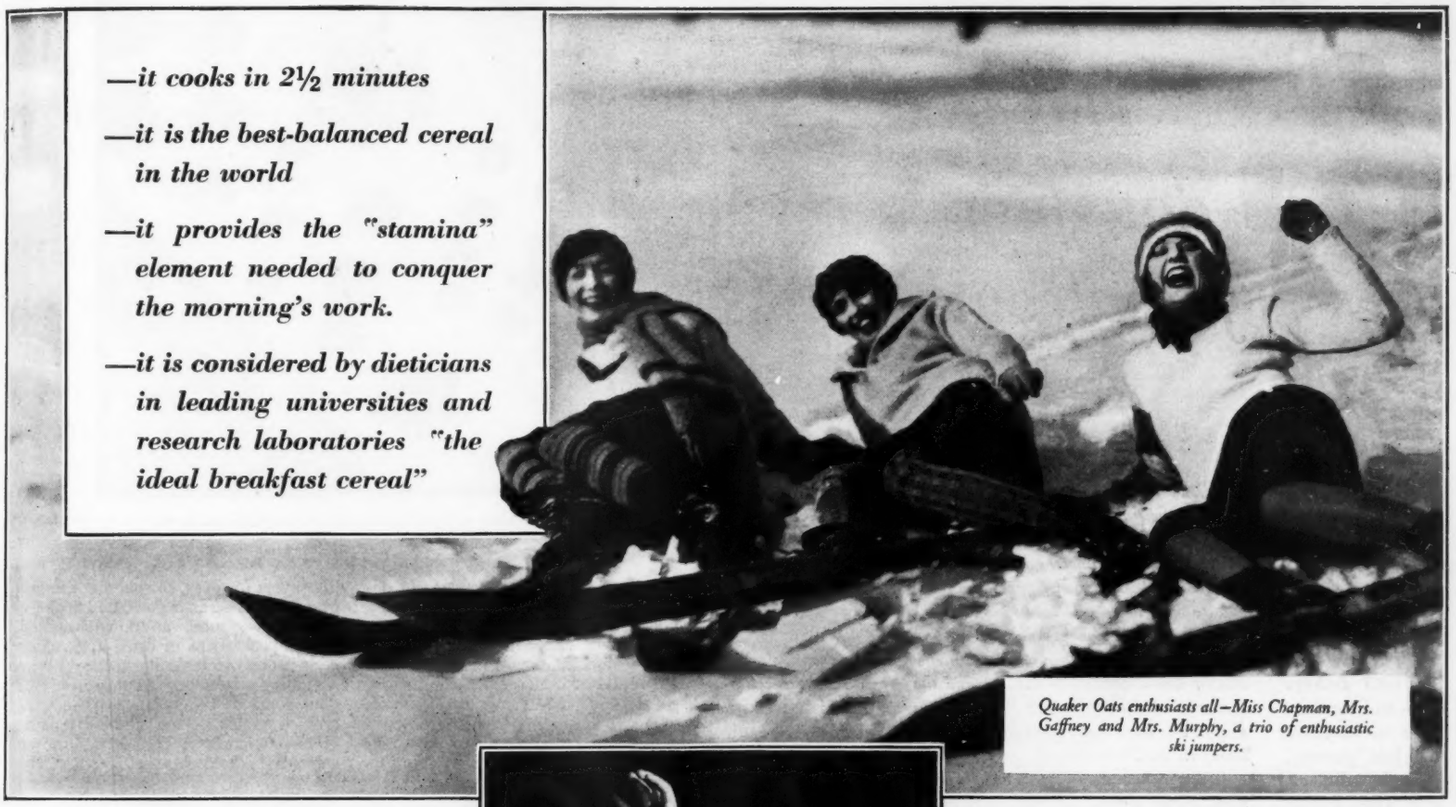
You should know these facts about *the World's Quickest Hot Breakfast*

—it cooks in 2½ minutes

—it is the best-balanced cereal in the world

—it provides the "stamina" element needed to conquer the morning's work.

—it is considered by dieticians in leading universities and research laboratories "the ideal breakfast cereal"



Quaker Oats enthusiasts all—Miss Chapman, Mrs. Gaffney and Mrs. Murphy, a trio of enthusiastic ski jumpers.

QUICK QUAKER OATS cooks in 2½ minutes . . . the world's favorite hot breakfast. There's no fuss, no bother. You can have a creamy, savory hot cereal—a cereal with that rich, unique Quaker flavor—in less time than it takes to make toast! It's ready 2½ minutes after the water boils. Now, no family need be deprived of this stimulating stamina food.

The plump, selected oat grains are processed before they reach you . . . rolled tissue-thin, then oven-processed 14 separate times, to flaky, thorough tenderness. All you have to do is cook Quick Quaker for a few minutes and it's ready to serve.

Prepare for the morning

Work! Play! 70% of any kind of activity comes in the first four morning hours, according to a nation-wide survey of schools, offices and homes. This drain on energy requires a sustaining hot breakfast. That is why authorities universally advise Quaker Oats.

What Quick Quaker is

Not a heavy breakfast, but well-balanced nourishment . . . that's what you need. And Quick Quaker gives it to you. Here's what Quick Quaker provides: protein—16%—to build up tissues and replace muscular waste. No cereal can compare with oats in protein content. Then there is ample mineral content; Vitamin B, to build bone and promote growth; 65% carbohydrate, for extra energy . . . and the roughage which makes laxatives unnecessary.

James Folan led his class last year and checked 100% in health tests too. "Our mornings are never too rushed to give Jimmy his Quick Quaker Oats breakfast," writes his mother.

Only the largest, choicest, full-flavored oats are used by Quaker. Out of every bushel of oats perhaps only ten pounds are considered fine enough for Quaker.

Only 2½ minutes' cooking and Quick Quaker Oats gives you that rich Quaker flavor

Oatmeal enthusiasts are always trying to describe the original, savory flavor of Quaker Oats. You really have to taste it to understand their enthusiasm.

That "Quaker flavor" is not accidental. It is the result of a long and very costly process. Now, in Quick Quaker Oats, you get the very same richness, the delicious, savory flavor—and it cooks in 2½ minutes. One dish of Quick Quaker Oats, tomorrow, and you'll see why it's the world's favorite hot breakfast.

Serve Quick Quaker tomorrow. Discover how easy it is to give your family their favorite hot cereal, how quickly it can be done. You'll soon be serving it every day.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

Quick Quaker Oats *cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes*

What's wrong with modern parents?

This daughter found out!

"My Dad had the flu. When it departed, it must have taken Dad's good disposition with it. Whew! Breakfast was hush time; lunch was rush time and dinner the worst time of all.

"Dad and Mother always took caffein, but we were never allowed to have it. The more Dad took, the more crabby he got and the more nervous Mother became. Finally Mother had a nervous breakdown and the doctor insisted that she try Postum for a month. She tried it and gave it to us. Then Dad tried it. Three cheers!

"Now we have a party at our house every meal. We sit around the table, every one of us with a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, and there is a feeling of companionship and understanding that we never had before. Dad is interested in everything that interests us. We youngsters are learning, by the Postum route, that our parents are not just parents, but real human beings and royal good sports."

J. S. . . . . (Lowell High School student)
San Francisco, Cal.

MOST fathers and mothers want to be more than just "parents"—but how difficult it is when Father feels "crabby" and Mother has "nerves"! The sad part of it is that most men and women don't stop to look for the cause of their trouble. They go on taking caffein—and wonder why uncongeniality has crept into the family circle.

If it seems incredible to you that caffein could be the cause of nerves and irritability in your own family circle, just make this test. Let Postum take the place of caffein at your table for thirty days. Then check up on yourself and your family!

You'll be amazed at the difference you find. You yourself will feel better, both mentally and physically — and you'll see the same improvement all around you. Postum has only *good* after-effects. © 1929, G. F. Corp.

That's because there is no caffein in Postum—nothing to keep you awake o' nights, nothing to irritate your nerves, nothing to cause indigestion. Postum is made from whole wheat and bran, carefully roasted and blended. Its flavor is fine and mellow — distinctive. Two million families could tell you you're sure to like it!

Postum costs less than most other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup. Order from your grocer. Or mail the coupon for one week's free supply, as a start on your 30-day test. Please indicate whether you wish Instant Postum, made instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal the kind you boil.

Postum is one of the Post Food Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, and Post's Bran Flakes. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

P—McC.-12-29

POSTUM COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ (prepared instantly in the cup)
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ (prepared by boiling)

Check which you prefer

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Fill in completely—print name and address

In Canada, address *Canadian Postum Company, Ltd.*
The Sterling Tower, Toronto 2, Ontario

HARD CANDIES FOR CHRISTMAS

[*Continued from page 44*]

All sorts of hard candies can be made at home

cloth. Remove pan from fire, add desired coloring and flavoring; stir only enough to blend color. Drop from tip of teaspoon on to a slightly-greased marble slab, making rounds the size of a nickel or dime. When cool, slip a spatula under the candy to loosen it.

Or the syrup may be poured into small greased muffin pans to form thin patties. These should be turned out of the pans before they get entirely cold; if they become too brittle they will break when the pan is inverted.

To decorate Sparklets sprinkle them, while still warm, with chopped pistachio nuts or "comfits"—tiny candy pellets which can be bought in silver or mixed colors.

Color and Flavor

Either liquid or paste coloring may be used. Add *liquid* color directly to the syrup, a drop or two at a time to make the proper shade; dissolve *color paste* in a little of the syrup, or in a few drops of water before adding. For flavoring use the *oils* which may be bought at the druggist's—rather than extracts; they are stronger and only a few drops are necessary.

Lollipops

To make lollipops use the same recipe as for Sparklets and cook to the same temperature, 310° F. Drop syrup from spoon, or pour from pan, onto a smooth, slightly-greased marble slab or inverted baking pan—but the surface *must* be level or the lollipop will not be round. As soon as it is poured insert a wooden skewer for the handle. Loosen each lollipop with a spatula as soon as possible—if left too long they become brittle and will break.

Children love decorated lollipops and they are lots of fun to make. Plan your designs before pouring out the syrup as the decorations will not stick unless pressed in while the syrup is still warm. I usually work out the decoration on the table first to insure speed, especially if I am working alone. For "Funny Face" lollipops use life-savers for eyes, corn kernel candies or jelly beans for a nose, and make a mouth of almost anything—candied orange peel, strips of dried apricot, or corn kernels to look like teeth.

Instead of making all flat lollipops, pour some of the syrup into slightly-greased molds. These can be bought at confectioners' supply stores, or at some household furnishing shops, in the shape of Christmas trees, stars, Santa Clauses, animals and so on. Press in the skewers while the candy is still warm.

To Glacé Nuts and Fruits

Glacéd Nuts and Fruits are attractive and with a little practice you can acquire considerable skill in dipping them. Do not expect perfection at once because there is a "knack" which only experience can give. Practice first on nuts—the moisture of fruit is apt to cause trouble for the amateur.

Glacé Syrup

1 cup sugar
½ cup water
1/3 cup corn syrup (white)

Cook together sugar, corn syrup and water, stirring until sugar is dissolved; then cook, without stirring, until the syrup reaches 300° F. (very brittle). Wipe down the sides of the pan as for Sparklets and Lollipops. Remove from fire and place saucepan in pan of boiling water to keep syrup from hardening while dipping the fruit or nuts. Drop them in, one at a time, and remove with a fork or candy dipper to a flat greased slab, or to heavy waxed paper. Take special care to take up only enough syrup to coat the surface so that the base will not spread when allowed to harden. Walnuts and large pecan halves are the most satisfactory nuts to glacé; among fruits try grapes, tangerine sections, stuffed prunes and apricots (both of the latter must be thoroughly dry).

Note: If you wish more candy recipes, send a two cent stamp for postage to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Here's my recipe for a ten years' younger mood

says ANNA Q. NILSSON

"Take one spring day . . . distill it . . . A bit of sparkling talk . . . A little laughter . . . A drop of gayety . . . Add them all together . . . Sounds silly? » » Well, perhaps, but I'm sure that's how they make my favorite perfume . . . Its name? » » Like the mood it brings me . . . SEVENTEEN."

In the Modern Manner a new perfume...SEVENTEEN

If you are a sophisticate to your finger-tips . . . a modern to the tip of your toes, then Seventeen is for you . . . It will make you a hundred times more *you!*

Seventeen is a real discovery . . . for you who have been seeking, seeking for a perfume charged with modern things. In it . . . zest . . . and subtlety . . . A charming perfume . . . Yet something more . . . a part of your own personality . . . an individuality that makes you gloriously *you!*

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today...you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water,* like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . two kinds of *Brilliantine* . . . and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

A man-sized meal —PANCAKES made with BAKING SODA

UNTIL you've tasted pancakes made with Baking Soda, you don't know how good they can be. Large and luscious, light and brown—the man who doesn't dote on them hasn't been born!

Making pancakes the right way is easy—for the perfect leavening qualities of Baking Soda do away with tedious beating. Simply follow the recipe in one of the free booklets offered below.

These booklets will also bring you many other recipes for delicacies, and tell you how Baking Soda serves in many ways.

You can buy Baking Soda for a few cents a package from any grocer. Ask for either Arm & Hammer or Cow Brand. The two are identical. Both are pure Bicarbonate of Soda.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLETS

CHURCH & DWIGHT CO., Inc.
80 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me free one set of colored bird cards and booklets.
F-18 [Please print name and address]
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Hot coffee and gay tarts offer their "Welcome" to our guests

Christmas All Day Long

Our dream comes true: we keep open house

By MARGUERITE MADDOX

HAVEN'T you always longed "to keep open house" on Christmas Day? For years my husband and I wanted to, and couldn't think how to manage it until three seasons ago when the inspiration came. Here is our plan:

When we send out our greeting cards, we write across them, "It's Christmas all day long at our house. Come and see us." Our dining table, beautifully waxed, is adorned in the center with a small, decorated Christmas tree. At one end is an electric chafing dish, at the other a coffee urn. In between are piles of plates, gay-colored napkins and dishes containing salted nuts, stuffed celery, rolls and bright Christmas candies. On the sideboard are the punch bowl and glasses.

Two of Our Menus

(1)

Chicken Noel*
Celery Stuffed with Pimiento Cheese
Buttered Finger Rolls
Currant Jelly Salted Nuts
Cranberry Tarts*
Coffee

(2)

Oyster or Shrimp Patties
Olives Celery
Rolls
Delicate Plum Pudding*
Christmas Cookies
Coffee
Golden Punch*

We choose the sort of menu which I can easily prepare and place in the ice box early in the day. Our chafing dish makes it possible to serve the main dish very hot. A glance at the menus given here will show you that they leave us free to greet our guests and to be jolly with them all day long.

Chicken Noel

3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup flour
2 cups chicken stock
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
½ cup cream
2 cups chicken, sliced
1 cup artichoke bottoms, cut in cubes
2 pimientos

Melt butter, add flour and stir until well blended. Add stock slowly, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Place over hot water and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add cream, chicken and artichokes. Cover and heat thoroughly. Add pimientoes, cut in strips. Serve on thin slices of toast or pastry, cut in fancy shapes. Garnish with parsley or watercress.

Cranberry Tarts

Wash cranberries and cook a few at a time (in syrup made of 1 cup sugar and 2 tablespoons water) until the skins burst. Fill baked tart shells with these berries; cook down syrup until very thick and pour a little over the top of berries. This forms a glazed surface. Cool.

Or you can make a cranberry jelly tart. Cook 2 cups cranberries with ½ cup water until skins burst. Add 1 cup sugar. Cook about 5 minutes or until it becomes thick and jelly-like. Remove from fire and cool slightly. Fill pastry-lined tart shells with mixture. Then cover with strips of pastry and bake in hot oven (425° F.) about 15 minutes or until pastry is well browned. Cool before serving.

Delicate Plum Pudding

2 tablespoons gelatine
1 cup cold water
2 cups milk
1/16 teaspoon salt
1½ squares (1½ oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1 cup sugar
1 cup raisins
¼ cup currants
¼ cup citron, sliced thin
½ cup dates, cut in pieces
½ cup walnuts, broken in pieces
½ teaspoon vanilla
3 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water 5 minutes. Scald milk, with salt added, in double boiler. Melt chocolate, add half of the sugar and enough hot milk to make a smooth paste. Add this chocolate mixture, fruit, remainder of sugar and gelatine to scalded milk. Remove from fire. Cool. Stir occasionally until mixture begins to stiffen. Add vanilla and nut meats and lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into individual molds first dipped in cold water. Chill. Serve garnished with whipped cream and candied or maraschino cherries.

Golden Punch

1 pint canned pineapple juice
1 pint canned apricot juice
Juice of 3 lemons
Juice of 1 lime
½ cup sugar
½ bunch mint (crushed)
3 bottles of dry ginger ale

Mix fruit juices, sugar and mint and set on ice for 3 hours. Add ginger ale and ice just before serving. A green and a red cherry in each glass add a bit of Christmas cheer.

Bodies that cry "HANDS OFF" to Old Winter

The *Mystery* Vitamin in Iceberg Lettuce *Preserves Youthful Vigor*

ANY woman would envy the radiant vitality of these girls—snow-balling in their bathing suits "just for fun"—skins aglow, eyes flashing, every fibre tingling.

Such health comes from the right frame of mind, from exercise and from proper foods—what we call a "balanced diet." Many foods go into such a diet, but fruits and vegetables play a most important part. Lettuce, in particular, according to physicians and dietitians, has many virtues unsuspected by the average person.

It contains all the vitamins and many mineral salts, without which, from some source, life would perish. It also contains the "mystery vitamin," as some writers call it, just recently discovered and still under investigation. This vitamin is thought to play a vital part in prolonging youthful vigor—a universal yearning of mankind and exemplified dramatically by Ponce de Leon's search for the Fountain of Youth.

Wanted—A Slender Figure!

You would be surprised at the number of graceful, beautiful women who eat a generous portion of Iceberg head lettuce twice a day. Many of them—matrons with the suppleness of a girl—confess to eating nothing for luncheon except half a head of lettuce, sprinkled with salt or savored with a thin French dressing. It satisfies, adds scarcely a grain of fat, and there is a purity, a crispness, a succulence about the golden-green heart that makes it a delicious tidbit. See the famous Eighteen Day Diet for the part lettuce plays.

But if you wish to reduce, go slowly—do not starve yourself. If you confine yourself to half a head of lettuce at luncheon, you will not go hungry. And let us suggest a test of successful reduction: Throw your charts and scales away. Forget the twaddle about "boyish" figures. Every day stand undraped before your bedroom mirror and take a good look at yourself. You know what a beautiful figure is—you see them on the stage and screen, in the magazines and newspapers. What other guide do you need?

A Protective Food

Lettuce is known to scientists as a "protective" food, like milk. It promotes the assimilation of all your other foods. This is because lettuce abounds in vitamins. It also contains a liberal supply of another important element in the building of perfect men and women—the mineral salts. If you eat half a head of lettuce a day, along with staple foods, you need never worry about a shortage of vitamins or mineral salts in your body.

The food which is good for you, is equally good for your family. Write for the booklet *"Charging the Human Battery."* It will tell you much about foods that you do not know but should know, and it contains many new and unique recipes for lettuce salads.

Holiday Iceberg Salad

Cut a head of Iceberg lettuce crosswise into inch slices and place each round on a salad plate. Cut pimento into narrow strips and arrange on the lettuce as the outline of a poinsettia. Use a little mayonnaise for the center with bits of green pepper dotting it; make a poinsettia stem of green pepper also. Serve with French dressing.

Get this Free Book! *Send your name and address for your free copy of the booklet, "Charging the Human Battery," which reveals the role played by lettuce, the "Sun Food," in promoting physical and mental health.*

© 1929 WGPA

Western Growers
Protective Association
Dept. E
Los Angeles, California

Please send me free the booklet, "Charging the Human Battery."

Name.....

Address.....

ICEBERG HEAD LETTUCE

Nature's Concentrated Sunshine
from ARIZONA *and* CALIFORNIA

Buckwheats with the old-time taste men talk about!

And no overnight waiting for the batter to rise

It's one thing few men forget—the "tang" of old-time buckwheats. Something your own husband is probably hankering for these frosty mornings.

Fluffy, golden-brown cakes with a savor straight from boyhood years! Real old-fashioned buckwheats—that's what you give your husband when you use Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats.

Aunt Jemima's celebrated pancake recipe, with her original ingredients and just enough choice buckwheat flour added, comes *ready-mixed* in the *yellow* package—Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats. To get the real buckwheat "kick," we use only selected grain from famous buckwheat growing sections.

No waiting for the batter to rise when you use Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats! Just add milk (or water) and stir.

Give your husband a surprise. Grocers have Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Free—*To get a trial size package of Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats together with a valuable recipe leaflet giving many interesting ways of serving pancakes and waffles, just mail coupon.*

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch, The Quaker Oats Company, Dept. D-32, St. Joseph, Missouri. (Canadian address: Peterborough, Canada.)

Gentlemen: Send me free trial size package Aunt Jemima for Buckwheats and recipe leaflet.

Name.....

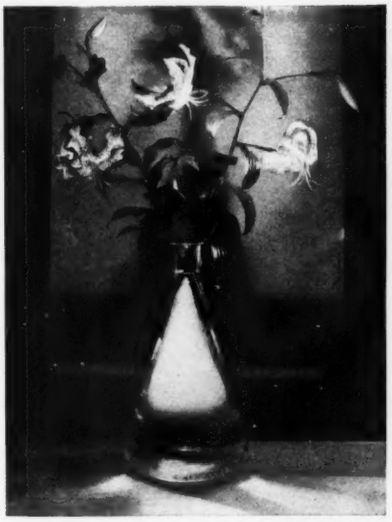
Address.....

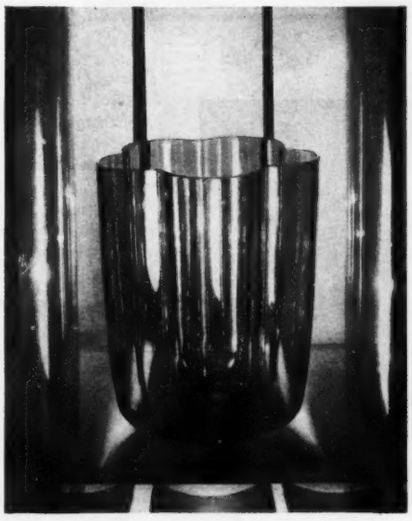
GLASSWARE FOR CHRISTMAS

American Glassware becomes more lovely every year. Of crystal clearness, this low glass bowl with its quaint block for holding flowers promises enduring pleasure to its fortunate possessor.

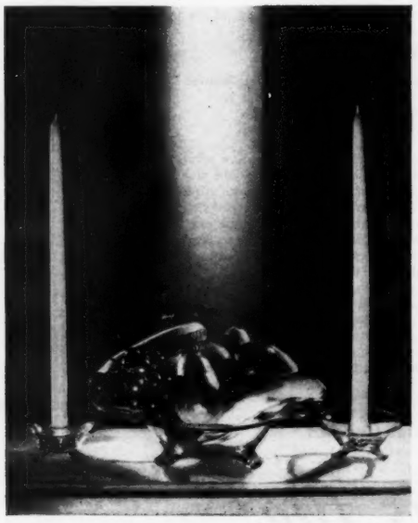
Below—A chemist's flask, 16 inches high, holds long-stemmed flowers gracefully and is within reach of the slimmest purse.

Below—Almost breath-taking in its beauty is this humble laboratory flask (6½ inches high) with its two pink roses.





A flower vase of exquisitely thin, clear, fluted glass recalls the priceless pieces shut up in museum cases. Yet this is an American product which anyone may own. It is six inches high and can be bought in seven different colors—amethyst, crystal-green, amber, blue, black, jade-green and clear crystal.



New and extraordinarily lovely is this set of amber glassware, consisting of a bowl and matched candlesticks. The feet are of white reeded glass, and the edge of the bowl has been worked into a very shallow scallop. Filled with fruit or flowers it makes an attractive table decoration. *(Continued on page 52)*

Apple Sauce Cake with Apple Cream Filling

One of
ESTHER BIERMAN'S
Six Superb Jim Hill
Apple Recipes

IT is the hardest thing in the world to find really *good* apple recipes. Knowing this, the Jim Hill Growers have retained Esther Bierman, authority on nutrition, and told her to spare no expense in developing six exceptional apple recipes—recipes worthy of Jim Hill Apples, which are admittedly the choicest apples produced anywhere. These recipes are ready now. You'll want to send for them.

The Jim Hill brand name is your guarantee of large, crisp, juicy apples. Horticulturists agree that apple growing conditions in the famous Wenatchee District are not duplicated anywhere else in the world . . . and the Jim Hill Growers are owners of over 400 of the finest orchards in this favored district. Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Spitzenberg, Stayman, Delicious, Winesap—every variety of Jim Hill Apple as it comes in season is the best you can buy. Some good store in your city carries Jim Hill Apples. It will pay you to find this store.

Jim Hill
the World's finest—
Apples

We are glad to send these 6 recipe cards (size 5"x3" to fit standard recipe box) with our compliments to anyone who will send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs.

© 1929, WDCA

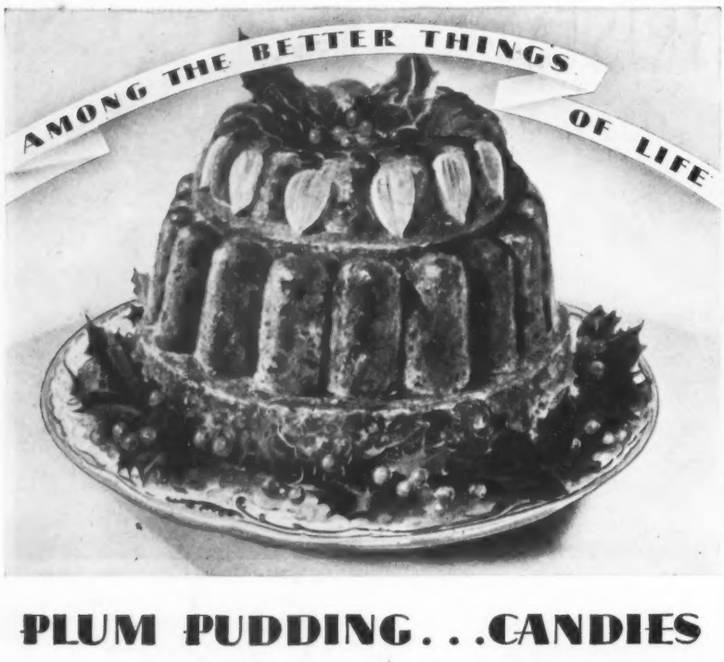
Wenatchee District Co-operative Ass'n.
Dept. M 1, Wenatchee, Washington

Please send set of Jim Hill Apple Recipe Cards. I enclose 10 cents in stamps to cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Address_____

My Grocer's Name_____



PLUM PUDDING...CANDIES and...BE MERRY!

When it's Christmas in the kitchen—make the old Holiday favorites in a new *way*. Serve a Plum Pudding that would make Old England jealous! Made with chocolate, raisins, currants, dates and other fancies, it is rich in all that human appetite can crave—yet it is so light and healthful that the youngest or oldest guest at the table can eat it with happiness and digest it with comfort. Try it—and the Candies, too—most delicious and wholesome Candies that ever sweetened the Holiday spirit.

Save these recipes for Christmas. But don't wait until then to discover how remarkable Knox, the *real* gelatine, really is!

Because it is always the highest quality gelatine, not ready mixed with coloring, flavoring or sweetening, it can be used for *all* purposes: Puddings, Salads, Aspics, Meat or Fish Loaves, Mousses, Sponges, Pies, Sherbets, Ice Creams—amazing its uses! Send the coupon below for Mrs. Knox's new Cook Book. And order a package of Knox Sparkling Gelatine from your grocer today—there's enough gelatine in it to make four different desserts or salads, six generous servings of each.

CHOCOLATE PLUM PUDDING

(6 servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1/4 cup currants
1 cup milk 2 egg whites 1 square chocolate
1/4 cup nuts 1/2 cup sugar Few grains salt
1/4 teaspoonful vanilla 1/3 cup dates
1/2 cup seeded raisins

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Put milk with fruit in double boiler. When hot, add chocolate, which has been melted, mixed with a little sugar and milk to make a smooth paste (or use 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa). Add soaked gelatine, sugar and salt, remove from fire, and when mixture begins to thicken, add vanilla and nut meats, chopped, and lastly, fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Turn into wet mold decorated with whole nut meats and raisins. Chill, unmold and garnish with holly. Serve with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, whipped evaporated milk, or with a currant jelly sauce.

KNOX DAINTIES

4 level tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1 cup cold water
1½ cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water about five minutes. Place sugar and boiling water on fire and when sugar is dissolved add the soaked gelatine and boil slowly fifteen minutes. Remove from fire and divide into two equal parts. To the one part add three tablespoonfuls lemon juice and two teaspoonfuls lemon extract. To the other part add one teaspoonful extract of cinnamon, cloves or whatever flavor preferred. If peppermint is desired use one-half teaspoonful only. Any coloring desired may be added. Pour into bread tins, which have been dipped in cold water, to the depth of three-fourths inch, and let stand overnight. Turn out, cut in squares and roll in powdered or fine granulated sugar.

Write for Special Recipes for Christmas Candies

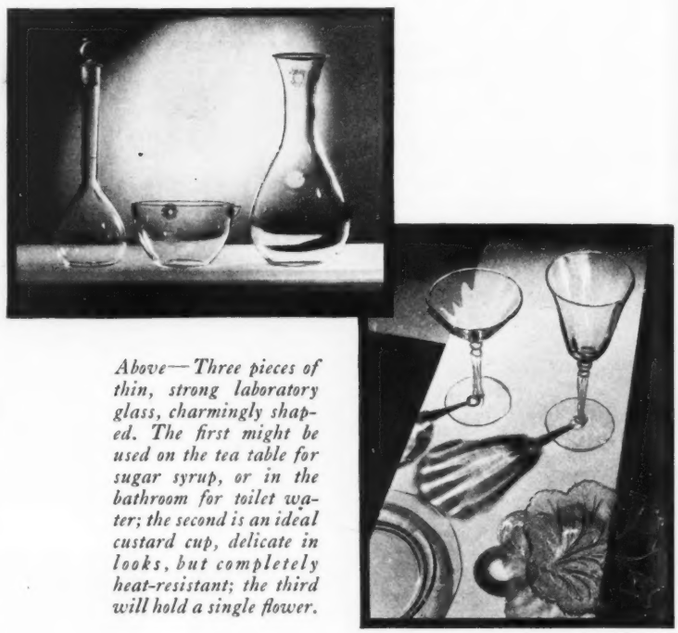
KNOX *is the real* GELATINE

A NEW SURPRISE FOR YOUR KITCHEN LIBRARY

Please send me a copy of your new recipe book. (Write your name and address in the margin giving grocer's name and mail to Charles B. Knox Gelatine Co., 108 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.)

GLASSWARE FOR CHRISTMAS

[*Continued from page 51*]

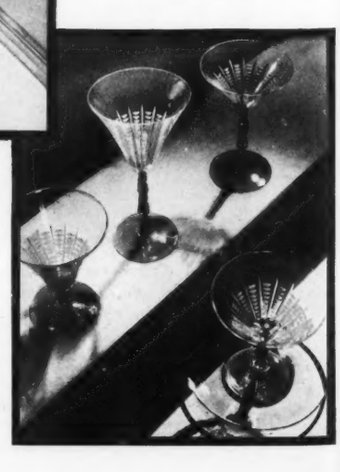


Above—Three pieces of thin, strong laboratory glass, charmingly shaped. The first might be used on the tea table for sugar syrup, or in the bathroom for toilet water; the second is an ideal custard cup, delicate in looks, but completely heat-resistant; the third will hold a single flower.

A fascinating bath salts jar and an atomizer of glass are reeded with fine spun glass of the same or a contrasting color.

The perfectly proportioned lines of goblet and sherbet glass make them works of art. A green glass leaf proves that beauty can often be bought cheaply.

Left—Of very thin blown glass, this set of glassware with rippled bottom is suitable for the table where the more informal type of china is used. It comes in green, amber, rose and uncolored glass.



Emerald green stems support clear cut-glass bowls of gracious lines. Glassware of this quality is not cheap — but it can be bought gradually.

Don't Wait-Wire

The Story of a Woman Who Didn't Believe in Santa Claus

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JACK BENT—*A young traveling salesman who works on commission for World Wide Sales, Inc.*

ETHEL BENT—*his wife, who sees that all checks are sent to the home address.*

Hilldale Dec. 1

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

JACK DEAR JUST GOT HAPPY THOUGHT · SUGGEST YOU GIVE ME SILVER FOR CHRISTMAS

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 1

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

DELIGHTED WITH YOUR SUGGESTION · SENDING DIME BY LETTER

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 2

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

I'M SERIOUS · WOULD LOVE 26-PIECE SET SILVERWARE

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 2

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

DO THEY HAVE CLINICS WHERE THEY GIVE THOSE THINGS AWAY

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 3

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

JUST GOT CHECK FROM YOUR COMPANY FOR $35 WON'T THAT BUY 26-PIECE SET

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 3

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

JUST ABOUT BUT REMEMBER YOU HAVE AUNTS AND COUSINS DEPENDING ON YOU TO BE BIG HEARTED

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 3

Mr. Jack Bent
Hotel Milton Chicago

CAN'T WE JUST SEND CHRISTMAS CARDS

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 3

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

O.K. PROVIDED YOU TAKE BLAME BUT PLEASE WAIT · MAY CLOSE SALE AND MAYBE SANTA CLAUS WILL BRING SILVER

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 4

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

JACK DARLING I DON'T BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS · GOT MY 26-PIECE SET ALSO 6 TEASPOONS FOR AUNT NELLIE 6 SALAD FORKS FOR AUNT KATE 6 BUTTER SPREADERS FOR COUSIN JULIE 6 ICED TEA SPOONS FOR AUNT EMMA COLD MEAT FORK FOR COUSIN JANE GRAVY LADLE FOR AUNT HESTER · IT'S BEAUTIFUL ADORABLE

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 5

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

GREAT BUT WHAT DID YOU USE FOR MONEY

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 5

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

THAT $35.00

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 5

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

HOW DID YOU DO IT · DID YOU TAKE COURSE IN BURGLARY

Jack

Hilldale Dec. 6

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

NO BUT SUGGEST YOU TAKE COURSE IN READING

Ethel

Chicago Dec. 6

Mrs. Jack Bent,
Hilldale Ohio

READING WHAT

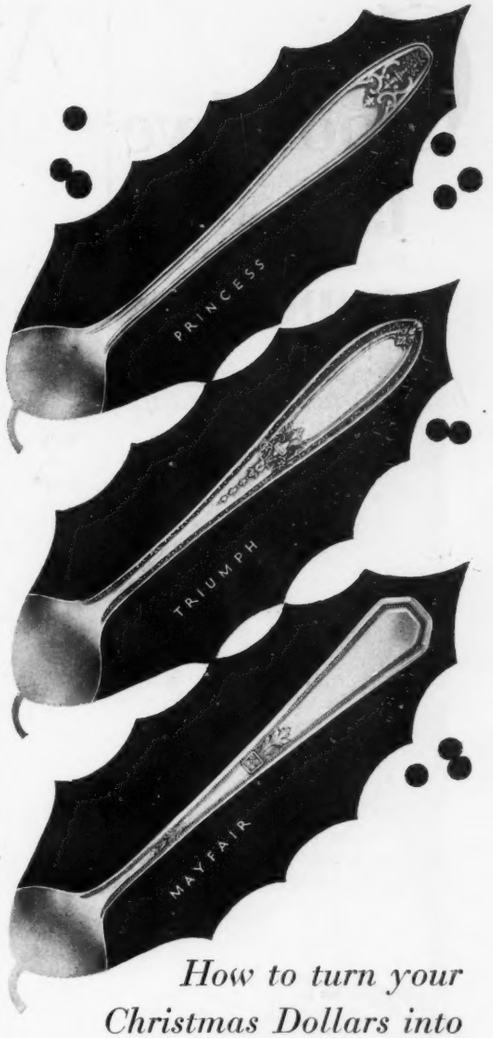
Jack

Hilldale Dec. 6

Mr. Jack Bent,
Hotel Milton Chicago

READ WM. ROGERS & SON AD ON PAGE 53 McCALLS

Ethel



How to turn your Christmas Dollars into

TWICE AS MANY GIFTS

It's really simple—very, very simple! Just ask to see Wm. Rogers & Son Silverplate—at your silver dealer's.

Compare its beauty with that of any silver you have ever set eyes on . . .

Then compare its prices with your own ideas of what such silverware should cost . . .

And you will find that you can have *twice as much* of it—twice as much silver as ever you thought your dollars could buy! For instance . . .

A 26-piece set (with stainless steel knives)	*for only* $17.00
6 *Teaspoons*	*for only* $1.75
6 *Salad Forks*	*for only* $4.80
6 *Butter Spreaders*	*for only* $4.40
6 *Iced Tea Spoons*	*for only* $3.25
1 *Gravy Ladle*	*for only* $1.50
1 *Cold Meat Fork*	*for only* $1.25

But—just one wee word of caution!—when you go to your dealer's to see the three stunning patterns—Triumph, Mayfair, and the gorgeous new pattern—Princess—remember . . .

Don't say "Rogers"—say "Wm. Rogers & *Son*"!

WM. ROGERS & SON
Silverplate
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Good-bye lazy appetites-

here comes asparagus

WHAT freshness—what flavor—what delicacy it brings! Why, California Canned Asparagus makes any appetite perk up.

You can serve asparagus in scores of ways—in soups, salads, entrees, main-course dishes—and it always provides a distinctive touch of style that tempts the eye as well as the palate.

No soaking or steaming, no trimming or waste, canned asparagus is wonderfully convenient. So why not keep a few cans handy—ready to banish lazy appetites from your table?

Asparagus Polonaise—Turn California Canned Asparagus into a saucepan and heat, using the liquid in the can. While this is heating, melt 2 tablespoons butter in a frying-pan and add ½ cup soft bread-crumbs. Fry until a golden brown, add ¼ teaspoon salt. Remove from fire, add a chopped hard-cooked egg and pour over tips of asparagus.

CALIFORNIA CANNED *Asparagus*

Send for FREE book

Canners League—Asparagus Section, Dept. 563, 800 Adam Grant Bldg., San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, your recipe book "Asparagus for Delicacy and Variety."

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

A LETTER TO ALICE

By MARIAN KENTLEY WOOD

Illustrated by F. Sands Brunner

DEAREST ALICE: I know you hate to be preached at, so cheer up, darling, this isn't really going to be a sermon. But when your last letter came telling me all about your plans for the Holidays, I decided it was too good a chance to let slip for giving some sound advice to my much loved young sister. You see, in these two years of marriage I've acquired a lot of bright ideas about life and men and character and girls and love which I'm yearning to pass on. It isn't that I've aged into a meddlesome matron. Three years ago, after all, I was the college girl coming home for a fortnight—and you were a high school girl who *had* to be home, absolutley, at ten-thirty!

It's a grand and glorious feeling, isn't it, to have every day of the Holidays planned for? You probably feel exactly as I used to: if you haven't a date for every waking moment you're a social failure. Of course I know Mother will want you to have a grand time—but I find myself wishing you had planned to save some time for her and Dad. It's almost pathetic the way they look forward to your coming home and this year Jim and I won't be there to help substitute for you.

I happen to know that Dad and Mother had rather counted on your going to the Symphony with them—there's such a lovely special Christmas program. Couldn't you squeeze in an afternoon for that? It would be such a treat—for *them*, anyway.

I know I used to make a series of holiday dates just to keep my calendar full—not because I was so keen to see every boy that asked to take me places. And I can see now, darling, that I would have been just as happy and popular if I'd left myself some breathing spaces. I would have had more fresh energy to take back with me, more pep for those February exams. But that's not half as important as sharing your youth with Dad and Mother. You'll enjoy being treated like a grown lady by Dad. I'll never forget how cute and polite he was the first Holidays I kept a whole afternoon for him. We ended up by going shopping, too. All we bought was a book, but he was so proud he almost bought me an automobile!

Now, of course, I don't mean to suggest that Dad's the best boy to take you to this New Year's party at the Club. But—if it isn't too presumptuous—I don't think Bunny Hays is the best boy either. When I told Jim that you spoke of seeing in the New Year with Bunny, Jim didn't have much to say. But by his expression I've learned to see how Jim feels about other men.

You know, men don't discuss current men the way women do; they think it's catty. But that doesn't mean men *never* have a point of view about others of their sex.

Often, of leisurely evenings, when Jim has been in a talkative mood, we've discussed people. So I'm going to pass on something that Jimmy said about Bunny several months ago. Jim wouldn't for the world interfere about you; what he said was said casually when some of the old crowd were here.

"Bunny's all right—he's safe *in a crowd*," was his comment. Afterwards, when we were alone, I asked him what he meant. "Oh, Bunny's a good enough chap, but I wouldn't trust him alone with a girl. No, he isn't a rotter; he's just irresponsible. If he happened to be in the Oaks Club set, where they do a lot of drinking, he'd run right along with the rest. It doesn't matter about his own reputation, but he's too darned careless about a girl's."

You'll probably think, Alice, I'm being terribly older-sisterish about Bunny. But if you haven't actually accepted his invitation, why not wait and see if some one else doesn't come along. I know you don't really care about him. But now is such a grand time for you to pick and choose and try out the men you most enjoy going out with. Oh, I don't mean that you should begin looking for a husband. If you do that, you'll miss a lot of fun and probably pick an awful dud.

But it's a good little scheme to put men on trial. There mayn't be a single one good enough for you, dear, and, of course, *I* don't think there is, but I know that finding a *real* man, even if he isn't *the* man, is important. A boy who has brains and character may not seem to be as much fun *now* as the one who happens to have a car and lots of spending money, but he'll probably wear a lot better.

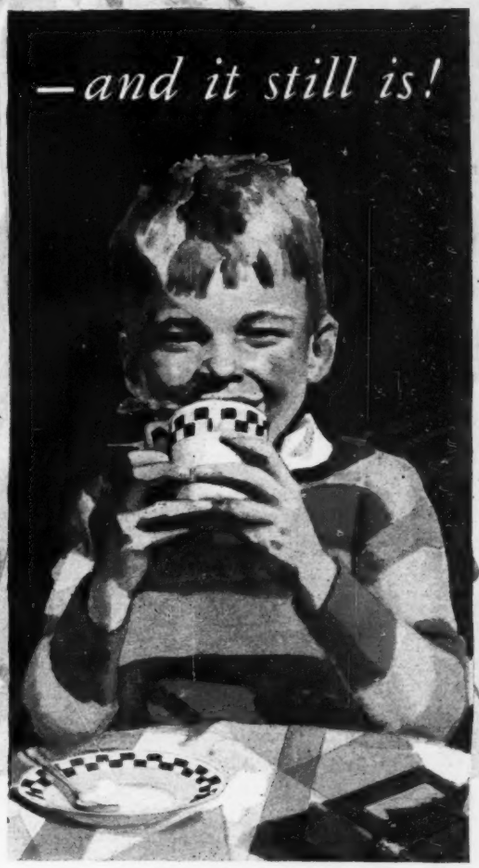
There are plenty of girls who will marry the kind of boy who cares for a good time more than anything else. Some of them will be happy. You wouldn't! The man you can't respect wouldn't have a chance of holding *your* love. I know you well enough to be *sure* of that.

And one more thing, darling. Jim says that a man likes to know that a girl has a background. He says that a home and family and friends are one of the greatest assets a girl can have in a man's eyes. There are exceptions, of course, but I am passing this thought on, in case you meet some very special man this Christmas. Mother told me that the new russet silk overhangings in the living-room make it look quite warm and sweet. I'm sending her some lovely old brass candlesticks; do light them the nights you entertain at home.

I wish you could see my new black velvet evening gown with the swoopingest hemline imaginable. But I'll have to stop; you haven't time to read any more of my ramblings, and I must wrap up Christmas presents. I hope you'll like the gift I've bought you. Much love from both of us, dear. And may this be the Merriest of Christmases for you.

Your very devoted, if somewhat dull, SISTER.

EVER SINCE AMERICA WAS YOUNG
THE NAME BAKER HAS BEEN A
GUARANTY OF SUPREME QUALITY!



It's for *your* children...
Can you accept less than Baker Quality?

Every mother who is interested in the nutritive needs of her children has a heartfelt interest also in knowing what Baker Quality means in cocoa.

It is that quality which causes you to reach for the Baker's Cocoa tin with the comforting conviction that here is the best possible cocoa that you can buy for your children—exactly as your mother and your grandmother did before you!

More specifically, Baker Quality is a matter of extremely choice cocoa beans, of scrupulous care in every step of their preparation, of fine, rich, chocolate flavor and abundant nutrition, and a jealous adherence to the highest standards of production.

For ever since the Nation was young, "Baker" and "Best" have meant the same to American mothers—and they still do!

That an overwhelming majority of modern nurses, dieticians, domestic science teachers and other experts should also proclaim Baker's, "the best"—is not surprising.

Serve it often — not only children but all the family like that smooth chocolate flavor—and in every delectable cupful there is the extra nourishment of the world's best cocoa—the generous abundance of milk and the revitalizing glow of warmth.

WALTER BAKER & CO., INC., Dorchester, Mass.

BAKER'S COCOA

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

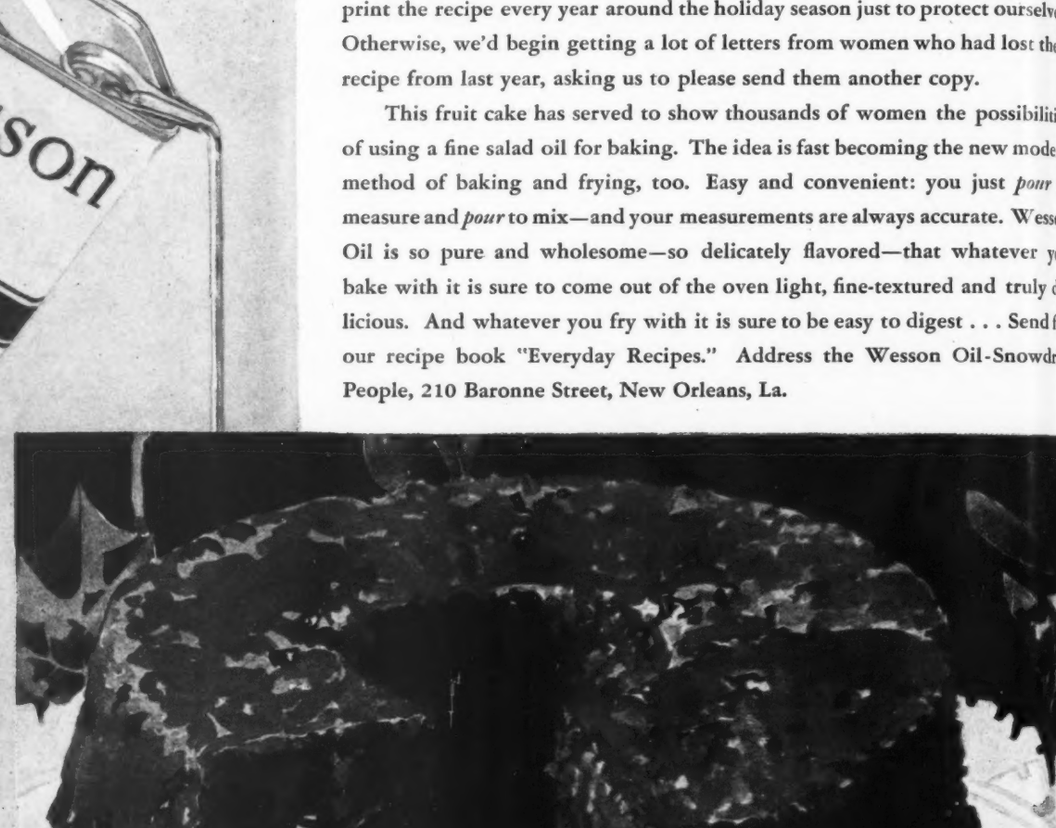
©1929, G. F. Corp.

TO PAY MORE IS EXTRAVAGANCE, TO PAY LESS IS FALSE ECONOMY

THIS FRUIT CAKE IS REALLY BECOMING FAMOUS

But then, it *is* such a good fruit cake—and so easy to make—that we have to print the recipe every year around the holiday season just to protect ourselves. Otherwise, we'd begin getting a lot of letters from women who had lost their recipe from last year, asking us to please send them another copy.

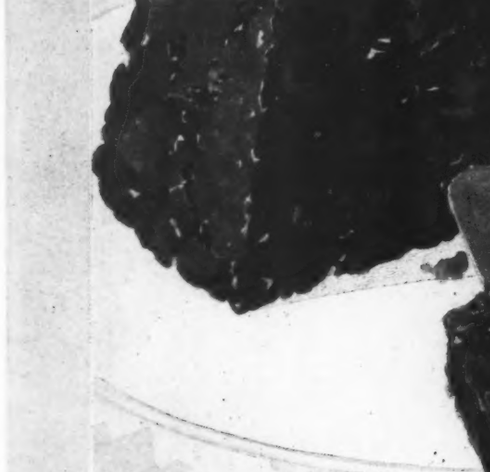
This fruit cake has served to show thousands of women the possibilities of using a fine salad oil for baking. The idea is fast becoming the new modern method of baking and frying, too. Easy and convenient: you just *pour* to measure and *pour* to mix—and your measurements are always accurate. Wesson Oil is so pure and wholesome—so delicately flavored—that whatever you bake with it is sure to come out of the oven light, fine-textured and truly delicious. And whatever you fry with it is sure to be easy to digest . . . Send for our recipe book "Everyday Recipes." Address the Wesson Oil-Snowdrift People, 210 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.



And Wesson Oil now has a SPOUT that *pours*

It's easier and more convenient now than ever to "*pour* to measure — *pour* to mix." Simply: Turn spout *out* . . . Punch holes where marked . . . *Pour* . . . Turn spout back covering up holes. No dripping down sides of can. No messy fingers or spots on the table. No waste.

Wesson Oil has long been known as a fine salad oil — for French Dressing, for mayonnaise. Now it is becoming increasingly popular for baking and frying, as well.



FRUIT CAKE

1 Cup Wesson Oil • 3 Cups Flour • 1½ Cups Brown Sugar
1½ Cups Candied Cherries • 4 Eggs • 1 Cup Raisins
1 Teaspoon Baking Powder • 1 Teaspoon Ground Cloves
1 Cup Chopped Figs • 1 Cup Chopped Candied Pineapple
2 Teaspoons Salt • 1 Cup Fruit Juice • 2 Teaspoons Allspice
2 Teaspoons Cinnamon • 3 Cups Nuts • 1 Cup Shaved Citron

Mix sugar and egg yolks and beat vigorously for two minutes. Sift together spices, salt, baking powder and two cups of the flour and add alternately with the fruit juice to the first mixture. Then add the fruit and nuts which have been mixed with the remaining cup of flour. Add the Wesson Oil, fold in the egg whites, beaten stiff, and bake in a very slow oven (275 degrees F.) for about four hours.

"Primrose Muffet, Sea Nook, Long Island," said Primrose confidently, both in voice and in manner. "I'm staying at the Inn just now, but I suppose I will have to live in the dormitory, won't I?"

"Exactly," replied Miss Coffey. She took out the yellow pencil again and tapped the card catalogue. "I don't seem to find your blank here, Miss Muffet. Is the registrar in possession of your credits—your application and credentials?"

"Oh, I think so," said Primrose easily. "At least if he hasn't got them he will. I went to high school in Peoria; but I would much rather go to college here in the East."

Nervously Miss Coffey filled out a blank and handed it to Primrose.

"What do I do now?" inquired Primrose, gazing at the long slip. "It looks something like a railroad ticket, doesn't it?"

Miss Coffey drew a long, unhappy breath. "Ellen," she turned to a tall girl with waving brown hair and gray eyes who stood before her, "do you mind explaining all these things to Miss Muffet? . . . And Ellen . . ." They spoke in low murmurs for a moment. At last Miss Coffey turned to Primrose with a look of relief. Miss Maitland is a senior and as she hasn't a freshman yet for a roommate, I have assigned you to her room."

"That's fine," said Primrose. She liked Ellen's looks.

They seated themselves on a bench behind a brittle, lifeless palm. Primrose glanced absently at the catalogue and nodded, "Oh, yes," and, "I think so, too," at each of Ellen's suggestions.

Primrose was awed by this girl's calm efficiency. But when the matter of English was brought up, she interposed: "I want that under Mr. Van Horne, if you don't mind."

Ellen smiled. Everybody wanted English under Mr. Van Horne.

"His section is very, very full," she demurred. "Don't you think, Miss—"

"Gosh all fishhooks!" said the bland soft voice, "call me Primrose." She took the pen herself and wrote in small, cramped letters the decisive legend: "English I—Mon., Wed., Fri., —Mr. Van Horne."

THERE were duplicate narrow beds at either end of the long low room of the dormitory. Primrose was unpacking.

"I don't see," she mourned, "how I can get my clothes in the closet or how I can keep the trunks in here either!"

Ellen's slim eyebrows lifted unsympathetically. "You can't possibly need all those clothes. And besides you are supposed to dress as uniformly with the other girls as possible."

"My Lord!" cried Primrose. "It sounds like a prison. Do they shave our heads? I didn't know getting education was like going to Sing Sing or joining a police force."

"We'll have to have a long mirror," said Primrose, struggling with the tiny square one.

"I think it is just such girls as you who are spoiling the Feminine Cause," Ellen said. She was very youthful in her earnestness. "Women can never be wholly emancipated as long as they cling to men and play up sex appeal —and—and all that. I've thought a lot about it and I'll tell you something: the reason girls use cosmetics is because they feel inferior!" She gazed triumphantly at Primrose. "Don't you know that a man loves the right kind of a girl in spite of her looks?"

"A girl," said Primrose thoughtful, "wants a man to love her because of her looks, not in spite of them!"

EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 19*]

Ellen looked angry at this gay sophistry. "The trouble with you is that you don't take anything seriously. You've never had to—you have money and cars and Paris clothes and all you know is a good time. You don't understand anything about poverty or suffering or work. Your hands have never been in dishwater, you wouldn't know how to handle a broom or cook a meal or any of those things the rest of us have to do."

Primrose came out of her docility with a violent burst of emotion. She sat up and pounded her knee with a hard little fist. "That's all you know about it!" she cried. "Why in Peoria after my mother died I did every bit of the work and that's why I quit school. I've washed stacks of nasty, greasy dishes and I bet I can make a better custard pie than you can! We've been so poor that I had to make a dress once out of a chenille curtain, and it was a damned good-looking dress, too. And I've painted screens and furniture and fixed stove-pipes and papered a whole house!"

They stared at one another in silence for a moment. Ellen's face was defeated and amazed. "Well, I don't see then," she murmured weakly, "I don't see why—why you want to go in for all this fluff and nonsense."

Primrose stood up, her body slim and young and exultant with life beneath the shining satin. "Because I'm sitting on top of the world! Because I'm crazy about being alive! I want all the music, all the starlight, all the laughing and love and glitter I can cram into my heart while I'm young. And after I'm old I can wear a lace cap and knit and have something to remember. And will I remember the books I read and the good deeds I did and the lectures I heard? No sir! That nice old lady, Primrose, will be thinking about the moonlight paths and the rides at ninety an hour, and the men that kissed her and the snappy old jazz songs—that's what she'll be remembering while she purls and counts the stitches! And Dad and I are having a picnic buying all the things we always wanted. Dad's having a bang-up, smashing, crashing, jazz frolic himself. Sure, I suppose we're vulgar! Only vulgar people have a good time. Dad told me what Diamond Jim Brady said once: 'Them as has diamonds wears 'em!'" She gave her quick merry chuckle. "Them as has Mercedes cars drives 'em! And I'm driving as fast as I can toward all the gaiety and adventure and excitement I can find."

Fortunately the buzzer sounded just then—two longs and a short—and Ellen went to the extension telephone in the hall. When she came back her cheeks were flushed and she was humming, "I love you truly, tru-u-u-ly, dear—"

"H'm!" said Primrose. "A man."

Ellen smiled with a defiant touch of pride. "If you want to know—it is."

Hurriedly she drew off her bathrobe and pulled on a black satin dress which clung in straight simple lines to her tall mature figure.

She caught up her brown tailored coat and went out bareheaded. It was only a short walk across the park to the house of her aunt, Mrs. Hector Butteridge; inside the parlor she found Roger Van Horne waiting.

"Thank God your aunt is gone!" he cried, and drew her into his arms with a kiss that surprised her by its length and ardor. She raised her head looking a little uncertain and startled. "But your feet are wet!" he exclaimed with that jerky abruptness that characterized his manner. He threw himself down on his knees before her and pulled off her slippers. Then holding one of the low-heeled, sensible shoes in his hands he stared at it with a preoccupied frown.

PERHAPS he was remembering the silver slipper much, much smaller with high curving heels like glittering weapons for stabbing a man's heart . . . Awkwardly he kissed the toe of Ellen's pump.

Ellen stared at him in amazement. "Do get up off your knees," she said coolly. "You look so ridiculous. And kissing my muddy slipper! You don't seem a bit like yourself this evening. Ever since you got back from that cataloguing job you've been so—so funny. What is the matter, dear?"

He bent over her and kissed the back of her neck where the little tendrils of hair curled and clung. "That's a nice boy," she said, with kind tolerance, patting his arm.

In the back of his mind a snatch of broken song was beating vaguely. He suddenly asked: "Ellen, can you play that thing that goes dum-de-*dum*-dum, dum-de-dum-de-*dum*—" and he began to sing, tentatively beating time.

Here . . . comes . . . Precious
Sweetest little thing!
da-de-da . . ."

Ellen looked astonished. "Why, Van, of course I don't know it. It's jazz. I never pay any attention to those popular songs. It—it sounds awfully silly, I think," she said candidly.

"Does it?" he asked in a dull voice as he followed her to the door. They both looked up at the moon floating among the tattered clouds over the dark tree tops. He caught at her hand desperately. "Ellen—?"

Her cheek was very cool against his lips. "You don't need to go with me," she said. "It's such a short way."

And although he knew that she expected him to go anyhow, he turned back feeling miserable and bewildered.

After luncheon when Primrose lit a cigarette Miss Coffey had been alarmed and horrified.

[*Continued on page 60*]

A MODERN CHRISTMAS HYMN

By Joseph Auslander

Where there are three men come
together
To give their gifts in any
weather,
Then is Christmas being done
To every Mother, every Son.

Wherever we make shift to keep
A woman warm, a child asleep,
If but one beam stretch over them,
There and then stands Bethlehem.

Here in the towers of our pride
Where still the Babylone abide,
If one heart open just so far,
It may admit the magic star.

For the same planet that once
shook
Silver over the shepherd's crook—
On every birth, on every dream,
On every vigil it will gleam.

Christmas is not a stock event
With name and date and fixed
intent;
It is the giving you and me
Our childhood's immortality.

An old favorite food

~temptingly served~ lingers longest in memory

Think back a few years to the foods upon which you were "raised"! Weren't they largely old familiar *staple* foods which your Mother had learned to use in *her* Mother's kitchen? And quite rightly so, because the old standbys give the most body-building nourishment and the greatest taste-satisfaction.

And that's just one of the many good reasons why Limas—the peer of all staple foods—have been so popular through the years. Tempting in flavor, satisfying in goodness, Limas also are a labor saver in the kitchen. There's no peeling, no paring, no cutting. Just soak Limas from breakfast to mid-afternoon —and they're *ready to be cooked.*

Limas are most healthful, too! They're rich in proteins, vitamins, carbohydrates and mineral salts. Besides, the alkaline-ash* of Limas is a most valuable dietetic aid.

Serve Limas frequently in your home. And, for quality's sake, buy SEASIDE BRAND, either Large or Baby Limas. They're selected from the finest of California's crop.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Nowhere else will you find such a fine, up-to-date collection of Lima recipes as in this free book. By all means write for it, now. Address Dept. 124, California Lima Bean Growers Association, Oxnard, Calif.

CALIFORNIA SEASIDE Limas

Look for this 100-pound SEASIDE bag, before you buy.

famous for their nut-like flavor

*Many common foods have an acid reaction in the body. Acid-ash foods, eaten in excess, cause *Acidosis*. Acidosis leads to many ills; some annoying, some serious. Dietitians endorse Limas because they are nearly twice as high as any other vegetable in *alkalinity* (which neutralizes acidity), and from six to seven times as alkaline as the most popular fruits.

CHRISTMAS HOME DECORATING

Long red tapers in crystal or silver holders brighten the dinner table. A bowl of fruit surrounded by a laurel garland is used as the centerpiece

Hang a thick, glossy wreath on the door

FEW of us ever have as much time or money as we would like to have to do all the things which make the Christmas House worthy of its name. But by planning to do a few things *well* a wise home maker can accomplish more than the woman with an unlimited budget who buys lavishly of decorations and smothers her rooms in them. After all, the Christmas spirit, like most other precious things in this world, cannot be bought. The loveliest Christmas houses I've seen conveyed a feeling of hospitality and good cheer by means of quite simple decorations, beautifully arranged.

Nobody knows as well as a busy mother just what dressing up the house for Christmas means. If she has to do it all herself the expenditure of time, energy and money becomes a big item in the pre-Christmas rush. But by buying her decorative supplies early she can save headache and heartache; greens bought at the last minute are apt to be shopworn and picked over. And whether you're planning a simple or an elaborate scheme of house decoration, it ought to be finished by noon of Christmas Eve day.

The very simplest plan of decoration must include one lovely holly or evergreen wreath for the entrance door. If your budget seems to be dwindling alarmingly as the holidays approach, choose one or two really beautiful wreaths rather than many cheap ones. Berries and leaves naturally *will* drop off, and the thicker your wreath is the longer it will keep its symmetrical, glossy shape. In this day of almost too well-heated houses many women are adopting the plan of hanging wreaths on the outside of the windows as well as on the front door. Nature has, alas, never given us Christmas greens that hang onto their foliage perfectly when exposed to blasts of indoor heat.

Mistletoe belongs in the Christmas house; even a few sprigs of this odd little plant will bring you good luck, it is said. So be sure to have a small bunch to hang over the living-room door.

If we think of the holly or laurel wreath as the simplest decorating motif, then the next step in our scheme is candles —red Christmas candles which will be lighted as soon as darkness falls. I shall never forget the first time I saw Beacon Hill in Boston of a Christmas Eve. There were candles in every window, shining clear and bright. Window curtains which might have dimmed the glow or created a fire hazard, were all taken down or drawn back. Since then I have seen many towns with candle-lighted windows, and this simple holiday custom never fails to stir some deep feeling inside me, which is not far removed from tears.

An effective way of using red candles is to set them in a row in very low, flat candle holders on a dining table, console, sideboard, or at the window. Place one candle in the center of a set which consists of five, seven or nine holes. Now cut an inch, more or less, off the candles that are to be ranged on either side, so that the whole row tapers down in steps. Cover the holders at the base with plenty of Christmas foliage. (And, by the way, when you're cutting candles, don't try to cut them without heating the knife. They are sure to break and crumble.)

Long red tapers in crystal or silver holders will also brighten the dinner table. If a good quality of candle is bought, there will be no danger of the dripping wax spoiling your best table linen. The table decorations may be very simple indeed and it is better so; as simplicity is nearly always more pleasing than an elaborate display. A bowl filled with apples, oranges, tangerines, pears and grapes makes a beautiful center decoration, especially when surrounded by a garland of laurel, ground pine or other greens.

Shining silver and sparkling glass make Christmas dinner the gala occasion it should be.

IN ALL Christmas decoration avoid the trivial—bows of ribbons and irrelevant bits of holly stuck around here and there without a plan. A new, yet very old Yuletide touch is ivy; old carols sing of ivy along with holly and the other evergreen things. Red pots which match the Christmas candles are arranged either in rows, or in metal stands made for the purpose. And if the housewife's conscience warns her against this extra expense she may remind herself that, with a little care, ivy lasts through the year. Tiny city apartments have been delightfully decorated with a single holly wreath,

Twin trees "bear the stars in their branches"

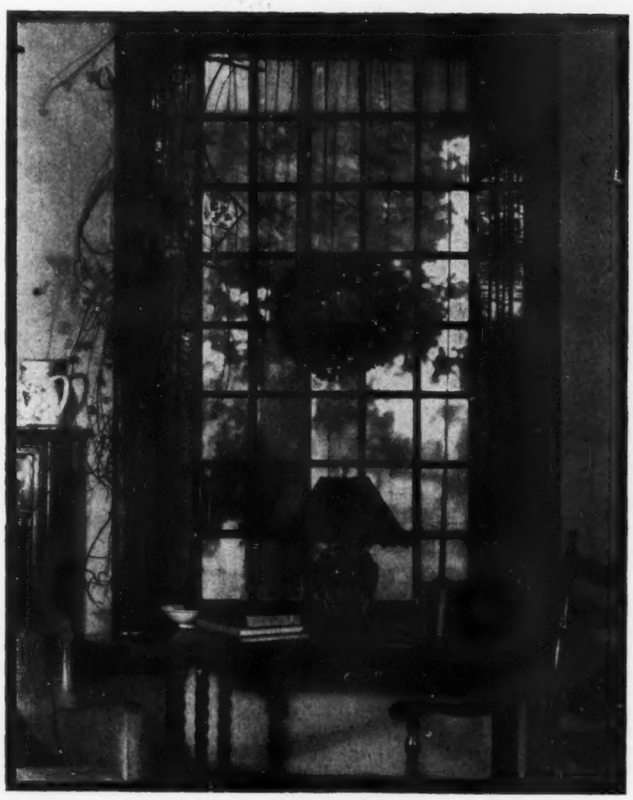
A rope of shining green joins fireplace and arches

red candles and two or three ivy plants in scarlet pots.

You're probably saying to yourself, "Yes, these things are fun, but in *our* family Christmas wouldn't be Christmas without a tree." I can remember that when I was a child the size and brilliance and general expensiveness of a Christmas tree rather indicated the wealth and position of its owners. Then someone thought of the natural evergreen tree on the lawn, adorned only with electric bulbs of colored light. Like Luther's tree, these glowing outdoor Christmas trees seem to bear the stars in their branches.

In the photograph twin trees are shown at a lovely Colonial doorway. This reminds me that in the Scandinavian countries two trees rather than one were always placed outside the doorway for the Christ Child.

Perhaps it's too practical to point out the advantages of having your own electric-lighted Christmas tree in the yard. Yet every busy woman knows how fir-tree needles and broken ornaments need to be swept up daily, and that a tree is often hard to fit into a room, especially in a tiny house. Besides, with children around, there is always the chance that eager young hands may pull it over. Naturally the evergreen you select will be near the house so as to make the wiring problem as simple as possible. Trees that are very small ought not to be weighted down with large bulbs, while large, fullgrown trees, in order to display their best proportions must have many lights, well distributed. The lovely outlines of the tree must be clear on the darkest night.



For the window a holly wreath is perfect

Even though outdoor Christmas trees are both lovely and safe there are still plenty of us who believe that the holiday season is somehow lacking if we don't have an old-fashioned trimmed tree somewhere in the house. Apartment dwellers, of course, cannot very well have their own dooryard tree, and so they must plan for an indoor one, if they want one at all. When the home maker buys her tree she should keep in mind the measurements of her room. If the tree she selects proves too tall, it should *never* be cut off at the top, as this will spoil the tapering shape. The man of the house will chop off the lower branches and trunk to fit.

And—don't ever throw away the unused branches of evergreen! Two young artists I know discovered one Christmas that their finances would just get them through the holiday fortnight, but would leave nothing over for Christmas decoration. Longing to dress up their studio, they wandered the streets arm in arm wondering what they could do. Then they discovered that dealers in Christmas trees in the city markets were chopping off the bottom branches to accommodate their patrons. Eagerly they asked if they might take some of the branches home, and were told by the shopkeepers that they were only too glad to get rid of them. My friends washed the evergreen boughs off in the kitchenette sink and skillfully placed them behind wall lights, over doorways, and in some glowing copper pots they owned. Now that they're rich, I've often wondered if they have such fun decorating their house for Christmas.

The most elaborate decoration of all includes long garlands of laurel, ground pine or other greens. To be sure of bright, firm, well-twisted ropes of green one must order them beforehand. How they can turn the most uninteresting house into a garlanded fairyland! And as no careful housekeeper wants her walls or woodwork showing the scars of nail marks when the ropes of green are taken down, she should purchase a good supply of small brads or tacks, and some strong but almost invisible wire. There are spools of wire that amateur radio builders use which are just right for this purpose. To hang garlands so that they do not spoil the proportions of a room decorators advise us to center them around a focal spot. Let the trailing festoons follow the line of a door, arch or fireplace. In a large room they can be peaked up a little in the center to vary the straight lines. Wreaths or clusters of mistletoe or berries can be fastened to the highest point.

A hall—the first view we get of a house—can be decked out so that the Christmas guest feels a glow of pleasure the moment he enters the door. Ropes of green can be tacked skillfully to the underside of the handrail, with a special cluster or a wreath at the newel post. When a stairway is inclined to be rather abrupt and uninviting, festoons of green can be so softly draped as to make it a thing of beauty. If your green garlands are sufficient for only hall or living-room, don't try to stretch them, but adorn adjoining rooms with jars of laurel, pine, holly or bayberry.

WHEN the children are big enough, let them share in decking the house, but be sure to supervise their efforts. Have your decorations planned, and a job for each child. Most youngsters will enjoy dressing up the house as much as you do. And if any of them shows special ingenuity in arranging things give him an opportunity. If you're lucky, you and the children may get your Christmas greens in your local woods. But be careful when you gather them that you are not cutting off the supply for succeeding Christmases.

If, this next spring, you look for a little evergreen to use for a lighted tree on the lawn next Christmas, hunt around fences and stone walls. Often the seeds take hold in such sheltered spots. Dig deep for the roots and cover them with burlap till you transplant. If you can transplant immediately, notice the branches that are towards the sun. In this way you will be able to plant your tree in about the same position as it grew originally. Water plentifully and protect it, till it is strong, with stakes or a wire fence.

After all, dressing up our houses and yard at Christmas time is just another way of saying "Merry Christmas" to the world. The living green, and the bright berries, and the candles tipped with flame keep reminding the visitor, "Here is a Christmas House! The people who live in it welcome you with a spirit that never dies, with Yuletide hospitality that never grows cold."

The Christmas house is never separated from its inhabitants. If the people who live in a house have a common feeling that Christmas is a time for special family celebration, their holly and their greens seem a little bit lovelier than the elaborate decorations of a family that doesn't really celebrate Christmas.

Fortunately, Christmas has charm even for the most worldly. And for those whose hearts are big and purses small, it can still weave a magic spell.

"Dinner came back to life"

"GEORGE and I tried for two weeks to get along with coffee substitutes, but they were *so* cheerless. Finally George said we would *have* to go back to coffee.

"Luckily, at the grocer's that day, I said something about wishing coffee wouldn't keep you awake. The man told me about Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. He said it was called the coffee that lets you sleep. 'Everybody likes it,' he said, 'because of its flavor. But the caffeine is taken out so it can't affect you.'

"Well, I served some that night. George was delighted! Said that good old coffee seemed to bring dinner back to life. After a week or so, he said, 'You know, Sally, we must have been wrong about coffee hurting us.'

"Then I told him that it was Kaffee Hag Coffee, and *couldn't* have any bad effects. I never saw him so surprised. He said that he liked Kaffee Hag Coffee better than our old brand."

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is delicious, *real* coffee, rich and fragrant, but it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, restaurants, dining-cars everywhere. Sold by all dealers. Packed in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve the aroma and flavor in all their original freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1954, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).
(*Offer good in U. S. A. only.*)

Name_____

Address_____

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 57*]

"Nice girls," said Miss Coffey in an awful voice, "do not smoke." But Primrose, in spite of the startled silence, had crushed the cigarette against her saucer and laughed gently.

"I know I'm not a nice girl," she confided softly to Miss Coffey later in the privacy of her office, "but I want awfully to be one. I think education is splendid for a person, don't you? I want to get a good, broad, general education," explained Primrose with her appealing eyes very wide, "and most especially I do want to be sophisticated."

"My dear child, I am afraid you are too sophisticated!" gasped Miss Coffey, still smiling, but in a pained way.

"Oh, do you really think so?" cried Primrose with undisguised pleasure.

THEN after a little heart-to-heart talk, as Miss Coffey called these office conferences, referring to the reprehensible use of rouge, lip-stick, nail enamel and mascara, and touching more delicately on the themes of Short Skirts and Immodest Actions and Worldliness, Primrose was given the typed slip containing Hixon College's ideas on The Winter Wardrobe.

Walking across the campus she read with ribald chuckles:

2 pr. stout walking shoes
1 pr. patent leather pumps
6 pr. lisle (may be silk) stockings
6 pr. wool stockings
3 middy blouses
3 plain white blouses
2 walking skirts
1 serviceable serge or flannel dress
1 party dress
4 suits full-length heavy underwear

"Giddy-Goddy!" gasped Primrose to the ancient elm trees. "When I appear wearing my winter woolens, Dad will think I'm Santy Claus!"

Behind a desk in the small square room Roger Van Horne sat turning over the leaves of a new class book. At his elbow was a neat pile of fresh green cards inscribed with his students' names. He looked very young and blonde and boyish.

Calling the roll his voice was unnecessarily gruff and loud.

"Miss Ingleson . . . Miss Kratz . . . Miss Kerr . . . Miss Mapes . . . "

Primrose's arm resting on the iron arm of the chair grew tense as the alphabetical list neared her name.

"Miss Minta . . . Miss Muffet——" his glance lifted with incredulous amazement. Primrose looked at him and her voice choked a little in saying, "Here"; their eyes met with the same astonished, shy, almost frightened gaze with which they had first met in the library. It was a moment of quick, inexplicable rapture. Roger Van Horne's glance seemed to be drawn uncontrollably to her whenever he looked up; his voice seemed to be speaking to Primrose, to Primrose alone.

" . . . the consideration, first of all, of American short stories. Then we shall proceed to the more concise form as employed by De Maupassant and later to the unpointed, episodic manner used by the Russian writers and most notably by Chekhov. Today, however, as you have no assignment I want to read—" He fumbled for a book. The room was expectantly quiet as he turned the pages in frowning preoccupation. "—a story called *Roads of Destiny*, by Sidney Porter, known to all of you as O. Henry."

Her eager mind caught at the lovely phrase *Roads of Destiny* and sang it over as if it had been a song.

"'*I go to seek on many roads*
What is to be.
True heart and strong, with love to light—'

"'The song was over. The words were David's; the air, one of the countryside. The company about the inn table applauded heartily, for the young poet paid for the wine . . .'"

Like an enthralled child Primrose listened with wide eyes to the story which slashed through adventure like a glittering rapier and always came to rest quietly in a sheath of meditation.

"'. . . in the hall of the Silver Flagon the distracted landlord wrung his hands above the slain poet's body, while the flames of the four and twenty candles danced and flickered on the table . . .'"

Looking up, Roger Van Horne saw her parted lips and unwavering gaze. He leaned forward and read still more clearly and yet lower; his voice became the unstudied, intimate voice a man uses when he is alone with somebody in front of a grate fire. Alone with Primrose—?

And now the story was done, the class ended.

With the sharp ringing of the bell the book was closed, the students hurried to the door. But Primrose could not move.

Roger Van Horne came down from his desk and slipped into the seat beside her. In silence they listened for a moment to the stirring and faint tapping of the oak branches.

"Did the poet die?" she whispered at last.

"Yes. He was killed by the pistol that would have killed him if he had taken the road to the right or the left."

"But why—?"

"Something inevitable . . . whether he went right or left or back home again, it was his road of destiny."

She lifted her eyes to his and again that look of shyness, of longing and fear passed between them. Her soft lips stirred. "Something inevitable?" He nodded. And then without either knowing how it happened—something inevitable?—his mouth was upon her mouth and the room seemed curiously to dissolve in a gray mist.

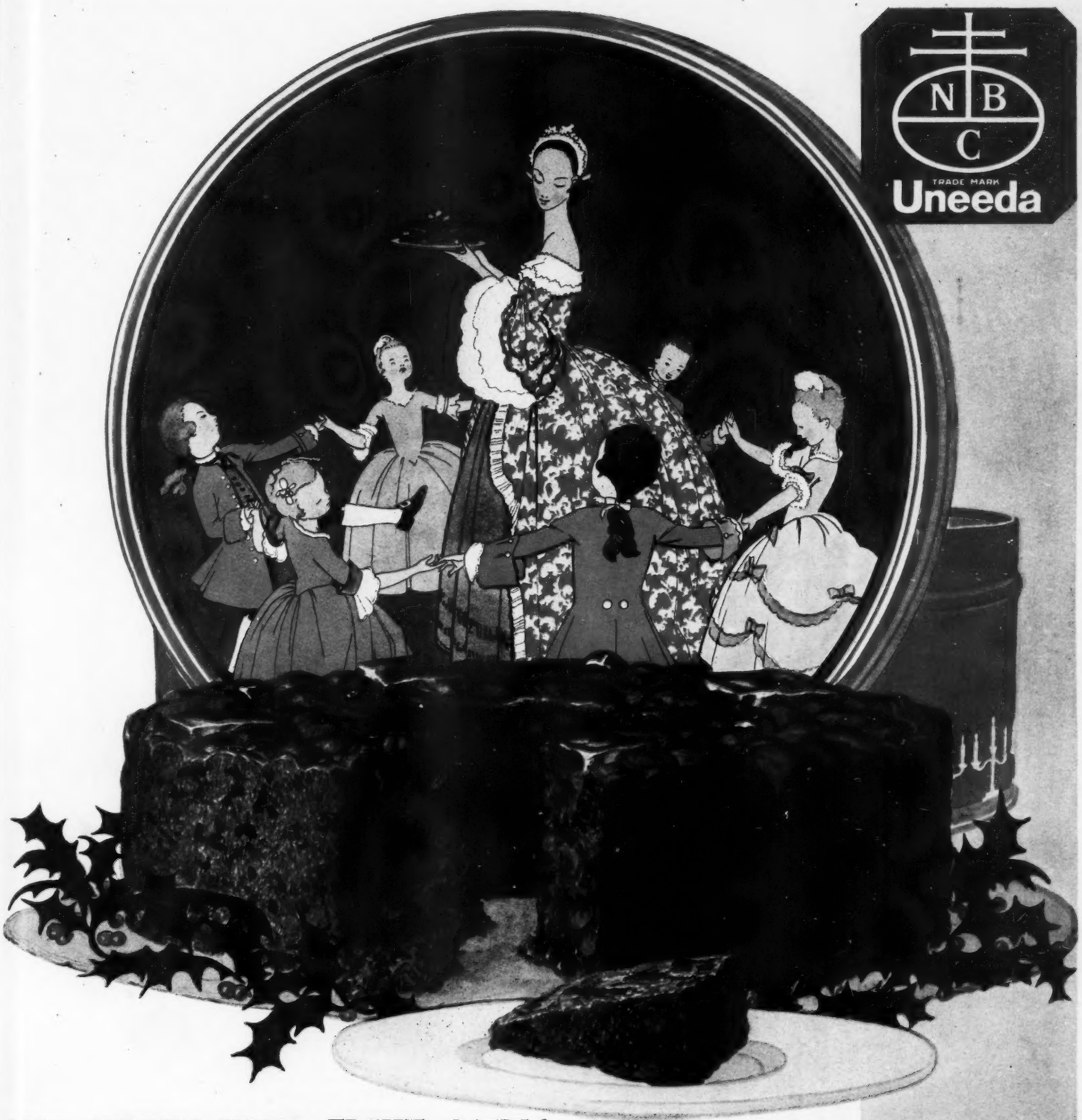
THEY drew away from each other and she saw that his face had grown very pale. She dared not speak because he said nothing; her heart shrank away in timidity and apprehension from his enigmatical silence. He rose abruptly and walked back to his desk. Without a word she gathered up her pen and books and left the classroom; but all the way to the dormitory she hugged the memory of that hushed moment to her breast.

As she switched on the light over her study table she saw a note from Miss Coffey: "Please come to my office as soon as possible."

A gloomy foreboding began to disturb Primrose. She tried to whistle and could not. Rubbing some of the rouge from her cheeks she pulled the red hat lower over her perplexed eyes and hurried down to the office.

To her surprise there were a number of people gathered in the small, shabby cubicle. In the corner she saw Dr. Dwight Edward Cathcart, who had been pointed out as the president of the college—dignified and solemn.

[*Continued on page 63*]



N B C
TRADE MARK
Uneeda

AND HERE'S YOUR FRUIT CAKE!

It's the sort of a fruit cake you've yearned for. We're extra proud of it ourselves. For we've made it so rich and fruity—packed it so full of nuts, pineapple and citron, plump, succulent raisins, cherries and other piquant things—that it seems almost too good to be true . . . Kept moist, of course, in its cellophane wrapper. And packed in this cheerful, red tin that soon will be fairly shouting Holiday Greetings to you from your grocer's counters . . . A fine gift for some friend, this cake—but a better one for your own table . . . In 2 and 5 lb. tins at your grocer's.

Baked by the NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY **"Uneeda Bakers"**

"Uneeda Bakers" Fruit Cake

If you can't get this cake at your grocer's, clip this coupon and mail it to the Uneeda Bakers, 85 9th Ave., New York City, who will see that you are supplied.

_____ 2 lb. cake _____ 5 lb. cake

My Name _____

My Address _____

_____

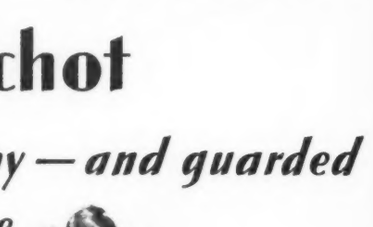
My Grocer _____

His Address _____

Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot of Park Avenue, New York

Mary and Antoinette Pinchot

Healthy.... happy — and guarded by this simple care



Antoinette's "latest favorite book" is "Millions of Cats." She loves animals—and is afraid of nothing

THEY'RE a jolly pair, with wide and friendly smiles—Mary and Antoinette Pinchot, the nine and five year old daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Pinchot, of New York City.

Both youngsters are outdoor girls. Dressed alike, in little dark blue chinchilla coats, berets to match, they ice skate in Central Park. Or, gingham clad in autumn days, whizz about on rollers in the Mall. When school is out, they ride and swim, garden and play tennis, at their parents' summer home at Milford.

Simple routine carefully followed

The little girls' father goes through a set of simple exercises with them every evening. Their mother watches their diet with intelligent care. Famous child specialists laid out the correct program when each child was born, and it has been scrupulously followed.

As a matter of course each little girl begins her day with the *hot, cooked* cereal breakfast authorities recommend. And, advised by them, the cereal Mrs. Pinchot chooses is one long thought of as the children's own—good old Cream of Wheat.

"The children started eating Cream of Wheat when they were babies," says Mrs. Pinchot. "It is an accepted part of their health building routine."

A choice unanimously approved

When Mary and Antoinette sit down to breakfast with their Swiss governess and make short work of their bowls of Cream of Wheat, they've no idea that they are doing the accepted thing for hearty little growing girls. It's just breakfast—and a well-liked one—to them.

But to leading specialists in child health a Cream of Wheat breakfast is a great deal more than that. Recently, in an investigation made in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Toronto, 221 members of those cities' recognized medical societies went on record in unanimous approval of Cream of Wheat.

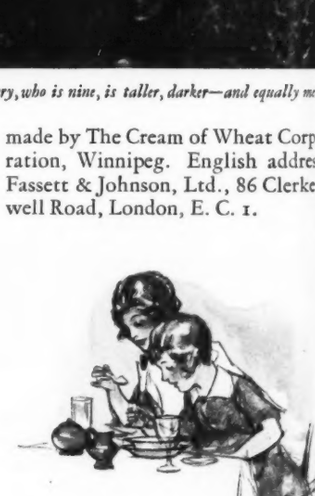
In their answers they stressed its high carbohydrate content, which gives the energy that children need, its quick digestibility which releases this energy with amazing speed.

Start your children out ready for the day ahead of them. Let them have, as the little Pinchot girls do, a good hot bowl full of Cream of Wheat.

The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Minneapolis, Minnesota. In Canada, made by The Cream of Wheat Corporation, Winnipeg. English address Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E. C. 1.

Mary rides and swims with perfect form. In the summer the children almost live outdoors, with Tippie, the pony, and Arco, the Schnauzer

Antoinette Pinchot is blonde, blue eyed and hilarious. Mary, who is nine, is taller, darker—and equally mer



Cream of Wheat appears regularly for breakfast in the Pinchot home. Both the children like it and have eaten it ever since they were small

FREE—this plan that makes children enthusiastic about their *hot, cooked* cereal at breakfast. The H. C. B. Club with badges, pictures, gold stars, etc. A children's Hot Cereal Breakfast Club, with 734,000 participants. All material sent free, direct to your children, with sample box of Cream of Wheat. Just mail coupon to:

THE CREAM OF WHEAT CORPORATION, DEPT. G-
MINNEAPOLIS MINNESOTA

Name of child.....
First name *Last name*

Street.....*City*.....*State*.....
To get sample of Cream of Wheat, check here

CREAM OF WHEAT

© 1929, C. of W. Co

EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 60*]

At her entrance the administrators fell abruptly silent and they examined her with furtive shocked eyes from her silken knees crossed just below the edge of her bright skirt to the twelve jingling bracelets and the crimson outline of her guileless lips. Miss Coffey had seen the headlines about Wealthy Flapper Disappears as well as Ginger Ale King's Daughter Elopes with Showman; in trepidation she had linked the eloping heiress of the New York papers with this disturbing Primrose Muffet, of Sea Nook, L. I.

Now Miss Coffey spoke in a cold voice although her thin lips persevered in the famous smile of cheery uplift: "We find, Miss Muffet, that neither your credentials nor your application for entrance to Hixon College has yet been received by the registrar."

The president passed a plump hand over his bald head. "What high school were you graduated from, Miss Muffet?" he inquired in a sonorous tone.

"I went to Peoria High School," said Primrose, trying to look appealing and gentle, but looking frightened.

"And you were graduated in what year?"

"I—I didn't graduate. I just went three years."

A COLLECTIVE gasp shuddered through the executive ramparts. "Didn't graduate!" said Miss Coffey, smiling awfully.

The registrar blinked. "Then of course I couldn't have received your statement of entrance credits," he said with relief and triumph. "Because you haven't any."

"No, but can't I get some?" asked Primrose hopefully. "Can't I take some examinations — or something?"

The president rose with an impatient movement as one to whom time is extremely valuable. "Nobody—*nobody*—is allowed to take entrance examinations after the beginning of the semester. Miss Muffet must withdraw from the college at once."

"Does it mean that I'll have to—to go? Can't I stay somehow? You see, I want to get a good broad general—"

Miss Coffey interrupted. "There is no way we can overrule President Cathcart," she said with plaintive grandeur.

Primrose crept from the room, crushed. She knew that if she stopped a moment to think she would burst out crying.

She did not stop even to change her hat or coat, but rushed out to the white Mercedes parked below. Lighting a cigarette for solace; she touched the starter numbly with her foot and began to glide slowly around the park. She paused in front of the Butteridge house. There was a light on the second floor and she saw a tall figure pacing restlessly back and forth in front of the window. Was it Roger? But she remembered his strange silence, his almost angry abruptness as he had turned away from her to the desk. With a valiant summoning of pride she stepped on the accelerator and caused the car to plunge like a white swaying ship into the spray of darkness that clouded the winding road.

Although it was after nine o'clock, Mr. Muffet still sat in the book-encased splendor of his new library and frowned at the dying fire of birch logs. Upon his knee lay an unopened copy of *The Sentimental Journey* and beside his elbow stood an untasted glass of Muffet's Very Dry. Not far away the radio in the sun-parlor was teeming with jazz.

But the shouted optimism failed to stir Mr. Muffet out of his mood.

Primrose had been away for several days. The house seemed very still. No party, no laughter, no dancing. That afternoon in desperate search of recreation Mr. Muffet had alarmed the gardeners by digging up a large patch of the best sward. When his menials had retired, looking aggrieved, Mr. Muffet pulled a big package from his pocket and busied himself planting fall radish seed. It would be nice to have some fall radishes when Primrose came back on a little visit.

SUDDENLY he started up, for there was a motor horn sounding outside and the swift crunching of balloon tires on the gravel driveway. He threw open the French doors in time to see the white blur of the Mercedes rounding the turn. "Don't break your fool neck!" he shouted in angry exultation; he had been very, very lonesome. The brakes were thrown on and the car stopped with a dizzy lurch. Primrose leaped out, and ran very fast to the library entrance and into his arms.

He mumbled and grumbled in his articulate happiness. "Is the car all right? Ought to be spanked for taking that turn so fast. Is it a vacation or something? Oughtn't to neglect your school work by running home."

After awhile she crossed the room to throw off her coat and hat. Her face was flushed, her eyes grave, but the little smile clung upon her lips. "Why, I believe you really liked me to be in school!"

He paced up and down the room with quick fussy steps, too delighted by her return to sit down. "Yes, I did," said Mr. Muffet. "Was proud—that's what. Was proud you wanted to start in again and get educated." (Primrose's heart sank. How could she tell him?) "There's nothing," her father continued with unconscious cruelty, "like education. Is there now? Have always wished I had more of it myself. I don't say it wasn't a little lonesome around here. I don't say that. But I told myself it was all for your good. By golly," he said, staring at her quizzically, "you look more refined already."

Primrose's lips parted with slow and fatal determination, then she hesitated and glanced away. "Do I really?" she asked gently at last.

Her father nodded eagerly: "How do you like this slogan, Primrose—I thought it up in bed the other night: *Muffet's Very Dry Ginger Ale, It's Good for What Ails You* . . . like it? It's concise and humorous, too, to my way of thinking. I guess you college people couldn't go me one better on that, eh?"

"I think it's wonderful," said Primrose with strong conviction. She started from the room, paused and suddenly coming back she flung herself down beside his armchair.

THEY won't take me! They sent me home!" she cried, her voice broken with uncontrollable sobs.

"Why—why, Primrose!" His eyes were round and frightened. "You didn't do anything wrong, did you? Nothing unladylike, Primrose?"

"It's because I'm too ignorant, Dad," she faltered in shamed confession. "Because I didn't finish high school. They won't let you in a college—unless you—finish high school . . . I couldn't bear to—to tell you at first—when you were so proud."

Clumsily he smoothed her hair, muttering queer choking monosyllables of comfort. But his obstinate blue eyes stared fixedly into the fire with angry resentment.

"We won't back down for any college," he kept muttering. "Not I and you, Primrose. Not the Muffets—never! Do you think we're going to back down for any old college? Not I and you. No sir."

She blinked at him with wondering tear-stained eyes as he rose excitedly. "But what can you do, dad? There's nothing you can do."

He rubbed trembling hands together. His mouth beneath the shaggy mustache worked nervously. "Do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No, *what?*"

"Primrose, I'm going to buy that college. Yes, by golly," said Mr. Muffet magnificently. "I'm going to buy that two-by-four, cantankerous upsniffing, up-snuffing, calamanky college!"

By the next morning Mr. Muffet's wrath had vanished. His features aspired to dignity as sober as the frock coat and striped trousers he wore, but his eyes were alight with excitement. In dizzy succession had come the new house, the new books, the new limousine, the new speedster, the new radio. And now a college.

"Just think!" Mr. Muffet chuckled.

[*Continued on page 66*]

I MUST SEEK A HILL

By Grace Noll Crowell

This is His night,
But O, I cannot find Him in the crowd—
Its laughter is too loud,
Its voices are too raucous and too shrill.
I must turn back along old darkened ways
And seek a hill
Where winds are clean, and where the stars shine down
Clearer than they shine above a town.

This is His night.
The hill I seek is far, and I must go
To find Him, for I know
That someway I shall come upon Him there,
The silver of the star-shine on his face,
And in His hair.
The look about Him—calm and still and white—
Will make me know Him on the hill tonight.

This is His night.
The glory of it clutches at my heart,
And it is time to start!
He will be there. O, I shall call His name,
And through the starlight He will turn and speak
To one who came
A long, long way down darkened roads and dim
To climb a high hill that she might find Him.

It Matches Perfectly

Perfect in its rich, dark shades and tones or perfect in its delicate tints and hues—an exact match for the fabric you have chosen. This you may depend on—always you will find it in J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. Mercerized Threads. And every color guaranteed boilfast!

Sturdy, lustrous in finish, smooth flowing through the needle, these are the threads to hold important seams securely, to make a stitching line of beautiful simplicity in wool, silk, rayon, cotton or linen. They never fray, never snarl, never fade. At your favorite notion counter—100 yards, 5 cents.

FREE! COLOR GUIDE

To help you plan your new clothes Mary Brooks Picken, famous fashion authority, has prepared a "Color Guide" that tells what colors are best for your type and shows how to choose fabrics and threads to match. It is free. Send coupon below.

J. & P. COATS and CLARK'S O.N.T.
MERCERIZED THREADS in Boilfast COLORS

THE SPOOL COTTON COMPANY
Dept. 12-M, 881 Broadway, New York

Please send me free your "Color Guide"

Name.....

Street (or R. F. D.).....

City.....*State*.....

THE TRADE MARK KNOWN IN EVERY HOME

UNIVERSAL

LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, NEW BRITAIN, CONN.

Cinnamon Waffles
Cheese Waffles
Rice Waffles
Short Cake
Tea Cake
Muffins
Tarts

—to name but a few of the innumerable batter cakes and delicacies that are baked to a rich, golden-brown perfection in a UNIVERSAL Electric Waffle Iron.

And baked so easily, too: Press the push button switch in cord—in a few minutes you will know grids are hot enough for batter by glancing at the New

UNIVERSAL AUTOMATIC HEAT INDICATOR

This helpful little device consists of a small metal tongue hidden in a slot in the waffle iron cover above handle. As grids heat this tongue gradually projects until the word "HOT" is entirely exposed, indicating that iron is ready for batter. It insures "success" in waffle baking from the very start and is a convenience added to UNIVERSAL Waffle Irons without in any way detracting from their handsome appearance and WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE.

Learn the delights of electric table cookery with a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron. You will find at your nearest UNIVERSAL Dealer a wide variety of beautiful models, any one of which would make a delightful Christmas gift.

FREE WAFFLE IRON RECIPE BOOK

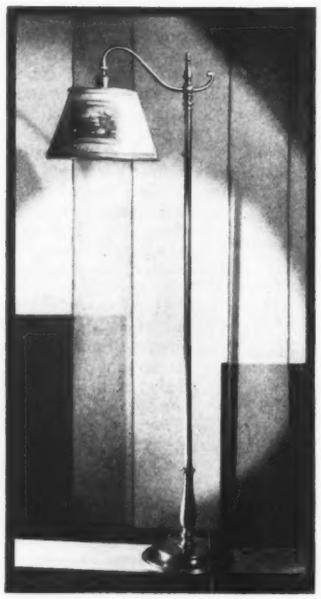
A 25c Cook Book, filled with new recipes of the many tasty dishes which are skilfully and quickly prepared in a UNIVERSAL Waffle Iron, will be sent to you free of charge upon request. Address Dept. M2.

Landers, Frary & Clark
Master Metalsmiths for over three-quarters of a century
New Britain, Conn.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

PERHAPS among the illustrations on these two pages you will find some helpful suggestions for your Christmas list. The prices quoted on the furniture are for the *unfinished* pieces. You can paint or stain them yourself; or you will find in your local shops somewhat similar pieces completely finished. In the latter case, the prices will be higher than those given here, of course.

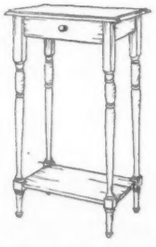
If you cannot buy articles like these in your neighborhood, write the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York, who will send you the names of the shops where these gifts may be purchased. Enclose a two-cent stamp for reply. *Do not send any money,* as McCall's Magazine *cannot* buy these articles for you.



Graceful and dignified, this floor lamp is finished in dull bronze. The antique parchment shade is adorned with a copy of an old print. $9.92 complete.

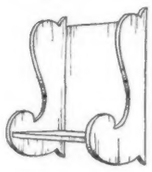
You could paint or stain this footstool of unfinished wood, and cover it with your own material. $2.75.

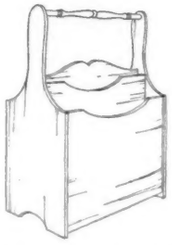
A child's Windsor armchair of fine simplicity. Unfinished birch and maple, $5.75.



It's often difficult to find an inexpensive bedside table with good lines. Here is one in unfinished hard wood with drawer and shelf for $6.75.

Below—What boy wouldn't love to have this small shelf in his bedroom to hold his three or four favorite books? 5 inches long, unfinished, $.50.





Above—A rack which will hold magazines tidily. Can be painted or stained. $1.75.

Below—For Mother's room a quaint electric lamp with black glass base and frosted glass bowl. Copy of an old flower print decorates shade. $4.53 complete.

Another sturdy chair for a child is of the ladder-back type. Unpainted, $1.35.

© Campbell Prints, Inc., N. Y.

"Off to School"—Unframed print in brilliant colors for the small child's room. Price $.50; framed, $2.00.

For a girl a crystal dressing table lamp would be the perfect gift. Pleated shade of cretonne. Complete, $1.98.

At the end of the living-room davenport, or beside an easy chair, this little table will give endless comfort. 24 inches high; unpainted, $1.75.

FOR THE HOME

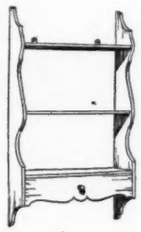
An excellent bedroom chair with maple frame and splint seat can be bought for $3.75, unfinished.

The Lindbergh Map—Beautifully designed and colored, it shows the routes flown by our great aviator. 29 x 40 inches. $2.00. A glorious and permanent decoration for a boy's room.

Below—Copied from a lovely old model, this mahogany mirror, 20 x 12 inches, over-all, is only $10.

© Campbell Prints, Inc., N. Y.

"Spring Beauties"—It's soft blues and glowing yellows gladden the beholder, aged four or forty. Unframed print, $.50; framed, $2.00.



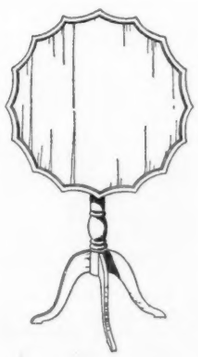
A hanging shelf is a delightful possibility for any room. Drawer in bottom. Ready for finishing, $3.80.

In a bedroom a stool is a most convenient piece of furniture. An unusually attractive type, with split cane seat, costs $1.35 unpainted.

An easy chair and a book-trough table filled with his favorite stories make a man a confirmed stay-at-home. Table unstained, $4.75.

Another Windsor chair, this time for adults. The exquisite old original has been faithfully copied. Unfinished, $7.75.

A low table from which she could serve afternoon tea or after-dinner coffee would delight a homemaker. Made of unstained birch, this little coffee table can be had for $8.75.



A lovely little tilt-top table, copied from Colonial "Pie-crust" model. 22 inches high, 17 inches across top. Can also be supplied with octagonal or round top. Unstained, $3.85.

How many dressing tables lack a comfortable stool! This well-proportioned model with cane seat is ready for finishing. Price $4.00. Cushion not included.

Strained Vegetables a Gift for baby

The Baby . . Christmas . . and the Mother! A completely beautiful thing today in thousands of homes where, in another time, the picture might be sadly incomplete! While mothers have hoped and waited throughout patient centuries—science has gradually unwoven the tangled mysteries of the child—its spirit—its mind—and the nourishment of its soft, tender body.

There are more babies laughing their way through a rainbow world today than laughed in former years; more mothers calmly secure in their heart's content. Glorious crusade—this long enduring struggle for healthier, happier babies! A never-ending war—but one that is fought today by an enlightened code, with mother, doctor and the chuckling babe triumphant.

Far more satisfying than the ordinary commercial enterprise has been the opportunity of participating in this progress. The Gerber Products meet a recognized need. In a modern, wholesome manner, they conveniently provide the daily strained vegetable feedings that are part of the modern baby's gift of a scientifically nourished, healthy body.

To the leading national domestic science institutes—and the thousands of physicians whose suggestions and advice have assisted in developing a nation-wide use of the products—may we take this means of expressing our gratitude.

Send for Assortment

Your doctor will tell you how the Gerber Products can best be used for the daily supplement to your own baby's milk diet. If your grocer can't supply you with Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup, Strained Spinach, Strained Carrots, Strained Peas, Strained Prunes, and Strained Tomato—send us today the coupon below with $1.00 for the complete introductory assortment—or order such individual products as you wish. Postage prepaid. *In Canada, Complete Assortment Only, $1.10—Canadian currency or money order.*

Free samples on request to Physicians or Hospitals

Gerber's
STRAINED VEGETABLES

A WEEK'S SUPPLY — SEND COUPON

Gerber Products Division, *Fremont Canning Co.*, Fremont, Mich.

$1.00 Complete Assortment — Dept. M-6 — Enclosed find money or stamps for Assortment or for Gerber Products checked. *NOTE:* Soup now packed in 10¼ oz. and 4½ oz. sizes. 1 large or 2 small in Complete Assortment.

25c Strained Vegetable Soup — 15c Strained Vegetable Soup — 15c Strained Spinach — 15c Strained Carrots — 15c Strained Prunes — 15c Strained Peas — 15c Strained Tomato

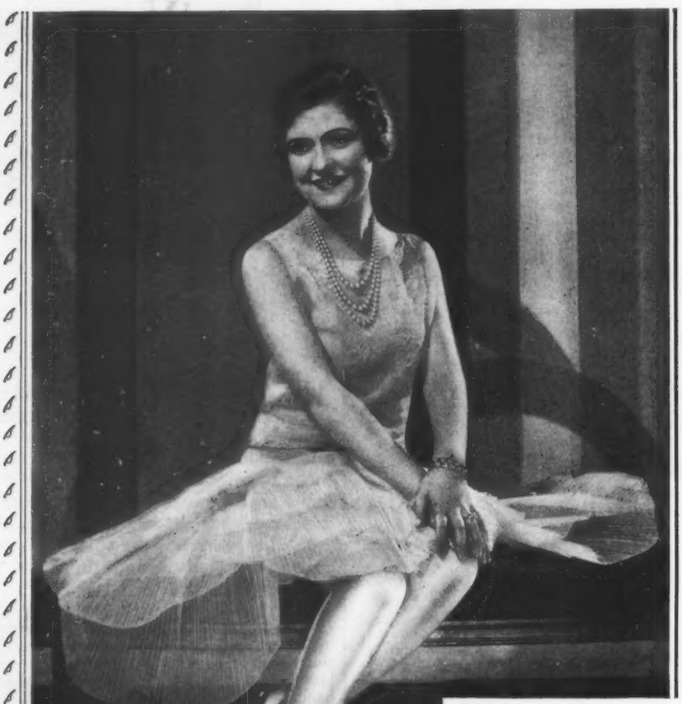
Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

My Grocer is _____

THE REIGNING HOSIERY AMONG SCREEN STARS



LAURA LA PLANTE'S *picture (5" x 7") will be sent to you Free upon request. This lovely Universal Star favors Allen-A Hosiery, found in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th St.—and other New York Stores—and at Allen-A dealers the country over*

TODAY, the most brilliant Screen Stars have turned to a remarkable new hosiery creation, by Allen-A. That gives bewitching slenderness to the ankle, and makes the leg more graceful and appealing. . . . This hosiery is ultra-modern in design. With an exquisite "Tipt Picot Top". With the exclusive Panelcurve or Pointed Heel. Either in an extra-fine gauge Chiffon, or a glorious Service Sheer, and the very newest Parisian shades. . . . Ask for the "4000" style series. $1.95 the pair. Other Allen-A styles $1.50 to $2.50. The Allen-A Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin

Allen-A Allen A **Hosiery**

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 63*]

Hastily he composed himself, for he had sent for his lawyer and now heard him being ushered in the drawing-room entrance.

"Good morning," said Mr. Chadbourne. He stroked his late sideburns and addressed his employer reprovingly: "What's this I hear about your wanting to buy a college?"

"A college," nodded Mr. Muffet, holding his ground in spite of fast waning exuberance.

"Tish! Tosh!" snorted Mr. Chadbourne, irritated at this new revolt." And what, may I inquire, do you want with a college?"

"For Primrose," said Mr. Muffet simply. "She wants it."

"You can't buy colleges. They aren't for sale."

"You can buy anything," said Mr. Muffet complacently.

Mr. Chadbourne sat down. His stare proclaimed that he had washed his hands of the guilt. "Do you happen," he asked icily, "to have made a selection? Vassar?" he suggested. "Smith? Wellesley?"

"I've got it all picked out," said Mr. Muffet cheerfully, mistaking his lawyer's irony for acquiescence. "Hixon College. It's the one Primrose wants. Would five million do it? Seven?"

"A few hundred thousand would be enough," Chadbourne said wearily. "Indeed, for a million, or possibly two million," he amended with legal caution, "you could rewrite the charter and have the name changed to Muffet University. In this event we would at least receive some value in advertising—"

"Two million then!" said Mr. Muffet with joyous recklessness.

And his lawyer knew that no power on heaven or earth could change the ginger ale king's mind.

AT HER father's call, Primrose came to the door in frivolous pajamas with an equally frivolous dressing gown thrown over her shoulders. She rubbed her eyes sleepily.

"I got it!" cried Mr. Muffet. "The college—"

"The college?" She was wide awake now. "Oh, Dad!"

"Only two million."

"Well, aren't you—*smart!*" She spoke slowly, with awed admiration. Anybody else would have paid about ten."

They embraced ecstatically.

At four o'clock that afternoon the dazed president and trustees of Hixon College were gently shepherded into the library at Sea Nook by Mr. Chadbourne. They were still very pale. Upon receipt of the news President Dwight Cathcart, Ph. D., D. D., M. B., had all but collapsed. The three trustees, all merchants of Hixon Park, were still tremulous. For several years Hixon College had been striving without success to raise a modest endowment fund of $300,000 to rebuild Rebecca Holmes Hall (condemned by the fire inspectors) and to begin the new library. And now—two million dollars from a stranger!

When he finally appeared, Mr. Muffet was quite as unstrung as the educators. He was as awed by the mysterious letters hitched to their names as they were by the gaudy train of numerals associated with his. He took Dr. Cathcart's limp hand apologetically, not suspecting that Dr. Cathcart's knees were shaky.

"Now, gentlemen!" said Mr. Chadbourne tersely, as a tentative exchange of compliments threatened. "Now gentlemen, let us discuss the conditions of the benefaction before we allow—" He waved toward the pergola where several reporters waited. As he read a formidable document the trustees listened suspiciously, expecting the worst. Then they blinked in amazement—it seemed that there were no strings to this gift.

Against his lawyer's advice Mr. Muffet had insisted that the name and charter of Hixon College remain unchanged, for Primrose after pretty deliberation had decided that naming it Muffet University would be quite unsophisticated. "So—sort of common," she said.

"Did you have—er—anything else in mind, Mr. Muffet?" asked the president of the Board of Trustees.

"Why . . . yes," said Mr. Muffet timidly.

They all settled back apprehensively.

"About Primrose. My daughter, you know." Mr. Muffet looked from one to another of the educators appealingly as he outlined the situation. "It was my fault, I guess. I couldn't do things for her then like I can now. We didn't have much when we lived in Peoria, and she had to work at home pretty hard after her mother died—and so—so you see that she couldn't finish more'n three years of high school. It wasn't Primrose's fault," he repeated loyally. "She wanted to stay in school." Mr. Muffet hesitated and gulped, for he had come to his climax. "What I wanted to ask was—could she go right on at Hixon College just as if—?""

The trustees knew a good thing when they saw it, even if it did take them a moment to be sure. Like a Greek chorus they chanted devoutly:

"Of course it will be acceptable, Mr. Muffet!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes, Mr. Muffet. Yes, indeed."

President Cathcart coughed and cleared his throat. "Unusual and extenuating circumstances," he said vaguely. "May call for some private tutoring before she receives her A. B. degree, but—but it can be arranged," he assured the philanthropist with warmth. "It can be arranged."

"That's fine," said Mr. Muffet heartily.

IN THE attic Primrose found a battered alarm clock, a survival of Peoria, and set it for six o'clock the next morning. "I've already missed one whole day," she said earnestly to her father, "and there's an eight o'clock on my schedule tomorrow."

In the dining-room she and her father exclaimed over the morning New York newspapers in which restrained headlines announced the endowment of Hixon College. "Such dignified write-ups, aren't they?" Mr. Muffet commented proudly.

"You'll be wearing tortoise shell specs soon, I'll bet!" cried Primrose, but he frowned on this flippancy. He could not forget that next Tuesday he was to be the formal and honored

[*Continued on page 69*]

Once... twice... *you see it rise*

If you want to know why Calumet has become the most popular baking powder in the world—make this double-action test. Then you can see right before your eyes the real cause of the wonderful success women are having with Calumet.

Double-Action. Here it is. *Two* risings, not merely *one*. Calumet's way of preventing oven failure. Calumet's way of making sure that your cakes will come out high and fluffy—biscuits light and flaky—muffins, waffles—perfect! Everything you bake you will be proud to set on the table.

The first action of Calumet takes place in the mixing bowl—a steady even rising, which gets the leavening properly started. Then when your cake goes into the oven, a *second* leavening action begins, swells through the batter and *makes* your cake rise perfectly—even though your oven may be a bit uncertain.

All baking powders are required by law to be made of pure, wholesome ingredients. But not all baking powders are alike in their action. Not all can give you equally fine results in your baking. Calumet is scientifically made of exactly the right ingredients, in exactly the right proportions to produce *perfect* leavening action—*Double-Action.*

Here is a recipe for hot biscuits. Try it. Notice one thing. It calls for only *one* level teaspoon of Calumet to each cup of flour—the usual Calumet proportion. You can see how economical Calumet is. Mail the coupon below and Marion Jane Parker will send you the new Calumet Baking Book—a collection of splendid recipes for all kinds of cake and quick breads.

Calumet's DOUBLE-ACTION makes better baking

TEST CALUMET'S DOUBLE-ACTION THIS WAY

Naturally, when baking, you can't see how Calumet's double-action works inside the dough or batter to make it rise. But, by making this simple demonstration with only baking powder and water in a glass, you can see clearly how baking powder acts—and how Calumet acts twice to make your baking better. Put two level teaspoons of Calumet into a glass, add two teaspoons of water, stir rapidly five times and remove the spoon. The tiny, fine bubbles will rise slowly, half filling the glass. This is Calumet's first action—the action that takes place in the mixing bowl when you add liquid to your dry ingredients.

After the mixture has entirely stopped rising, stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove. In a moment a second rising will start and continue until the mixture reaches the top of the glass. This is Calumet's second action—the action that takes place in the heat of your oven.

Make this test. See Calumet's double-action which protects your baking from failure.

CALUMET

The Double-Acting Baking Powder

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

Baking Powder Biscuits

- 2 cups sifted flour
- 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
- ⅔ cup milk (about)

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift again. Cut in butter; add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Roll ½ inch thick on slightly floured board. Cut with floured biscuit cutter. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 15 minutes. Makes 12 biscuits.

(All measurements are level)

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

C.—McC. 12-29

MARION JANE PARKER
c-o *Calumet Baking Powder Co.*
4100 Fillmore Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please send me, free, a copy of The Calumet Baking Book.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Please print name and address plainly

A mountain torrent...inside cannery doors!

Over 6 million gallons of water a day—just to make sure DEL MONTE *Spinach is clean and free from grit*

What a lot of things are done these days to save you needless kitchen work—to put better foods in your year-round diet.

Just think, for instance, of a spinach canner building washing equipment—right in his canneries—with all the thorough cleansing power of a rushing mountain torrent!

Think of using more than 6 million gallons of water every 24 hours in the canning season—a full day's supply for a city of 60,000 people—to wash a *single* product!

Yet that's exactly what happens—as just one step in preparing DEL MONTE Spinach.

Fresh and crisp, DEL MONTE Spinach reaches our canneries direct from the gardens. It is sorted—as carefully as you would sort it at home. All roots, wilted leaves and heavy stems are removed. Only the best, most tender spinach is used for canning.

And then what a picture you see!

No sand ever sticks through this

Down through great troughs comes the water—rushing like a mill-race. Water—streaming, bubbling, moving at every inch of its surface. Water—playing in jets from every angle. Even the air seems moist—as if we stood above some mountain falls.

And ceaselessly moving in this rapid current, whirled and tossed, up and down, back and forth, this way and that, goes the spinach—until it emerges, shiny and green—clean and free from grit.

We wish you could see DEL MONTE Spinach right at this point. Especially if you've ever washed spinach yourself! Take any leaf—examine each crevice—roll it between your fingers. How could you call it anything *but* clean? Yet just to make sure—and DEL MONTE *must* be sure—there is still another bath to come.

Once more the spinach is rolled over and over under heavy sprays of water. Again and again, every inch of the leaf surface is cleaned. When it reaches the canning tables, it is a job in which we can really take pride—one more piece of home drudgery done supremely well!

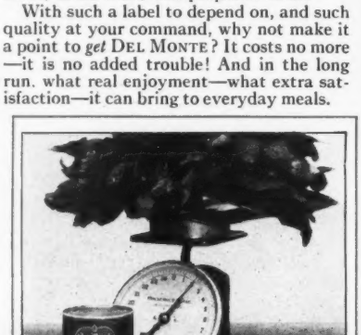
And here's another thing about DEL MONTE Spinach. After it leaves the washers, nothing has a chance to soil it. It is clean—and stays that way.

Gleaming white conveyor belts carry it to the canning tables. Rubber-gloved workers put it into waiting cans with forks. Automatic machinery seals the cans. Cooking is done in big retorts—under pressure—at a temperature far above boiling water. Fresh—cooked—at its very finest—it reaches your table just the way it should.

And remember this—spinach is no exception in the DEL MONTE family of foods. It simply illustrates the care which DEL MONTE uses—the great lengths to which it is willing to go—to bring you everyday staples that are just a little finer and better.

The result is an outstanding group of products—foods you can buy with the greatest confidence, and the greatest enjoyment in flavor. If you happen to want peas, DEL MONTE offers you sweet, delicious peas, with their own delightful June pea-flavor. When it comes to tomatoes, DEL MONTE brings you solid pack fruit, with nothing in the can but the red-ripe fruit and its own delicious juice; in corn, both the popular "cream style" and its new distinctive "whole kernel" pack; in asparagus, the best that California's famous delta grows. Under DEL MONTE, too, is a wealth of other vegetables, fruits, condiments, relishes, salmon and sardines, dried fruit, and prepared foods.

With such a label to depend on, and such quality at your command, why not make it a point to *get* DEL MONTE? It costs no more—it is no added trouble! And in the long run, what real enjoyment—what extra satisfaction—it can bring to everyday meals.



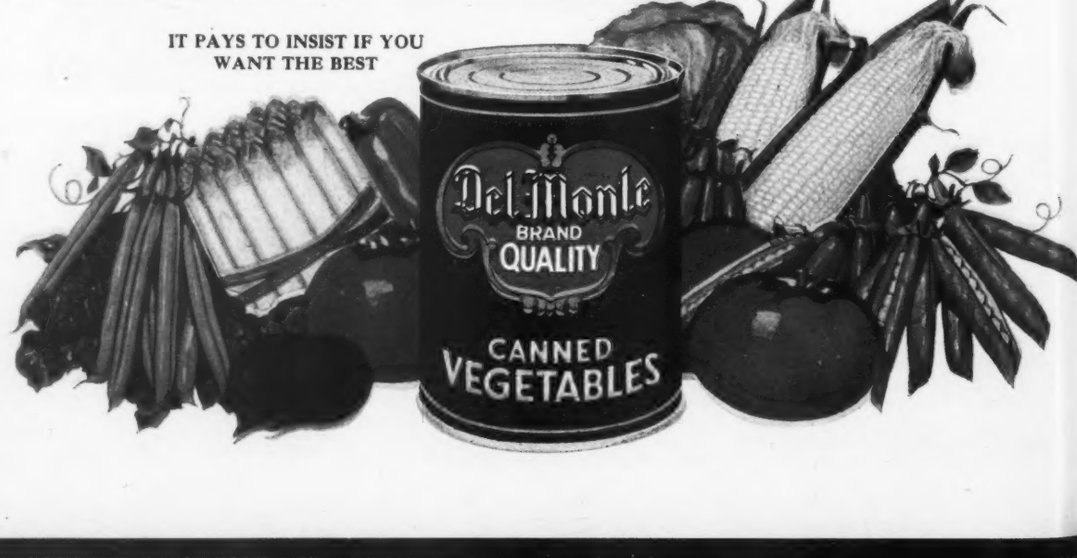
Trimming and sorting Del Monte Spinach—just part of the tiresome work of preparation which is done for you by skilled Del Monte workers.

Don't miss this useful recipe file!

Recipes for all sorts of dishes, for every occasion—all simple, easily prepared. Many of them suggested by America's most famous cooks. The full file contains our special spinach leaflet and 5 other booklets or folders. Write today—a postcard brings them free! Just address Dept. 633, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

As an added convenience, Del Monte Products are each packed in a variety of sizes and containers to meet your individual needs. Del Monte Spinach, for instance, is packed in five sizes of cans. The largest, the No 2½ can, represents in its contents over 2 lbs. of fresh raw spinach. Other sizes are No. 2, No. 1, "picnic" (11 oz.) and buffet (8 oz.)—a size for every requirement.

IT PAYS TO INSIST IF YOU WANT THE BEST



EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 66*]

guest of Hixon College, to be presented at chapel by President Cathcart and the Board of Trustees.

When she impulsively threw her arms about him and kissed him goodbye, he looked embarrassed and absently brushed the back of his hand across his mouth. "Goodbye, goodbye," he muttered. He walked hastily to the veranda.

Her eyes stinging, Primrose drove out of the yard with unnecessary impetus. Then a mile down the road the Mercedes began to lag as if wilfully, and finally it came to an indecisive stop. Primrose turned around. She drove back to the house.

Her father was standing beside the radio in the sun-parlor, listening gloomily to setting-up exercises for lack of other entertainment at this hour. But he wheeled about valiantly and snapped to Primrose in the doorway: "What are you back for? You'll miss your class."

"I'M NOT going, Dad," she said firmly, "unless you come too. I don't care if I miss a million classes; I won't have you here all alone. It's our college and I want you to have as much fun out of it as I do. We've always shared everything together, haven't we, Dad?"

Involuntarily his face brightened, then fell. "But where—?"

"You can stay at the Inn and have a whole suite all to yourself. I'm going to call the Rolls for you now and have the gardener load your radio on the truck."

"You'll be late for your class," he began again sternly.

"Father" She glanced at him menacingly. "I'll . . . *cry!*"

"Have your own way," he muttered disapprovingly, but the old eagerness was back in his eyes.

"All ready," called Mr. Muffet grandly, leaning out with all the airs of a major domo. He had insisted on leading. Primrose drove too fast.

With a genial roar of motors the procession started. "It's like a funeral," Primrose sighed, trying to maintain a sedate thirty-five miles an hour. But to Hixon College the three cars were as exciting as a circus.

"I'm back!" cried Primrose.

Ellen glanced up with a little frown.

"Yes," she said, "I read the paper this morning."

Primrose was taken aback, but her enthusiam rallied when she scanned the room. "You are a good egg!" she exclaimed. "Why, you hung up all the clothes I left thrown all around."

"I can't stand a littered room," said Ellen pleasantly.

"Oh," said Primrose.

There was a Botany section and immediately afterward an English class under Roger Van Horne. While the botany instructor droned on about one-celled organisms, Primrose's spirits rose rapidly. Not because of one-celled organisms, for she regarded the microscopic plates dreamily, but because of Roger Van Horne.

But the only sign Roger gave of her presence was an almost imperceptible coldness as he spoke her name while calling the roll. He did not look at her once during the hour. "He's mad!" thought Primrose. She was childishly hurt and disappointed. She wandered sadly back to the dormitory. Not even the wondering glances of freshmen girls gave her any pleasure now.

At ten o'clock after an evening spent in futile efforts to master French vocabulary, she got ready for bed with a bored yawn. Ellen always went to bed at ten. All Hixon college retired at ten except on prom nights and rare occasions such as basketball games. Even now Ellen was modestly pulling on her nightgown behind the closed door. Slowly and reluctantly, although she was sleepy from her early awakening, Primrose got into her absurd pajamas. With a bound she climbed on top of the table. "What on earth," said Ellen, "are you doing?" It was the first time she had spoken all evening.

"Me? I'm getting into bed."

She launched out in a swan dive and landed neatly in the center of the counterpane. "I always get into bed this way," she explained.

"You do?" mused Ellen. "Doesn't it disorder the pillows?"

"Um-hum," murmured Primrose sleepily, answering both questions. "I like to, though. Goodnight."

"Gracious!" said Ellen. "Goodnight."

At eleven o'clock the dormitory was as dark as the night itself. A stillness like a thick mantle of snow fell over the campus. And then a car came to a stop outside Rebecca Holmes Hall. An imperative banging began at the first floor entrance.

There was a male voice, assured and good-natured: "Oh, I say! *I say!*"

Lights like exclamation points punctuated the second and third floors. Windows were raised. In an incredibly short time Rebecca Holmes Hall took on the wide-awake air of eight o'clock.

With calm annoyance Ellen got up, slipped on a dressing gown and opened the window. Primrose woke with a start.

She listened only a moment, then recognized the intruder's bland laugh. She jumped out of bed and began to scramble into her clothes. "I'm afraid," she said guiltily, "it's for me. I might as well dress now."

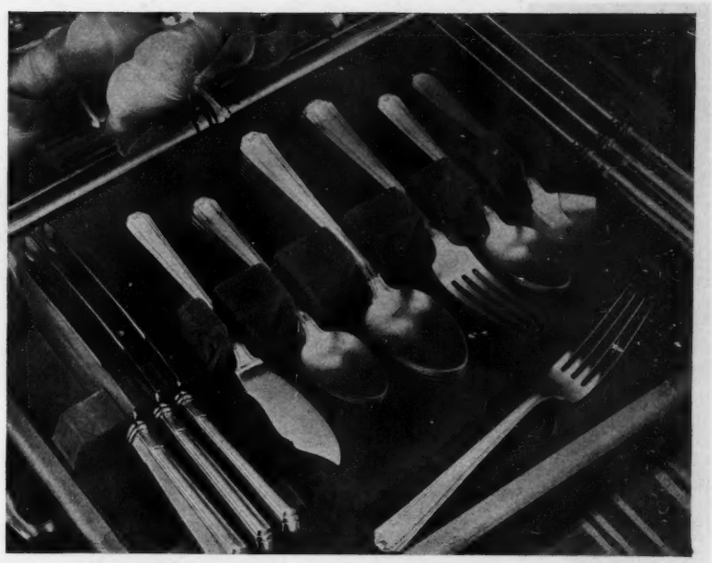
MISS Coffey spoke through the keyhole in the low tone she used to conceal trepidation in any scholastic crisis. "It's somebody to see you, Miss Muffet. It is a *man*—" Miss Coffey intoned the word in large, frozen capital letters; "—and he says he has a very important message. He says he must see you tonight. Of course I told him it was far too late, and that you were not dressed, and asked him to call tomorrow—"

"Oh, I *am* dressed," Primrose sang out cheerfully as she gave her tumbled hair a quick brushing. "I'll be right down."

Primrose's high heels clattered down the corridor a moment later and every door on the second and third floors opened two inches wider. Miss Coffey. stood in the bare entrance hall below wearing a dressing gown covered with large, angry-looking roses. She was speaking severely to the stranger as to a recalcitrant pupil:

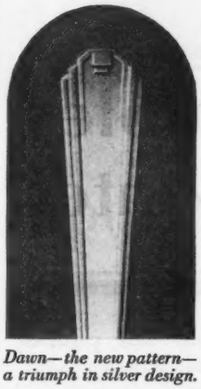
"Of course you understand that no visitors are allowed after ten o'clock on week nights?"

[*Continued on page 70*]



Twenty-six pieces of this radiant new design . . . Dawn . . . in a black and silver tray . . now available at the moderate price of $33.25

Loveliest of new patterns in a complete setting



Dawn—the new pattern—a triumph in silver design.

From top to bottom—Luxor, George Washington, Classic, Louisiana—four outstanding patterns in Alvin Long-Life Plate.

The Silver of Your Dreams

. . . $33.25

AT LAST . . . an inexpensive silver that meets all the standards of beauty and good taste set by the most expensive.

Dawn is the name of this exquisite new pattern, in Alvin Long-Life Plate.

Never before has such care and skill been lavished on the designing, the die-cutting, the finishing . . . of an inexpensive silver. You must see and touch this silver. Only when you hold it in your own hand can you realize its lustrous finish, its perfect weight and balance.

Here is a silver lovely enough for the most exacting guest. And so moderately priced that you may have a complete service—all at once—for $33.25. This price includes a handsome, modern black and silver tray.

Every piece of Alvin Long-Life Plate, heavily plated throughout, is guaranteed to your complete satisfaction.

Any good dealer can show you this new Dawn pattern. Ask to see it. Examine for yourself its amazing beauty . . . its graceful charm.

DAWN

The new pattern by ALVIN

THE ALVIN CORPORATION, Dept. R-2, Providence, R. I.

☐ Please send me your FREE booklet illustrating the new DAWN pattern.

☐ Please send me your FREE booklet by Oscar of the Waldorf on "Setting the Table Correctly."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *City*_____ *State*_____

*My Jeweler is*_____

No Throat Troubles or Colds this Winter

SO many people dread the coming of winter because of the colds and throat troubles it brings. But if the passages of nose and throat are kept in healthy condition, your sufferings from colds will be greatly lessened.

Doctors say that lubricating these passages is a great preventive, as it wards off irritation and keeps the germs from getting a foothold.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is ideal for this purpose. It is a pure natural substance that is remarkably healing in its action. A little snuffed up the nose will spread all over the membranes and protect them against damp air, dust particles and germs.

If the voice is husky, the throat sore or rough, a little "Vaseline" Jelly taken internally will be a big help. Thousands of people have found it beneficial. It is so pure that anyone can take it internally.

Lay in a supply of "Vaseline" Jelly for the winter season. It can be bought in jars or tubes for a few cents anywhere in the world. Certainly it is an easy, safe, economical preventive.

And remember, when you buy, that the trademark Vaseline on the package is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consolidated.

Vaseline

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

© Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Cons'd, 1929 PETROLEUM JELLY

EARLY TO BED

[*Continued from page 69*]

"It's a splendid rule," Allison Blaine interrupted with a friendly, agreeable smile.

"It is after eleven now."

Blaine glanced at his watch. "Twenty minutes after," he informed her politely.

Miss Coffey's temper, usually so well controlled, began to flicker uncertainly. "You must go at once," she said in a tone of icy decision, "or I shall call the night watchman."

"Ah, let him stay!" Primrose pleaded. "Just for a little while."

Neither Blaine nor Miss Coffey had noticed Primrose standing behind them at the foot of the stairs, and she had been too fascinated by the unusual discussion to speak. On the way down she had decided to scold Blaine for his intrusion, but now she felt only sympathetic—she wanted to protect him from Miss Coffey!

"Oh, hello," he called gratefully. His eyes appealed to Primrose to save him.

"He may stay five minutes," said Miss Coffey with an air of grim concession, "since you have troubled yourself to dress and come down, Miss Muffet. But this must be the only exception to our rule." She stood on guard eyeing her wrist watch.

There was an awkward silence. "But this is—um—confidential," said Blaine humbly, for Miss Coffey had gradually intimidated him. Allison Blaine, who had been amateur heavyweight boxer, foreign adventurer and sailor before he turned to the theater! "I hope you'll excuse us," he muttered and took Primrose's arm. He almost pulled her out of the door. And immediately a hundred room doors closed and a hundred windows opened.

"What a God-forsaken place this is!" *Whew!*" Blaine growled. "What the devil made you bury yourself here, Primrose?"

When they were seated in his car Primrose whispered, "Is it something dreadfully important?"

"Some women I know would think it was. I came clear out to this hole because I was lonesome for you. I had to tell you how much I loved you."

"Oh," said Primrose. Somehow she had expected startling tidings.

"You don't think it is important?"

She did not answer.

"Dear child," he said wearily, "being in love is very, very important—if you are in love. Especially if you are thirty-eight years old and in love. But if you are a bad-mannered youngster of nineteen and *not* in love—"

"Am I really a little beast?" she asked gently. She slipped her hand in his.

"Curious, isn't it?" he mused, as if talking to himself. "You know, I wanted to marry you for your money at first. And now I'd follow you even here if your father didn't have a nickel. Funny."

He leaned toward her quickly and touched her lips with his . . . the kiss of experience for youth. "You understand a lot of things," he said.

Looking at his watch again, he added very tersely, "Five minutes. You'd better go in now. I'd just be saying the same things over and over if I stayed. Stupid sort of thing, love is, when you come to consider it. Goodnight! Goodbye!"

Miss Coffey was still in the hall gazing grimly at her wrist watch, when Primrose returned.

"Six minutes," she observed drily. "Please do not let this happen again. Goodnight, Miss Muffet."

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

HOLIDAY FEASTING

[*Continued from page 41*]

in hot oven about 10 minutes or until puffed and brown.

Cheese Straws—Roll out plain pastry to ⅛ inch thickness. Sprinkle with salt, paprika and grated cheese. Fold over in three layers. Roll out again, spread and roll as before. Cut in strips 5 inches long and ½ inch wide, twist strips and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 5 or 6 minutes.

Canapés

Christmas Canapés—Slice bread ¼ inch thick and cut out small rounds. Spread thinly with butter and then with caviar. Cut a star from pimiento and place in the center. Sprinkle chopped parsley on the outside edge to make a border.

Anchovy Canapés—Slice bread ¼ inch thick, and cut out with a star cutter. Sauté in a little olive oil, or butter, and spread with anchovy butter (blend equal parts of butter and anchovy paste). Decorate the points with little heaps of finely-chopped mushrooms, olives, capers, egg white and sifted egg yolk, a different kind on each point. Place a curled anchovy in the center and in the center of that, a tiny star of pimiento.

Artichoke and Caviar Canapés—Marinate artichoke bottoms in French dressing for an hour. Drain and spread each with cream cheese moistened with cream and colored pink with paprika. Spread lightly with caviar and on top lay a thin slice of lemon cut with fancy edges. Garnish with parsley.

Spiced Pineapple

Sliced pineapple	¼ cup pineapple juice
Whole cloves	1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1½ cups sugar	Stick cinnamon
¼ cup vinegar	

Drain slices of pineapple from juice and insert several whole cloves in each slice. Make a syrup of sugar, pineapple juice, and vinegar. Add lemon rind and cinnamon. Cook pineapple slowly in this syrup 15 to 20 minutes or until syrup is thick and a light caramel color. Serve hot or cold. Small pieces of pineapples, or "tidbits," may be spiced instead of the slices.

Note: Directions for making Christmas tree and candy canes on page 44 will be sent on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Service Department, McCall's Magazine, 230 Park Avenue, New York.

Want *her* to grow up to be *beautiful?*

Want *him* to be *really* successful?

Then, *mother,* teach them *early* the importance of cleanliness

We know, mother, the kind of older children you want yours to be.

Not pretty or handsome only... nor healthy, merely... not even just accomplished. You're hoping for *character*... a certain *graciousness.* The boy to be a gentleman, and her to have that essential of feminine charm, refinement.

Precious qualities, indeed, mother, but impossible without cleanliness. Insist therefore *from an early age* on the highest standards.

What daily baths accomplish

Baby gets his bath, every day without fail. Why shouldn't brother and sister, who stray farther and play harder?

Time and trouble is no excuse. Modern mothers are teaching their children, surprisingly soon, to bathe themselves.

Nor need they be induced with games and water toys. There is that *rightness* about thorough daily body washing that even the youngster can be made to feel; to come to love; to turn to eagerly for wide-awakeness, mind release, and sheer physical content.

Don't make this common mistake

Some mothers continue year after year to assume the entire cleanliness responsibility for their children.

What a mistake! How can the joy of cleanliness become self-assertive and *genuine* when left so largely to a prompter?

And it's a very real force in life, this inner attitude of ours toward cleanliness. Among the people we know is it not our friends . . . the very healthiest, happiest and best respected ones . . . who think the most of cleanliness?

More about HER *beauty,* HIS *success*

You do want your little girl to be beautiful. Consequently you won't fail to teach her the relationship between pores cleansed daily with soap and water, and a clear complexion; between nice hair and hair kept clean; between lovely hands and the use of a handbrush; between clothes fresh-laundered and an attractiveness obtainable in no other way.

And the same way with your little boy, the more he comes to esteem soap and water, the more others will esteem him.

Checking up on the whole family

Occasionally, the whole family needs checking up with respect to cleanliness.

Are you, mother, and you, father, careful enough about your own appearance? Is the size of the family wash each week permitted to be "generous"? Does everyone have his individual towel and wash cloth? Are curtains kept gay, and woodwork bright?

Is the whole household every bit as happy as it could be . . . with just a little more thought given to cleanliness each day?

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

Look to my Mannequin—Look to your Skin and see why

"ONLY A HEALTHY SKIN CAN STAY YOUNG"

Frances Ingram

FIRST and foremost, I want to make clear the vital difference between Ingram's Milkweed Cream and other fine face creams.

For my Milkweed Cream is not content, as most creams are, in keeping the skin fresh and soft textured. It *does* help the appearance, yes, but it also benefits the health of your skin, and by keeping it healthy, defends you against beauty-stealing blemishes.

Look to my Mannequin. Study the six spots where lines and defects first appear. Then study your own skin, and you will realize the great importance of Milkweed's extra benefits.

Aging little lines and imperfections are no respecters of youth, so I have selected for my mannequin this month, a girl on the under side of thirty. Her skin, like yours—no matter how few or how many your birthdays—depends upon health for its attraction.

Guard well the six starred places—the column at the right tells how—and your skin will respond swiftly with new loveliness.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream will help you marvelously in caring for your skin. It is ever so slightly therapeutic, and does things for your skin that no other cream, however expensive, can possibly do. It is a splendid cleanser, but, to me, its most appealing virtue is the way it brings smoothness to the skin. Roughness vanishes—blemishes disappear. Tiny wrinkles are discreetly smoothed away. Your skin becomes smooth — clear — altogether lovely.

You will find Milkweed Cream at any drug or department store. But I wish you would send the coupon for my booklet on skin care, also if you have any special beauty questions, write me for advice.

- The Forehead . . Lines and wrinkles are all too likely to form here prematurely unless the skin is kept soft and pliable—and this Ingram's does with marvelous effect.
- The Eyes . . Puffiness and crows' feet are so very aging and unbecoming. To keep the skin smooth, turn to the soothing and softening services of Ingram's.
- The Mouth . . To prevent drooping lines at corners of the lips, tone the skin and keep the muscles firm by using Ingram's. It is amazingly helpful for invigorating circulation.
- The Throat . . Guard against a crepey throat if you value your youth. Ingram's, with its trace of medication, prevents flabbiness and restores the skin to firmness.
- The Neck . . Finely etched, circular lines are signs of accumulating birthdays. Be faithful to your use of Milkweed Cream. It wafts well-established lines to obscurity and guards against new ones.
- The Shoulders . . Every woman who would proudly wear evening gowns or sleeveless dresses should cleanse her arms and shoulders and keep them blemish-free with Ingram's.

INGRAM'S *Milkweed Cream*

Frances Ingram, Consultant on Care of the Skin, Dept. C-129, 108 Washington St., N. Y. C.
Please send me your free booklet, "Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young" which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

MARY AND JOSEPH

[*Continued from page 16*]

"But how can anyone doubt me," Mary asked softly, "when I bear now within my body the testimony of the Angel's words."

Joseph's face was ghastly. "Tell me!" And his voice was terrible. "Tell me everything! I must know. I must avenge you. *What was he like?*"

Mary's clear eyes were raised, startled to his. "The Angel?" she asked. "I cannot describe him, Joseph. I can only tell you that his face was beautiful, but it was half in shadow. I could see the light though, on his golden armor."

"God! God!" Joseph ground through set teeth.

"I think perhaps I swooned," Mary went on, "from the fright and the ecstasy of the thought, for when I woke, the Angel had gone. But he had left a sheaf of lilies in my hand."

There was a long silence. When Mary, whose gaze was again far away, at last turned toward Joseph, she gave a cry. For his face was stricken with an unspeakable anguish.

"Joseph!" she cried. "Oh, tell me you do believe!"

"I would give my life to believe," he said. "But how can I? And how can I make you my wife—after this? But I will not make you a public example. God help me, I still love you! I shall wait the six months until we should have been wed and then I shall give you a—bill of divorcement."

And Joseph left the court, walking like an old man.

When her grandmother came at last to search for her, Mary lay where she had fallen beside the garden seat.

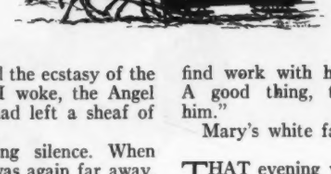
AND so that sweet, mysterious springtime ended in Nazareth, and summer came, heavy with grain and fruit. There was still each day the surge and flow of busy life along the caravan road.

But in the house of Mary there was silence and shame. The grandmother wept at her spinning and Mary moved about like a wraith. Sometimes her sweet eyes held the light of exaltation and sometimes, the darkness of despair. No neighbors came to call cheerfully through the lattice as they used to do; or to sit in the sunny court of an afternoon. Instead they whispered among themselves that it was only the goodness of Joseph in not lodging an open complaint against her, that kept Mary from an outcast's death.

But summer ended, too. And autumn came with the songs of men and maidens in the vineyards and the rejoicing over the garnered grain; and at last early winter lay upon Nazareth. It was with the first November rains that a new ripple of excitement swept through the town. The great Augustus back in Rome had issued a decree for a widespread taxation. It meant a new census, a complete registration of all the citizens of the empire, each one in his paternal city.

And so it came about that many a quiet man in Nazareth, who had watched the travel of the world without sharing it, began to plan excitedly for a longer trip than he had ever taken. The words, "one, two or three days' journey," were constantly upon every lip. Of them all, Joseph had to go the farthest for he belonged to the house and lineage of David, whose native city was Bethlehem—four days' traveling away. But to Joseph there came no lift of the heart at the thought of going. Each day now seemed to press upon him with heavier pain. For it was nearing the time when he and Mary should have been wed, and already he was arranging quietly for the bill of divorcement.

He decided at last that existence might be more bearable away from the scenes that wrenched his heart. He would stay in Bethlehem. And the news of his decision passed from his own family to the neighbors. Mary's grandmother heard it as she came one day from the spring.



"Joseph is not coming back from Bethlehem," she repeated to Mary. "He is going to stay, when he goes up to register, and find work with his cousin, Matthias. A good thing, too. I can't blame him."

Mary's white face grew whiter.

THAT evening when Joseph, as was his wont, let himself softly into the shop in the dusk, he heard a strange sound like a sob coming from the corner where the precious pieces of furniture stood that were to have graced the new home.

"Who is here?" he asked sternly.

Then as his eyes grew trained to the shadows, he saw a golden head above an enshrouding cloak.

"You?" Joseph cried.

Mary raised her eyes.

"Oh, I have prayed you would come! I heard you were going to Bethlehem and were not coming back. And I cannot bear it! Joseph, I am so alone. And my time is near at hand. Sometimes in the night I grow frightened. You see, everyone hates me. They laugh my story to scorn. I am an outcast. And I am—afraid."

It was Joseph now who was sobbing. "I will not stay in Bethlehem. I will return to Nazareth. I will always be near you," he whispered.

Mary's hands were on his head. Her voice, as though she had not heard him, was still piteous.

"At first my visions bore me up. I was lost in them. But that was before I knew what love meant. Now I can scarcely see even *The Angel* in my dreams. I can see only you, Joseph, turning from me, leaving me alone. . ."

Joseph raised his head.

"You mean," he cried, his voice broken with an incredulous hope—"you mean that you know now what I have always feared you never would know—*for me?*"

"Yes," Mary said softly. "I know all the beauty and the pain of it. All the burden and the joy. For I love you."

Joseph was on his feet then and Mary was in his arms, her golden hair, loosed from its fillet hanging in a cloud about her shoulders.

"Beloved!" Joseph spoke, as against a world to be defied. "We shall be wed at the time appointed. You will come with me to Bethlehem as my wife!"

And so it came to pass that early on a mild morning of December, Mary said goodbye to her grandmother, who alternately laughed with relief and wept for love and fear, and allowed Joseph to lift her upon the back of the small white ass he had provided for the journey.

In spite of the dark months behind them, their hearts woke now to the

[*Continued on page 75*]

Cakes made with these better raisins, *stay fresh longer!*

KITCHEN TESTS prove that cakes in which Sun-Maid raisins are used actually stay fresh longer. The reason is simple. These plump, rich raisins are filled to bursting with natural fruit sugar. They hold their moisture much longer than does the cake itself. As the moisture retained in the raisins slowly evaporates, it tends to keep the whole cake fresh and tempting.

Such raisins as these—juicier, and with grape-like freshness of flavor—will make your holiday cake a masterpiece! No other kind of raisins can rival Sun-Maid Nectars for their juiciness and plumpness, their fresh sweet taste.

Sun-Maid Puffed, like the Nectars, are made by an exclusive process that sets them apart from ordinary raisins. They are large, full-meated, seeded Muscats. And not sticky! For the secret Sun-Maid seeding process keeps the juice inside, and they are ready for use as soon as you open the carton.

Only the best grapes can make Sun-Maid raisins. They are graded severely for quality, processed and packed in the world's finest dried fruit packing plants, where kitchen cleanliness is the standard.

Sun-Maid Nectars and Sun-Maid Puffed, both have their uses in a long list of delightful recipes. Send for a book of these, entitled "New Interest in Simple Menus." It is free, and you will find it full of fascinating suggestions. Mail a note or card to: Sun-Maid Raisin Growers Association, Fresno, California.

The Sun-Maid girl identifies high quality food products the world over.

A Holiday Favorite:

SUN-MAID RAISIN LAYER CAKE

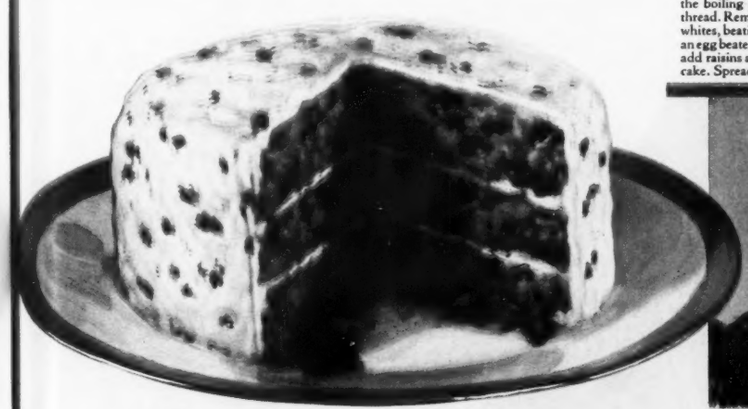
1½ cups sugar
¾ cup shortening
3 eggs
1 cup milk
3 tablespoons cocoa
3 tablespoons hot milk
2¼ cups flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
2 teaspoons vanilla
1½ cups Sun-Maid Nectars raisins

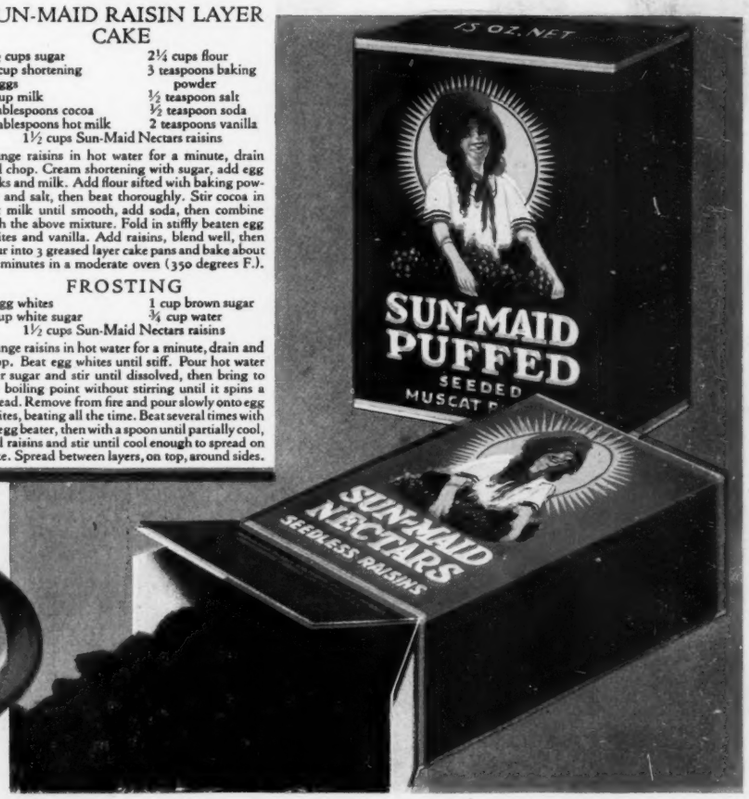
Plunge raisins in hot water for a minute, drain and chop. Cream shortening with sugar, add egg yolks and milk. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, then beat thoroughly. Stir cocoa in hot milk until smooth, add soda, then combine with the above mixture. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites and vanilla. Add raisins, blend well, then pour into 3 greased layer cake pans and bake about 20 minutes in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.).

FROSTING

3 egg whites
1 cup white sugar
1 cup brown sugar
¾ cup water
1½ cups Sun-Maid Nectars raisins

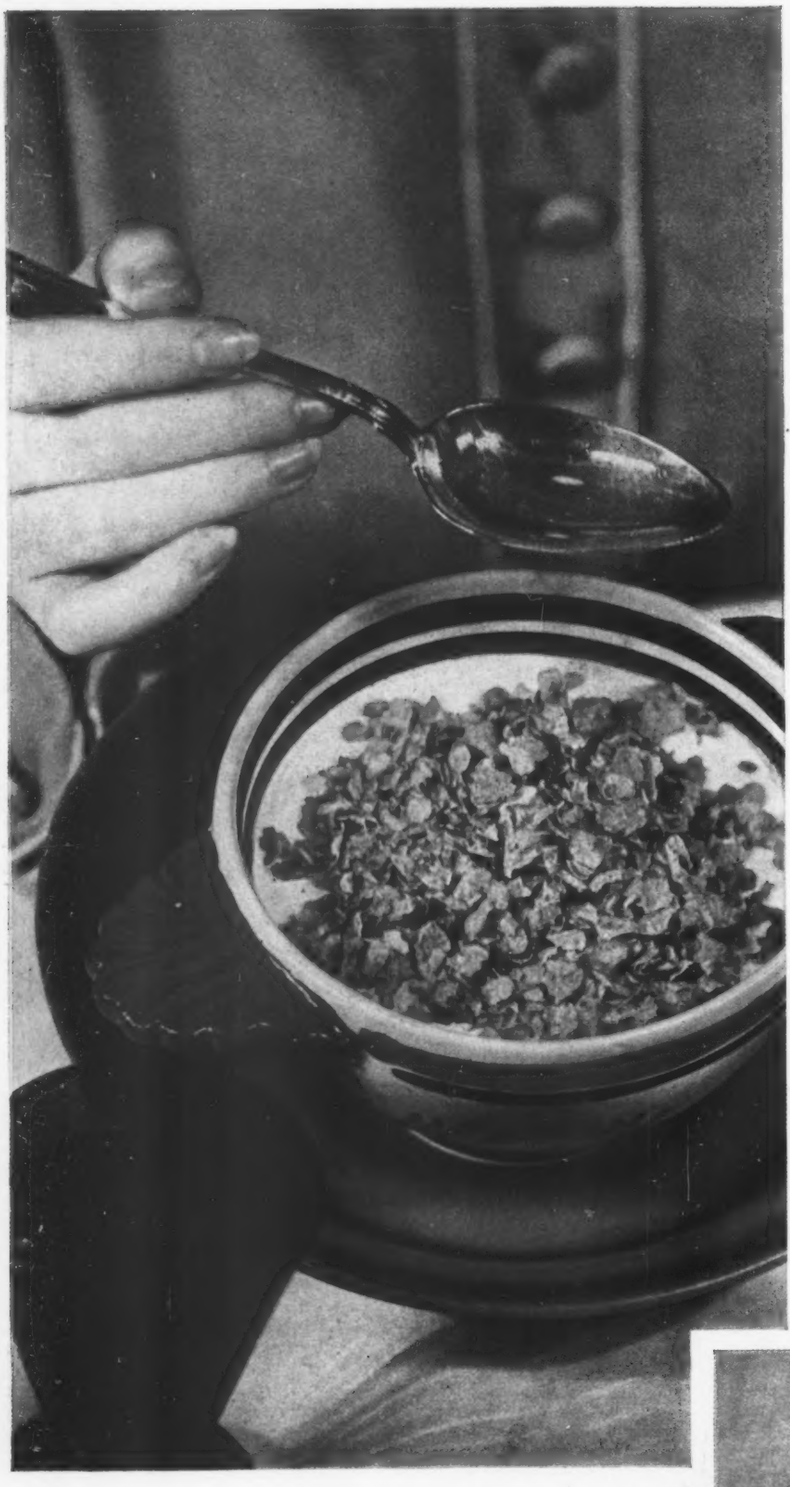
Plunge raisins in hot water for a minute, drain and chop. Beat egg whites until stiff. Pour hot water over sugar and stir until dissolved, then bring to the boiling point without stirring until it spins a thread. Remove from fire and pour slowly onto egg whites, beating all the time. Beat several times with an egg beater, then with a spoon until partially cool, add raisins and stir until cool enough to spread on cake. Spread between layers, on top, around sides.





SUN-MAID RAISINS

The Sun-Maid label also assures you of highest quality in these products



The *Delicious* Bran Cereal for gentle, natural regulation

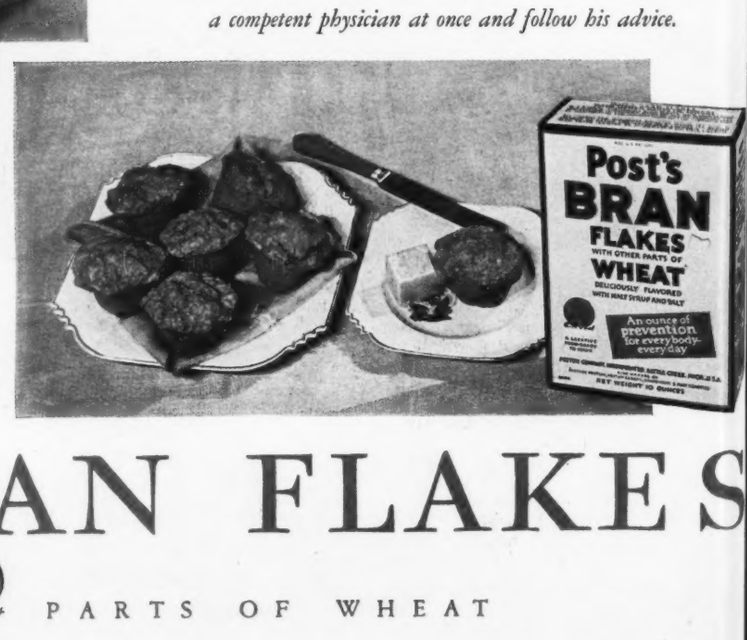
Of the bran cereals here's the favorite!

HOW easy to understand why it is that Post's Bran Flakes is the most popular bran cereal in all the world! It's so appetizing that you'd want to enjoy a bowl of it every day even if you did not know its value in helping to keep you regular.

Bran, mellowed with other nourishing parts of wheat, — made in tender, delicate flakes, that help elimination so gently, naturally, normally!

In these days of concentrated foods it's common sense to make sure one's diet includes plenty of bulk. Which will you try for tomorrow's breakfast — the delicious bran flake cereal, or tempting Post's Bran Muffins? Enjoy Post's Bran Flakes either way for a couple of weeks and see if it doesn't help you, too, as it has millions of others! . . . *"NOW YOU'LL LIKE BRAN."*

Cases of recurrent constipation, due to insufficient bulk in the diet, should yield to Post's Bran Flakes. If your case is abnormal, consult a competent physician at once and follow his advice.



POST'S BRAN MUFFINS

1 cup sifted flour	1 egg, well beaten
3½ teaspoons baking powder	¾ cup milk
¾ teaspoon salt	3 tablespoons butter, melted
2 tablespoons sugar	1 cup Post's Bran Flakes

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and sugar, and sift again. Combine egg and milk. Add flour, stirring as little as possible. Add butter and Post's Bran Flakes. Pour into greased muffin pans, filling them ⅔ full. Bake in hot oven (450°F.) 25 minutes. Makes 12 medium-sized muffins. *All measurements are level.*

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

© 1929, G. F. Corp.

Post Food Products

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

MARY AND JOSEPH

[*Continued from page 72*]

delights of the journey and the new sweet intimacy that enfolded them. When the sun rose over a sky of pink and gold, Mary laughed with pleasure.

"It is so beautiful, journeying together, Joseph, is it not?" Mary asked.

"It is more beautiful than I have words to say," he answered. And at night through all the darkness, Joseph kept watch beside his beloved.

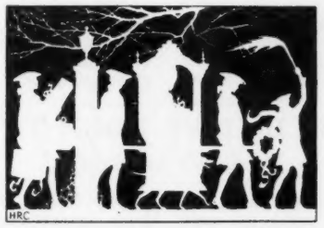
The second day was more filled with interest than the first. They glimpsed the mountains of Gilboa where King Saul had perished; they saw the rich pasture of Dothan where Joseph had found his brethren so many, many years before. And at evening the winding road brought them into Samaria. They rested that night in a little shelter beside Jacob's well on the outskirts of Sychar, eating the food from the knapsack and drinking spring water.

WHEN they entered Judea on the third day, their voices held a note of reverence. It was hallowed country over which they moved. At Shiloh, Mary caught Joseph's arm.

"This is the place where Hannah prayed to the Lord for a son! I think I know—what she felt. Sometimes when I think of the child that is to be born, I feel a sword piercing my own heart also. It seems to come from the far, far years . . ."

Joseph did not turn to look at her.

But it was when they were in the shadow of Mizpah's lonely height that a sound from Mary made Joseph turn quickly to her.



"What is it?" he begged. "Mary, tell me!"

When she raised her head, even the lips were drained white.

"How far is it yet—to Bethlehem? Can we reach there tonight?"

"By steady going, if we make no stops, we could get there late this evening, instead of tomorrow. But Mary, you can go no further. In the next town we shall stop and stay until . . . ."

But Mary shook her head. "I must go on, even unto Bethlehem. For so it is written in the prophets. I have just been remembering: 'And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Judah, art not the least among the princes of Judah: for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel.'"

And so the last miles of the journey began. Slow, silent, laborious miles, with the little ass straining forward, urged by Joseph's tense hand; with Mary's patient eyes anguished, watching, watching the road ahead.

One hill and then another, until the afternoon wore toward the sunset. Sometimes Joseph placed his arm about her and she leaned against his shoulder. When he looked down, her white lips always smiled.

They reached Jerusalem when the Mountains of Moab were changing from rose to purple, and the last daylight shone on the Temple.

"Shall we not stop here?" Joseph begged. "It is six more miles to Bethlehem. I cannot bear to see you grow whiter, Mary. I am desperately afraid for you. Shall we not rest here, and find some good woman to care for you . . . ."

But Mary shook her head. "I must go on," she said softly. "A few more miles at the end of so many, can surely be borne. Support me with your arm, Joseph, and—let us not delay."

And so the miles began once more, with a man's love and a woman's faith to conquer them. Sometimes through the darkness Joseph heard a stifled moan of pain; then his clasp tightened.

Ridge after ridge, valley after valley, and then at last the hill to which their journey was bringing them, Bethlehem, with its sweeping terraces and hanging vines. It was at this last steep ascent that Mary again cried out, for the little ass stumbled on the slippery gray limestone and all but fell.

"It is not safe to ride here at times," Joseph spoke anxiously. "I have often heard so."

Mary suddenly wept with pain and fear. "What shall I do? I am so wretched! I cannot walk, Joseph."

But Joseph was already placing his knapsack on the back of the ass. Then he lifted Mary to his arms.

"I shall carry you," he said. And Mary was too weak to protest. Her hands crept around his neck. Slowly, carefully, they moved on and up, the ass following behind. Joseph's great muscles strained to his task. He set his teeth, and prayed—for Mary's life.

It had been Joseph's innocent, untraveled thought that of course the house of his cousin Matthias would give them shelter. It stood only a square from the city gate, the watchman told him. So with a great relief he made his way there and called. It was only a few moments until Matthias emerged with a light. He was surprised and delighted to see his kinsman, but he shook his head sorrowfully over his failure to take him in.

"You don't seem to realize, Joseph, that Bethlehem is full! You and I are but two out of the thousands that trace their lineage to David. My house is packed to the farthest corner. And your wife . . . ."

"She must have shelter and privacy. Her need is desperate."

Matthias turned his light toward the drooping figure of Mary, again sitting upon the ass. His face was all pity as he turned to Joseph.

"Come," he said, "I will go with you and see that you are housed. At least I know the city."

SO AGAIN they moved through the streets. But even the faint hope Matthias held out to them disappeared. "No room," was the cry at every house. And goading him to despair, was Mary's whisper of pain: "Oh, Joseph, we must hasten."

At last Joseph spoke with authority.

"We dare wait no longer. We shall go to the Inn if it takes all the money I have in the world. Show us where it is."

The inn-keeper, coming out to the courtyard, merely looked at the travelers and waved them brusquely aside.

"No room!" he shouted and turned to reënter the door. But Joseph was quicker. His huge bulk barred the way.

"I must have shelter," he said grimly, "and I must have it here. I am a peaceful man, but desperate needs require desperate actions. Where can I take my wife?"

[*Continued on page 76*]

(You have it)

Don't let it ruin happiness

THOUGH you may have your share of beauty and attractiveness you will never realize to the fullest the happy moments of life—if parted lips reveal dull, dingy teeth scarred by decay and denuded at their necks by receding gums.

It's a barrier to happiness brought about by a condition that authorities call "Bacterial-Mouth."

You have it. We all have it. And the ordinary tooth paste won't touch it. But Kolynos will.

This double-strength dentifrice—prescribed by leading dentists—is distinguished by marvelous antiseptic and cleansing properties. It polishes teeth to natural whiteness and kills germs that cause infection and decay.

Volatile, Antiseptic Foam
To Remove Bacterial-Mouth

Dry-Brush Technique
To Polish Teeth Whiter

For the best result, squeeze a half-inch of Kolynos on a dry brush, the technique dentists approve. Scrub teeth and gums.

As it enters the mouth Kolynos multiplies 25 times and bursts into a surging, cleansing, antiseptic foam that penetrates every crevice . . . kills germs . . . neutralizes acids that cause decay . . . checks tartar . . . quickly purifies mouth and polishes teeth white as can be—without the slightest injury to gum tissue or enamel.

For 3 hours after each brushing this Kolynos foam continues to clean teeth and destroy germs.

Switch to Kolynos for two weeks or a month and see how lustrous white your teeth can really be, how clean your mouth can feel. In 3 days—6 brushings—Kolynos begins to show its effectiveness in a way that will delight you—whiter teeth and pinker, firmer gums; cleaner, cooler, more refreshing mouth. Get a tube of Kolynos from your druggist today. *Or mail coupon for generous 2-week tube of Kolynos!*

Large 2-week tube FREE

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the foaming antiseptic
DENTAL CREAM

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Mail me FREE Two-Weeks' Tube of Kolynos.
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"The Electric Maid for Modern Mothers"

Finished in white porcelain enamel with gray trim and untarnishing *Hotpoint Chromeplate.* Equipped with Hotpoint Hi-Speed Calrod element, Thrift Cooker and patented Smokeless-Broiler. The fastest, most economical electric range in the world.

What Mother Really wants

A Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range

THIS Christmas you can give Mother a *modern* electric gift—greater in its practical, automatic helpfulness than anything Aladdin ever dreamed of.

Thousands of electric companies serving over ten million homes, are cooperating this Christmas to make this amazing gift one of the easiest of all gifts you can give Mother, to lighten her daily labors of love, to free her from long kitchen hours, from scouring utensils; to cook better, more healthful meals with less effort.

Deep down in every Mother's heart, is a longing for the clean, convenient efficiency of an all-electric kitchen. Here is the place to start, with a Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Three times every day for long years to come she'll be thankful for the time and effort it saves; and proud of its sootless, gleaming beauty.

Ask your electric company about the remarkable Christmas offer on this advance 1930 model Hotpoint Automatic Electric Range. Or write us for literature.

Hotpoint

EDISON ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., Inc.
A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION
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Chicago

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Household Electric Heating Appliances and Electric Ranges

MARY AND JOSEPH

[*Continued from page 75*]

The inn-keeper tried to free himself, sneering up into Joseph's face.

"I know of no place but the stable there," he said.

Joseph's great hands shook him with a quick frenzy.

"*The stable!* How dare you insult her so! I tell you she must have . . . ."

But another voice broke in. It was the voice of Mary. And the gentle tones seemed at once to still the two striving men.

"I think I should like the stable, Joseph. It will be so quiet there. The oxen will be asleep. And with a little blanket on the clean sweet hay, we can make a cradle in the manger."

And then the inn-keeper looked at Mary's face, patient and piteous in her pain, shining white and spent between the waves of golden hair. He looked and bowed before her.

"It is true as I said, my lady, that there is no room in the inn; but I shall give you all the comfort I can, and may God be with you."

"He is with me!" Mary said.

And so, laden with the pallet and blankets which the inn-keeper brought out to him and carrying one of the lanterns, Joseph led the little ass through the courtyard and on to where the stable awaited them. As they stopped before it, he felt Mary's hand on his shoulder. Her voice was full of awe.

"Listen, Joseph! Do you not hear it? There is music winging through the air! Angels' voices, unearthly sweet, drifting down, from the stars. 'Glory, glory!' they are singing! 'Glory to God in the Highest!' Oh, Joseph, do you not hear it?"

"I hear the voice of—an angel," he said gently.

"But look," Mary cried, trembling. "Look, there to the south, where the sky seems to brood over the hills. I can see the angels in a path of light! Winging and singing . . . . Oh, the beauty and the radiance! You do see them, do you not, Joseph? You must see the heavenly wonder of it . . . ."

"I see the face—of an angel," Joseph said again softly.

And then Mary turned toward him, her hands outstretched.

"Oh, you have heard the music! You have seen the angels! Then at last, at last, you will believe all that I have told you. Tell me you believe!"

There was no sound for a long moment. No sound but their heartbeats in the darkness. And then Joseph found words.

"I believe," he said slowly, his voice breaking with love. "I believe that what is born of *you,* will be holy!"

And with that, Mary sighed with a great contentment.

"Lift me down, Joseph, and let us hasten to prepare the manger. For now whatever the night may bring, my heart is at rest."

And with misty eyes, Joseph carried his wife into the stable.

There was no light within except the dim lantern. But high overhead, one great, golden star—kept watch!

WHO COULD HAVE DONE THIS DEED?

[*Continued from page 8*]

introduction to his murder play. The device is wholly new within my recollection.

To a man's apartment late at night there comes a police inspector. He summons others to that home and begins to question them fiercely as to their activities within the last two hours. The people examined are at a loss to know what sort of suspicion surrounds them. The audience is equally mystified for the inspector will give no hint of the nature of the crime which has brought him on the trail or of the persons involved. Not until a few minutes before the curtain falls does the fact come out that murder has been committed. It is vastly exciting and the spectators have an even greater range for their guesses than usual. As a rule speculation is limited to the problem, "Who Could Have Done This Horrid Deed?"

The rest of the piece is built along more usual lines; but it holds the attention chiefly through the skill of George M. Cohan, who has rounded out a day's work by writing the play, directing it, acting the principal character and producing it. After the opening scene it is Mr. Cohan, the actor, who contributes most to an engaging evening.

To my mind Cohan stands head and shoulders above all but a handful on our stage.

Seldom is the name of George M. Cohan listed among the leaders of what we call modern art; and yet he has developed the new naturalism to a point beyond practically all living competitors. He scores emotional effects readily enough; but there is no sense of effort. That is no sense of effort on the part of the actor as distinguished from the character he plays.

In watching some distinguished player you will frequently realize how literal is the phrase "his supporting cast." The star stands out, and the rest merely furnish background. But Cohan manages to be both star and member of the supporting cast at the same time. Some of his most effective moments come at times when he has assigned himself no lines at all. He is the best listener I have even seen in the theater.

It is fitting that an actor so devoid of bombast should keep even a murder mystery play into a conversational key. Among the virtues of *Gambling* is the fact that nobody shouts and nobody shoots.

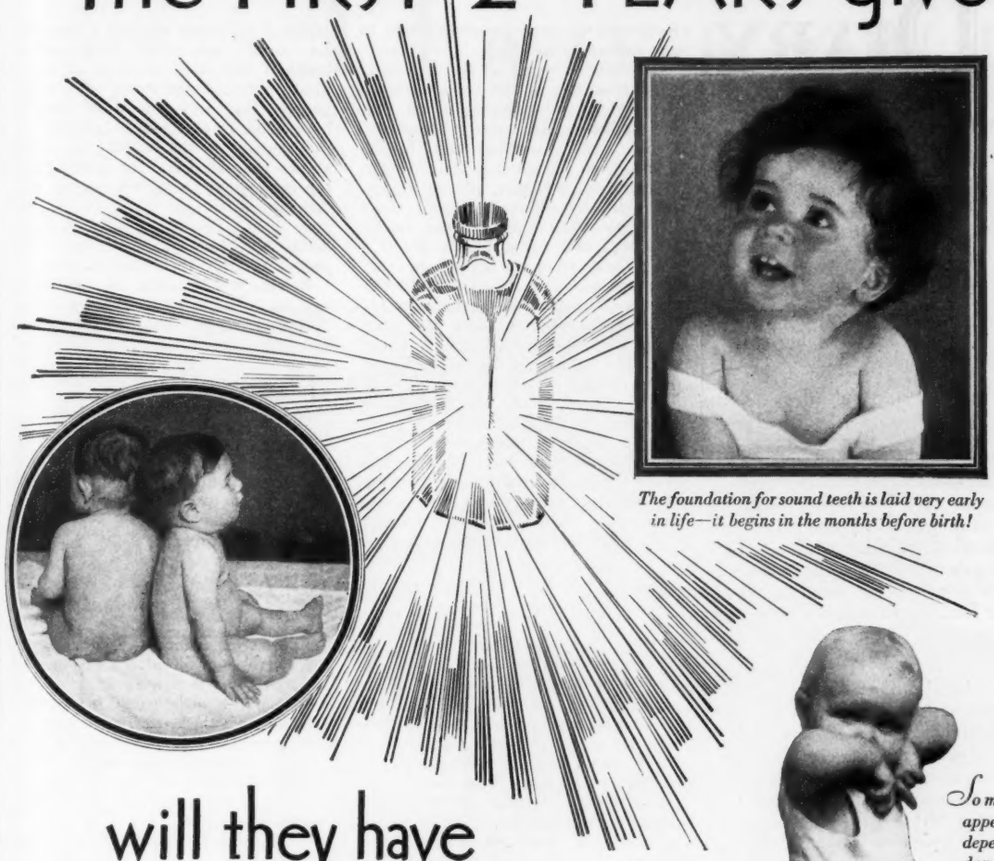
There ought to be a fortune for a gunless melodrama. Within my own circle of friends I know many who stay away in droves from certain exciting plays because they simply can't abide the loud bang of blank cartridges in a darkened auditorium.

Visible violence is kept out of *Gambling* by a series of tricks which Mr. Cohan might have taken directly from the Greek tragedians, although probably he didn't.

One of the early hits among the mystery plays is built around the happy notion of putting a radio studio upon the stage. It is called *Remote Control.* Unfortunately the authors have not been particularly ingenious in developing their idea. Possibly the success of the play depends wholly upon the fact that the audience has the rare privilege of seeing a broadcaster shot in the back while in the middle of his discourse.

England has sent *Murder On The Second Floor,* but this is by several shades too tepid; and *Rope's End,* another London thriller, seems to have been suggested by the Loeb-Leopold case. And this, by no coincidence at all, is far too unpleasant for any comfort. If there must be mystery plays, I prefer decorous ones with just about as much horror as my Aunt Hannah can take in her stride.

The FIRST 2 YEARS give the answer

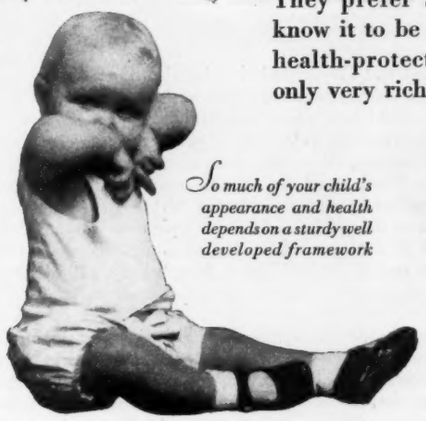


The foundation for sound teeth is laid very early in life—it begins in the months before birth!

will they have

1 *sound, even, uncrowded teeth?*

2 *a strong, sturdy framework?*



So much of your child's appearance and health depends on a sturdy well developed framework

Do you know that the kind of bones and teeth your child will have is largely determined by the time he is 2 years old?

How much the proper development of bones and teeth means, not only to his health but to his appearance all through life!

A well-shaped head, a fine full chest, well developed jaws and chin, straight legs ....

Sound uncrowded, evenly spaced teeth that will not be subject to easy and early decay....

The foundation for all these things is laid very early in life—indeed it is started in the months before birth!

Whether your baby is able to build his bones and teeth correctly depends on whether you give him the necessary materials.

Calcium and phosphorus he must have. These he gets from his milk and vegetables.

But he can make these materials into good bones and teeth only if he has a plentiful supply of another factor. *Vitamin D.*

Your child may be out in the sunshine every day, but clothing shuts out the precious ultra-violet rays.

There are two common sources of Vitamin D. Sunshine and good cod liver-oil. To be effective, sunshine must fall directly on the bare skin. But it is almost impossible, under modern living conditions, for your baby to get *enough* direct sunshine to be beneficial. Clouds, fog, smoke and clothing shut out the protecting ultra-violet rays. Even ordinary window glass filters them out.

This is why physicians everywhere urge mothers to depend on "Bottled Sunshine"—good cod-liver oil—as the sure protection.

Many physicians furthermore tell mothers to use Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil. They prefer Squibb's because they know it to be exceedingly rich in two health-protecting vitamins. It is not only very rich in Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin which helps to build strong bones and sound teeth, but also in Vitamin A which promotes growth and increases resistance to infections.

Your physician knows all about Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil. He will tell you that you can get effective results from this vitamin-tested, vitamin-protected oil.

Bottled Sunshine for Expectant Mothers, too—physicians advise Your baby is building his bones and teeth even in the months before he is born. For this reason physicians are urging mothers to include Bottled Sunshine in the prenatal diet. It will not only help to determine the future soundness of your child's bones and teeth but will help to protect your own teeth from the decay which so often attacks them during this period.

Try the pleasant new Mint-Flavored Oil For mothers and older children Squibb has developed a wonderful new flavor—a cool, refreshing, mint flavor which will appeal to sensitive tastes! You can get it for yourself and Squibb's Plain Cod-Liver Oil for the baby at all good drug stores.

SQUIBB'S COD-LIVER OIL

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Produced, Tested and Guaranteed by E. R. Squibb & Sons, New York
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Please send me a copy of your booklet—*free*, *"Why every baby needs Bottled Sunshine."*

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FREE
Every mother ought to have this booklet

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The CHRISTMAS DIARY of a Girl in her 'teens

December 15th...

Snow on the ground, and people hurrying about looking secretive and important, all because Christmas is only ten days away. I hope I get that bathrobe I'm making for Mother finished in time. But it *is* hard work. That tedious old sewing machine in the attic is so stiff in the joints, it makes me lame to work it. And the noise it makes—gracious! But it's all in a good cause—and I do think the bathrobe will be really nice if I ever finish it.

December 20th...

It gets more like Christmas around here all the time. Dad goes about with the most worried look on his face, but last night he and Mother had what he calls a "conference" about something. Dad looks less worried today and Mother looks bursting with news. I wonder what they're going to give me. A yellow chiffon party dress would help a lot, and so would a black velvet for afternoons. I *would* love some pink crepe shorts, or maybe some spiffy pajamas. But they'll probably think those things aren't "practical." Maybe they'll give me some things for my room. Oh, dear, I *do* want such a lot. No wonder Dad looked worried.

December 25th...

Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful Christmas it has been! I'll never forget it, as long as I live. There was, of course, the usual $10 from Aunt Ellen, and a really lovely bracelet from Louise, and lots of candy and books, and a *darling* enamelled vanity from Jerry. But the most exciting and wonderful gift was Mother's and Dad's. It stood next to the Christmas tree, all shining walnut, and I thought it was a desk-table for my room. And so it is, when I'm not using it for its real purpose! But hidden under the flat table-top, what should there be but an electric sewing machine—a Singer! Never in the world could there have been a more perfect gift, for with it I can make all the beautiful dresses and dainty lingerie and room-fixings that I want—for the rest of my life! Why, Aunt Ellen's $10 alone will buy the materials for the yellow chiffon evening dress and brother Bob's $5 the new pajamas and shorts. And it'll be lots more fun making them myself, exactly the way I like them, on this wonderful machine. Imagine—you just press a little lever and a tiny motor, hidden away somewhere, does all the work! And the Singer people gave me all sorts of free books with the machine, telling exactly how to make absolutely *everything*—dresses, draperies, bedspreads, cushions, chair covers, underwear, even coats—and it's all so easy that *anybody* can do it. And in addition to these wonderful books I can have personal instruction in sewing entirely free at our Singer Shop here in town. I'm going to begin to make pretty things on my machine tomorrow—but the first thing I'm going to do is to make a *new* lovely negligee for Mother—a really beautiful one, because I *do* want her to know I think she's the most wonderful mother in the world.

Maybe *you* have a daughter to whom you would like to bring such happiness as this. Or perhaps you, yourself, would like to make this Christmas the occasion for replacing your faithful old family machine with a modern Singer Electric. A certain someone would be glad to hear the whispered suggestion of your wish.

* * *

For special Christmas use we have prepared an appropriate Gift Certificate. Through any Singer Representative or Singer Shop you may arrange for the delivery of a machine with the Certificate on Christmas Eve. Or you may send the Gift Certificate by mail and the recipient may choose the model she prefers at any one of the 10,000 Singer Shops throughout the world.

SINGER ELECTRIC SEWING MACHINES

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FOUR SOLDIERS

[*Continued from page 13*]

furthered the progress of mankind to any extraordinary degree of culture.

In the first years of the war there were moments in the trenches when the homely understanding of the simple soldier found release. These moments were touching and human things, even though they were dangerous ones for a soldier. Men of opposing sides by nimble gestures, signs, flags, sometimes reached an understanding; and for a few hours at a time these troops stopped the war. Germans went into Russian and French trenches, Russians and Frenchmen into German, to swap tid-bits and cigarettes and other knick-knacks... Later, they shot each other down. The higher command put a stop to such an idyll.

The American or the Frenchman who travels through Germany today sees a friendly, industrious and a peaceful people, and the German who visits America or France sees the same. One does not comprehend how, twelve years ago, these faced one another, each regarding the other as a brutish criminal, as a man without a heart. It was as if each soldier took such a criminal and used it as a one-sided measure to cast the statue of a whole people. But such one-sided notions have gone. One knows at last that all the people in the world are alike, knows that all have the same cares, the same joys, the same struggle and the same life. One takes the trouble now to see inside the other fellow's head. And four years of war have proved us only the value of peace.

For the will to truth, the striving to gain an objective understanding of the other fellow, has become real again. One can be proud of being a German, an American, an Englishman, a Frenchman, but one goes to war no longer in order to prove his pride.

We may prove it by taking the trouble to understand the kinship of us all. And the heart of man is filled with hope. Four years of hate has bred only the wish to understand each other. Four years of fighting has left us only thoughts of peace.

Gratitude For Life

By R. C. SHERRIFF

Man toiling back from the Valley of Death brings with him a supreme quality: a gift in return for nameless sufferings, in return for qualities that in his anguish had been forced from him. He brings gratitude for Life.

Life given him without his asking, costing him nothing to secure; he regarded it as something rightfully due, something which he could use as he felt disposed, to waste or abuse if he wished. Why not? He was under no vow to use it otherwise.

War came. He was asked if he were prepared to deliver up his life in return for his country's honor. The guns were still far away. He made the offer.

He drew near the guns: they surrounded him: he entered the Valley of Death. Then a nameless yearning steadily grew till it took shape and name: the yearning to live.

At first it was no more than the animal instinct to escape death, but it grew to something that his reason haltingly explained. It told him that life was not merely a machine that caused blood to pulse awareness through his brain. It told him that life was exquisitely precious: that it contained a multitude of joys which now, for the first time he could clearly understand. Eyes to see beauty, but made to close at his will on ugliness: ears to drink in the charm which before he had mistaken for the tongue wagging of his fellow men: hands to feel the firm grip of the implement made for him to smooth the way for his fellows: which till then he had lazily used to clear his own way, throwing the rubble on the paths of others: these and a thousand other joys loomed out of what had first been his animal dread of death.

At zero hour of attack he silently vowed that if fate were kind: if life were spared him, he would prize every moment of it thereafter with unspeakable gratitude—taking every day as a gift of a stretch of hours which easily might not have been his. The nearer he drew to death the finer became his conception of life.

To millions the chance never came to taste life as it could be seen from the Valley of Death: but to millions it has come.

Is it possible that as they drew further away from danger—their new conception of life was lightly laid aside. Did they regard the value they had placed upon it in their agony too high for the cheap slackness of peace?

On the surface perhaps it may seem so: perhaps when the tide runs smooth for too long, the old habit may creep back of seeing life as something to waste and abuse.

But deep below there is something which makes mankind face trouble and disaster in a different spirit: the spirit which says: "Had fate been unkind you would have been dead now. But fate has been kind: you are alive. You have the power to see everything that looked so fine from the Valley of Death—you have the power to do everything you vowed to do if life were spared you."

Eleven years have passed since death at war held mankind in its grip. Troublous and difficult years. It may well be that the quality found by mankind in grave danger—the quality of gratitude for Life, has enabled so many of his troubles to be overcome.

Strengthening Old Ideals

By HENRI BARBUSSE

Translated by Ernest Boyd

What ideal have men set before them since the war? The question is the most important that can be addressed to the conscience of the world today, one which interests and very rightly stirs most deeply the younger generation. It embraces the present more than the past and the future more than the present.

The war may be considered as a stage in the moral progress of humanity. Those who have raised this question are right in emphasizing the fact that the war marks the beginning of a new era; and I am happy to answer it because it gives me the opportunity of formulating not only my personal opinion, but also that of the group of thinkers who are engaged in the same struggle as myself.

No new ideal emerged as a result of the war. The appalling tragedy of 1914-1918 simply compelled men to think; it confronted them with their own consciences and responsibilities;

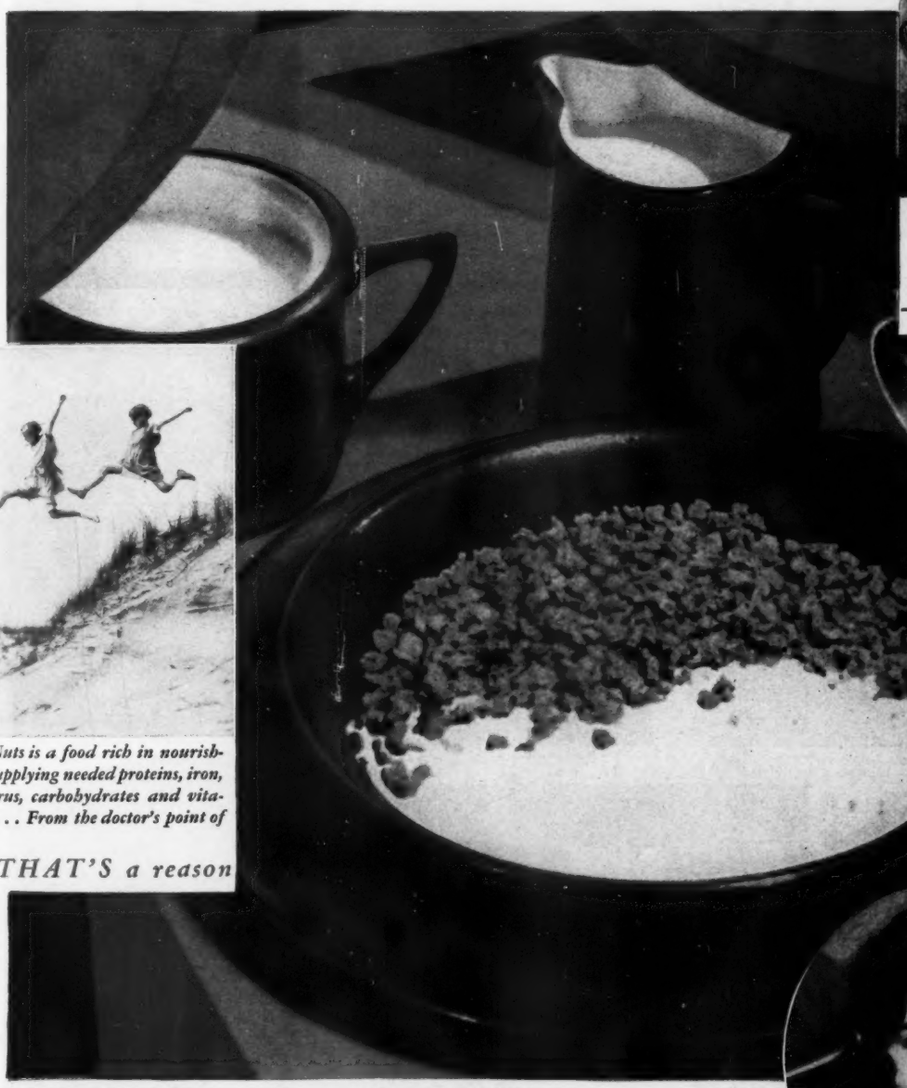
[*Continued on page 81*]

. . . . . HOWEVER YOU LOOK AT IT

"There's a reason"

Grape-Nuts for breakfast — or for lunch — sends you on your way with an energetic body and a quick, clear mind... From the man's point of view—

→ *THAT'S a reason*



Grape-Nuts is a food rich in nourishment—supplying needed proteins, iron, phosphorus, carbohydrates and vitamin-B . . . From the doctor's point of view—

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts is a remarkably nourishing, easy-to-digest, ready-to-serve food that children **love to eat!** *. . . From the mother's point of view—*

→ *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts brings health-giving, beautifying aid to modern teeth — because its unique, delicious **crispness** *encourages thorough chewing . . . From the dentist's point of view—*

→ *THAT'S a reason*

HERE'S something exceedingly good to eat. Different! The nut-like flavor of whole grains—the delicate, natural sweetness of malt sugar. Combined in zestfully crisp, golden kernels — like no other food in the world . . . From everybody's point of view

→ . . . . . *THAT'S a reason*

Grape-Nuts

. . . . . *buy it today for breakfast tomorrow*

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"Cream of Tartar..."

that's why Royal never fails!

FOLLOW ever so carefully a time-tried recipe . . . use the freshest and best materials . . . yet if one all-important ingredient—your baking powder—fails you, your cake will lack the delicacy of flavor, the fine, velvety texture you so confidently expected.

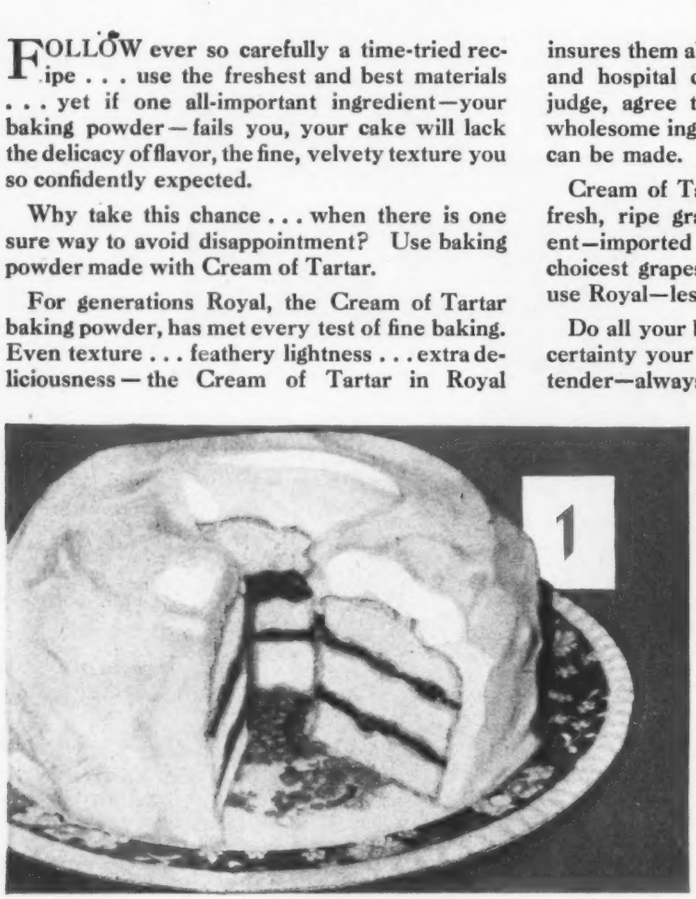
Why take this chance . . . when there is one sure way to avoid disappointment? Use baking powder made with Cream of Tartar.

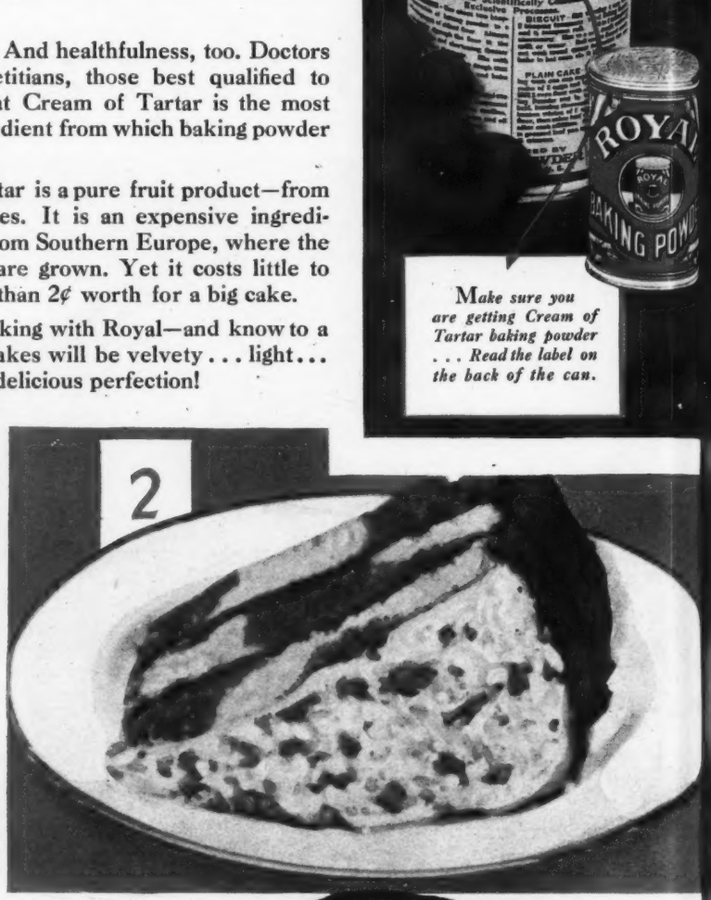
For generations Royal, the Cream of Tartar baking powder, has met every test of fine baking. Even texture . . . feathery lightness . . . extra deliciousness—the Cream of Tartar in Royal insures them all. And healthfulness, too. Doctors and hospital dietitians, those best qualified to judge, agree that Cream of Tartar is the most wholesome ingredient from which baking powder can be made.

Cream of Tartar is a pure fruit product—from fresh, ripe grapes. It is an expensive ingredient—imported from Southern Europe, where the choicest grapes are grown. Yet it costs little to use Royal—less than 2¢ worth for a big cake.

Do all your baking with Royal—and know to a certainty your cakes will be velvety . . . light . . . tender—always delicious perfection!

Make sure you are getting Cream of Tartar baking powder . . . Read the label on the back of the can.





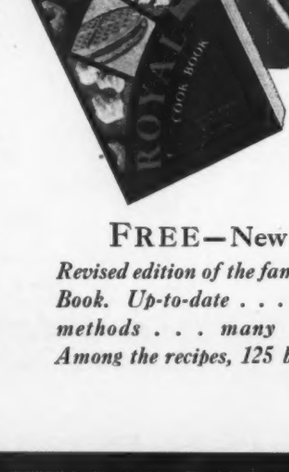
1 MAGNOLIA LOAF—Beat 6 egg yolks until thick. Add 1 cup sugar gradually, beating constantly. Add 1 cup boiling water, very slowly, then 1 teaspoon vanilla. Fold in 2½ cups pastry flour, which has been sifted 3 times with 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder. Beat 6 egg whites stiff, adding 1 cup sugar gradually while beating; fold into first mixture. Bake in large ungreased tube pan in moderate oven at 350° F. for 1¼ hours. When cold, split into 3 layers and fill with Mint Cream Filling. Cover top and sides thickly with Marshmallow Frosting.

Mint Cream Filling: Mix ¾ cup sugar (except 2 tablespoons), 4 tablespoons cornstarch, and ¼ teaspoon salt in top of double boiler. Add slowly 1 cup water and cook over hot water until very thick, stirring constantly. Add 2 egg yolks mixed with the 2 tablespoons sugar, cook 3 minutes longer and beat until smooth. Add 3 teaspoons butter and cool slightly. Add 1 teaspoon mint extract and color a delicate green with vegetable coloring.

2 LADY GOLDENGLOW: Cream ½ cup shortening, add 1½ cups sugar and grated rind of ½ orange. Add 2 beaten egg yolks. Sift together 2½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, and add to first mixture alternately with 1 cup milk. Lastly fold in 1 beaten egg white. Divide batter in two parts. To one part add 1½ squares chocolate, melted. Put by tablespoonfuls, alternating dark and light batter, into three 9-inch layer cake pans. Bake in moderate oven at 375° F. 20 minutes.

Filling and Icing: Put 3 tablespoons melted butter, 3 cups confectioner's sugar, 2 tablespoons orange juice and grated rind of ½ orange into bowl. Add pulp of 1 orange, removing skin and seeds. Beat until smooth. Fold in 1 beaten egg white. Spread this icing on layer used for top of cake. While icing is soft, sprinkle with ½ square finely shaved unsweetened chocolate. To remaining icing, add 2½ squares unsweetened chocolate, melted. Spread thickly between layers and on sides of cake.

3 LADY BETTY: Cream thoroughly ½ cup butter; add 1½ cups sugar, beating continually. Add yolks of 4 eggs; beat well. Sift together 2½ cups flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder, and add 1 cup chopped walnuts. Add this flour mixture and 1 cup milk alternately a little at a time to first mixture, mixing thoroughly. Just before adding last of flour, add 3 squares unsweetened chocolate (melted). Fold in the beaten whites of 4 eggs. Bake in a well-greased and floured 9-inch tube pan in a moderate oven at 325° F. about one hour and three quarters. Turn out and cool. Cover the top and sides with chocolate icing.



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FOUR SOLDIERS

[*Continued from page 78*]

and in this way the formidable lesson of the facts cleared up and strengthened certain old ideals.

In a general way, the war gave to men an intense sense of reality. It imbued them with the cult of energy and rendered them—I refer particularly to the young men, for the "old guard" are practically insensible to changes of this kind—more resolute and at the same time more positive in the struggle for life. To the men still in their prime who survived the hurricane, and to those who lived, on emerging from adolescence, in the still vibrating atmosphere of that hurricane, it brought an extension and a rationalization of the practical sense, at once sportive and reasoned, and in any case most profound.

If that is a characteristic sufficiently general to be applied to the rising forces in the various countries of the world since the war, it cannot be called an ideal or a spiritual expression bearing the earmarks of immortality. It is rather a manner of being, a tendency. An ideal is that which is the final expression of a tendency. We have sought that ideal anxiously; and anxiety has become and remains the growing pains of the oncoming generations. Now, if we try to discover to what aim, to what victory this renewal of energy, this sense of reality is spurring the youth of the world, we shall find, not one ideal but several.

The intellectual and moral interpretation of the regenerative and constructive impulse of healthy goodwill born of the war seems to me to present two entirely different and contradictory aspects. One of these two ideals is the historic return to the traditions of the past, that is to say, a formula of social preservation. The other implies a revision of the present form of society in the direction of an assumption of power and the control of affairs by the producing masses, as well as a social order strictly based upon economic necessity.

It is no longer possible today to consider morality and human conduct apart from the community as a whole and to confine them in the watertight compartment of individualism, now that our concepts have become precise and clarified, chiefly, I repeat, because of the war. All moral values, to use the current expression, even including the imperative of religion, are destined to reach out beyond the limits of the individual and to include the many. Every idea, every sentiment, every belief of any importance becomes nowadays, willy-nilly, a social instrument.

We are frankly in the presence of two currents—the conservative and the revolutionary. The ideal, or to use a more precise term, the doctrine of conservatism ranges from monarchism, which professes to model the future on a past which was brilliant, to Fascism and bourgeois democracy, both of which tend to oppose the revolutionary current, the former by brutal methods, the latter by concessions which are merely superficial or imaginary.

In this day and age, after the upheaval and ruin of the earthquake of 1914-1918, honest people, I imagine, admit the following: It is difficult to find compromises and half measures between the two currents which are conflicting and will conflict in the universe, either to maintain the existing social order or to make it over anew from its basis, and which are, at the same time, in turn the ideal and counter-ideal of mankind. Is it conceivable that we can march toward the one without marching *on* the other?

The Hope of the World

By JOHN W. THOMASON, JR.

Most of the men who went to war served obscurely, withdrawn from the high places where the statesmen and the generals ordered events. They were told, it is for France, invaded. Or for England, whose honor—and presently, whose life—is at stake. Or it is for Old German Land, stifled by a ring of foes. Or for Mother Russia—Holy Russia. Or Italia Irridentia! Or, it is to make the world safe for Democracy. So they fought, obediently and valiantly, and with amazing patience. They endured four years, until the enemy had enough. Then the survivors drew breath and thought a little.

Now, the years between have made dim the memory of many things; the old war cries sound far-off and strange; and there are divided opinions as to what it was all about, exactly, and as to whether the rewards of victory were in keeping with the sacrifice. But the men who fought, and the world after them, have drawn from their battles the knowledge of the universal decency, the honesty and the worthiness of the common man.

The soldiers have this knowledge first, for their duty takes them to the point of contact. The enemy is no longer the fearsome creature of propaganda, about whose lust and cruelty and evil courses all the stories are told. He is an individual who shoots at you, personally, and you are armed, yourself. Presently you see him lying dead, surprisingly small and crumpled, and not fierce, with the look on his dead face that you saw on your comrade's face, who fell back yonder. You pick up his wounded, and find them remarkably human fellows.

Further, it is evident that his machine gunners, who elect to keep their guns in action, and his war-hardened infantry, who stand to meet the bayonets, have something in their hearts which holds them firm to die. It comes to you that, believing what you believe, with no lessening of devotion, you can respect the man you fight, because he believes in something of his own. One of you must be beaten; and there is no second prize in battle. But after it is over, you can meet on common ground.

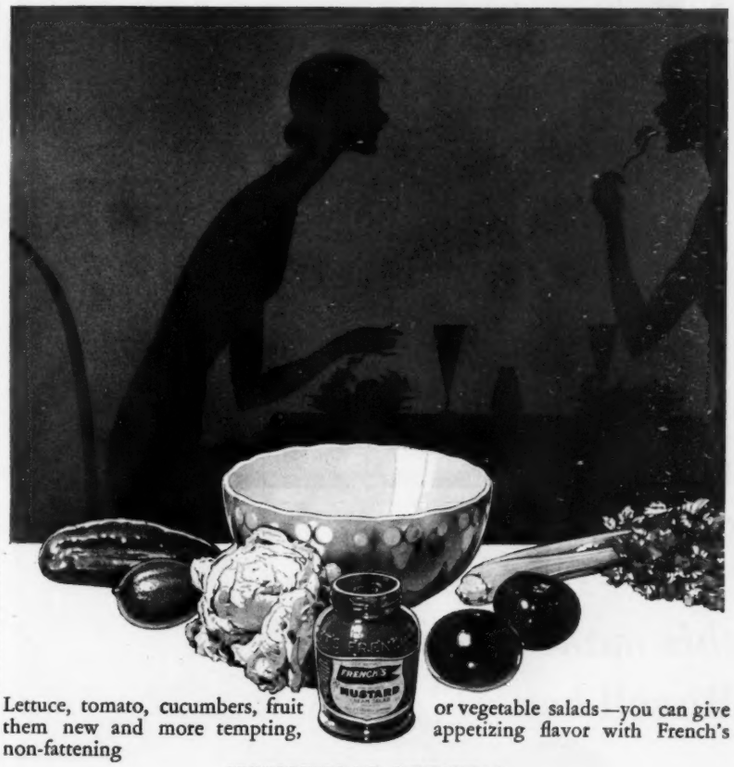
War is an expedient whereby nations, when they reach an impasse in their dealings, work out their differences. Since tall Atlantis stood, nations have gone out to fight and come back sore and sorry, resolved that it never shall happen again. As a matter of fact, there is seldom more than one great war in a generation; and all the authentic veterans that I have known are extremely peaceable folk, moderate and kind of their opinions of the men who fought them. The hope of the world is that the lessons of decency and tolerance which one generation learns from its war may be transmitted to the next. And when the unblooded children realize that the people across the border, barring minor variations in language and uniform and local custom, are much the same kind of folks, then, I think, we can solve our problems by discussion rather than by killing off the misguided fellows who disagree with us.

add appetizing touch to your

18

DAY DIET

with a flick of that flavor called French



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The New BISSELL SWEEPER with "Hi-Lo" Brush Control

THE LIGHTED PATH

[*Continued from page 17*]

And the Girl said, "I like looking up at the sky."

But the Boy considered it, "When the path is rough, we need a lantern."

And the Father laughed and said: "We'll have light enough in the town. And we are going to buy a Christmas present for your Mother."

They were on the road now, which was broad and smooth; and stretching up on each side of it were great farms, with their barns and houses making sharp shadows on the hills; and after a while the farms gave way to rows of cottages; and at last the Father and the children came to the village street, with shops on each side and with crowds surging back and forth and up and down.

AND the windows of the shops were gay with their multi-colored wares; and in the market shops were turkeys ready for roasting, and plumes of celery, and cranberries red as rubies, and oranges and a few choice strawberries in a green basket. And in the crockery shop were dinner-sets and painted vases and pots and pans; and on the top shelf a bowl of amber glass which seemed to melt into sunshine as the light shone upon it. And in the dress shop were gowns and hats and coats and furs, and a white scarf woven with a golden thread. And at the florist's were holly and mistletoe and evergreen wreaths; and set somewhat back in a corner a tight little bunch of saffron roses.

And the children, walking slowly with their Father in front of the shops, asked, "What will you get for Mother?"

And the Father said, "What do you think?"

And the Boy said, "She needs a new coat."

And the Girl said, "She needs pots and pans."

And the Father said, "Do you know what I would buy if I had my way? I would buy the amber bowl and the saffron roses and the white scarf with the gold thread and the strawberries in the green basket."

And the children looked at him with startled eyes; and the Boy said, "What would she do with roses and a golden scarf?"

"She would wear the roses at her breast and the scarf about her white neck as she once wore them."

And the Girl said, "Why doesn't she wear them now?"

"She has forgotten romance," the Father said; and there was a touch of bitterness in his voice. "And romance to me is food and drink."

He turned away quickly from the florist's window, and went with the children down the street and bought a warm coat and an iron pot and four pans.

And when they came again to the edge of the wood, the Girl asked, "Shall we light the lantern?"

And the Father said, "No, we have the moon."

So the children went on in the moonlight, singing, and the Father sang with them; and when he had sung for a time he stopped and said, "I used to sing to your Mother."

"Why don't you sing to her now?"

"She cares no more for—singing."

They walked in silence after that; and all at once the Girl stumbled.

"I could not see the path," she sobbed. And the Boy said, "We'd better light the lantern."

So they came to the house with the lantern lighted; and the Mother met them at the door. "You're late," she said, "and the supper's spoiling."

So the four of them sat down at the table. It was a square table with a white cloth and a dish of red apples set in the center. And the food was wonderful—crusty bread and sweet, fresh butter, and eggs like daffodils on a blue platter, and squares of honey in small glass saucers, and a great pitcher of milk with the cream on it.

And the Mother sat at one end of the table and poured coffee for the Father and milk for the children.

And the Girl, eating her egg and drinking her milk, wondered how her Mother would look with a golden scarf about her neck and a rose at her breast.

But her Mother was saying, "We must all help with the dishes, and then the children must go to bed."

And the Boy and Girl knew why they must go to bed. It was because it was Christmas Eve; and there was a tree to be trimmed by their Father and Mother.

So the Mother scraped the plates and carried them to the kitchen, and had hot suds in one shining pan and hot clear water in another, and the children wiped the china on clean checked towels; and while they wiped they told the Mother of the things they had seen in town.

"We saw strawberries," said the Boy, "in a green basket."

"And a golden scarf."

"And an amber bowl."

"And little yellow roses."

"And Father said you used to wear them."

And as they said these things, the Mother's hands were still—and at last the Boy said, "Are you thinking of the roses, Mother?"

And the Mother said, "Why should I think of roses?"

And she went to work with a will; and presently she dried her hands and said, "I'll stir up the buckwheat cakes for tomorrow's breakfast and then everything will be finished."

But the Boy and Girl knew that everything would not be finished, for there was yet—the Tree.

WHEN they went upstairs, the moon was still shining, and as the children stood looking out the hall window toward the East, the Girl said, "At midnight the angels will be singing."

And the Boy said, "The animals will be kneeling."

The Girl said, "Do you believe it?"

And the Boy said, "Mother believes it."

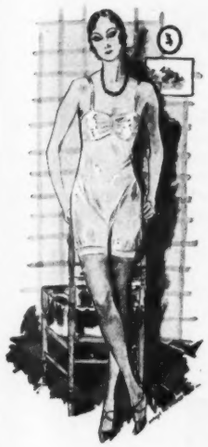
And the Girl said, "If Mother believes it, it is true."

Then the Boy went to his room and to sleep; but the Girl lay long awake, thinking of the things that had happened. And most of all she thought of how her Mother had told her to take the lantern, and how her Father had blown it out. Yet without the lantern, she had stumbled.

And downstairs the Father went into the wood and brought in a tree he had cut, and the Mother brought a box of glittering balls and tinsel chains, and a great pan of corn that she popped; and the Father flung the tinsel over the branches of the tree, and tied on the golden balls, and as he worked he whistled a rollicking tune. And his wife said as she strung the popcorn, "You are always like a boy at Christmas."

And the Father laughed, and said in his eager voice, "I love it all, the holly and the mistletoe, and the color and the carols. I love the poetry of it, and the old traditions."

[*Continued on page 84*]



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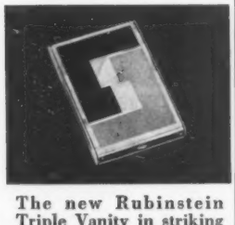

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THE LIGHTED PATH

[*Continued from page 82*]

The Mother's voice had a touch of wistfulness. "I love that, too; but best of all I love the thought of the—angels singing—"

And the Father said, "That's part of the poetry."

And the Mother shook her head. "It's more than that."

But she did not pursue the thought, for the popcorn chains were ready. And as they worked they came closer and closer until at last they met. And the Father, bending down to the Mother's flushed cheek, kissed it.

And she flushed more than ever and said, "Love me?"

And he said, "Yes."

And after that they hung the children's presents on the tree; and the things the Mother had bought were warm and practical, like stockings and gloves and handkerchiefs; and the things the Father had bought were silly things that wound up with a key, so that the donkeys kicked and the clowns danced and the mice ran under your feet. And there was a blue fan for the Girl; and for the Boy a book of verses.

WHEN she saw the fan, the Mother said, with a note of sharpness, "Weren't you being a bit extravagant?"

And the Father said, with coldness, "If you choose to call it that."

The Mother said, "I'm sorry. But the children need so many things."

And the Father said, "Beauty is food for the soul."

And after that he did not whistle; and presently they went to bed.

And in the morning the Mother got up early to bake the buckwheat cakes. When the children came in, she kissed them and said: "A merry Christmas, my darlings."

And they kissed her and said: "A merry Christmas."

And the Mother took from a shelf a worn, black book, and said: "While we wait for Father shall we read a chapter?"

So they read of the Wise Men and the Babe in the Manger, and the Mother said: "He was a wonderful Child. I want you to be like Him."

And the children said, "You are like Mary, Mother."

And suddenly they saw her face grow stern, "No," she said, "I am not like Mary. I am like that other woman in the Bible—Martha."

And then she got up and began to bake the buckwheat cakes.

And when the Father came down there was a smell of sausage frying; and on the table was a jug of translucent syrup, and when the buckwheat cakes came on they were brown as berries and as light as feathers.

And the Father said to the children, "Do you know you have a marvelous Mother?"

And they said: "She says she's not like Mary—she's like Martha."

And the Father looked up at his wife and asked, "What made you say that?"

And she said, "Because it is true."

And after breakfast they all had their presents; and the children looked at the stockings and gloves and the nice handkerchiefs that their Mother had bought, and they thanked their Mother and kissed her, and then they laid aside the things she had given them, and played with their toys and shouted with laughter, and their Father played with them.

Then they brought out the presents for their Mother and she untied the strings and undid the papers, and found the warm coat and the pot and the four tin pans. And the Girl watching her face, asked anxiously, "Don't you like them?" And she smiled and said, "Indeed I do, my darling." And she rolled up the string carefully and folded the rest of the wrappings and carried them all out to the kitchen.

And after that she was very busy getting ready for the Christmas dinner. There were to be guests—two uncles and two aunts and a lot of cousins, and there was the turkey to be roasted and the giblets to be chopped and the turnips to be peeled and the potatoes, and the pudding to be watched.

And when the guests arrived and sat down there were seven of them; and one was a young cousin who had just been married. And her hair was waved and her eyes shining, and she showed them a little golden heart that her young husband had given her.

"He really couldn't afford it," she said, with a sort of splendid rapture; "but I love him for it."

And there flashed between her and her young husband a look that drove the blood from the cheeks of the Mother of the children. For there had been a time when her own young husband had looked at her like that.

But she set her mind resolutely not to think of it; and presently she and the children cleared the table, and the pudding was brought in and the tree was lighted, and the popcorn looked like snow.

And the youngest of the uncles said, "We should have had a snowy Christmas. Nothing is as it used to be."

SUDDENLY the Mother of the children spoke, "Does anyone think in these days of the Babe in the Manger?"

And the oldest uncle who had white hair and a wise heart, said, "There is more kindness and peace in the world than ever before. And if that is so, the Babe is among us."

And silence fell upon them at the thought that the Babe was there.

And after dinner the Father of the children took them for a walk, and when the children came back they were alone. And their Mother asked, "Where is your Father?"

They said, "He went into the town."

And the Mother of the children moved about the room putting everything in order; and when she had finished, she opened the door and looked out. Night had come on and the moon was shining, so that the whole world was white with radiance. And the Mother of the children walked down the silver path to meet her husband. She had wrapped herself in the warm coat and the strong wind which blew from the north buffeted her. At last she came to the edge of the wood, and looked down the broad road and saw no sign of her husband. For a moment she was afraid; but as she turned her face up to the shining sky, her heart was stilled. For it seemed to her that in a world of such beauty there could be no place for doubt or despair.

[*Continued on page 87*]

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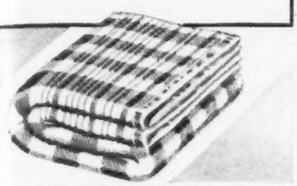

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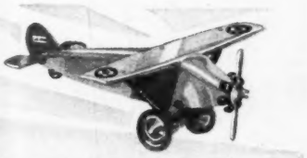

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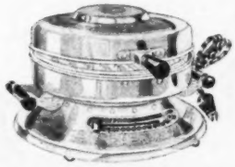

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Here at Sears, Roebuck the clever housewife finds values in *every kind of merchandise*—from the daintiest lingerie to the sturdiest furniture. Here she can buy a few items and *save enough to buy many others.* Nowhere else are prices so low, with such exceptional quality.

It's easy to understand why Sears, Roebuck can offer excellent merchandise so cheaply, when you learn that this year over 12,000,000 customers will buy $400,000,000 worth of goods from us. Naturally with this tremendous output, we can sell at prices much lower than you would expect.

The thrill is yet to come if you have never visited a Sears, Roebuck retail store. Take time to go there today and experience the pleasure that comes from finding *real* savings in the *highest quality* merchandise.

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The items of merchandise shown on this page are only a few of the exceptional values offered you by Sears, Roebuck. If you do not live near a Sears, Roebuck retail store, send direct to your nearest Sears, Roebuck mail order plant for their illustrated catalog containing full descriptions of more than 46,000 products.

You will find this catalog a treasure house of fine merchandise . . . everything for the family and the home . . . at prices that enable you to *save* on everything you buy.

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IN THIS Holiday Cake...

A THRILL.. AND A SECRET

ENGLISH DUNDEE CAKE

(4 EGGS)

2¾ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
½ cup almonds, blanched and shredded
¾ cup butter or other shortening
½ cup sugar
4 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup seedless raisins
1½ cups seeded raisins, finely cut
¼ cup preserved orange peel, finely cut
¼ cup preserved lemon peel, finely cut
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon orange extract
12 almonds, blanched and split in half
12 candied cherries, halved
12 pecan meats

Sift flour once, measure, and sift three more times. Add almonds. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream until light and fluffy. Add eggs separately, beating well after each addition. Add flour mixture. Combine fruits and peel with orange juice and orange extract and add to batter, mixing well. Pour into three greased and paper-lined pans, 4½ x 2¼ x 2 inches. Arrange split almonds on top of one, cherries on another, and pecan meats on a third. Bake in a slow oven (275° F.) 50 minutes to 1 hour.

(All measurements are level)

WHEN you bake your holiday cake—here's the perfect recipe. It will give you the baking thrill of a lifetime!

The thrill that comes of outdoing yourself.....bettering your best! For whether you're a beginner or a "born" cook, you'll find in this recipe a secret that will make this cake.....*A masterpiece among cakes!*

What secret? Well, perhaps we shouldn't have called it a secret. It may be that you're one of the three million successful cake-makers who already knows that using Swans Down Cake Flour in your cakes gives them an extra lightness, an extra goodness, an extra *success* that you simply can't achieve with ordinary flour! Swans Down makes cakes that win you a reputation as a cake-maker in a thousand! Makes cake-making..... not a matter of chance..... but just one triumph after another! Do you know why Swans Down can do this? The reason is a simple reason—it is just this!

Why Swans Down brings extra success to all your cakes

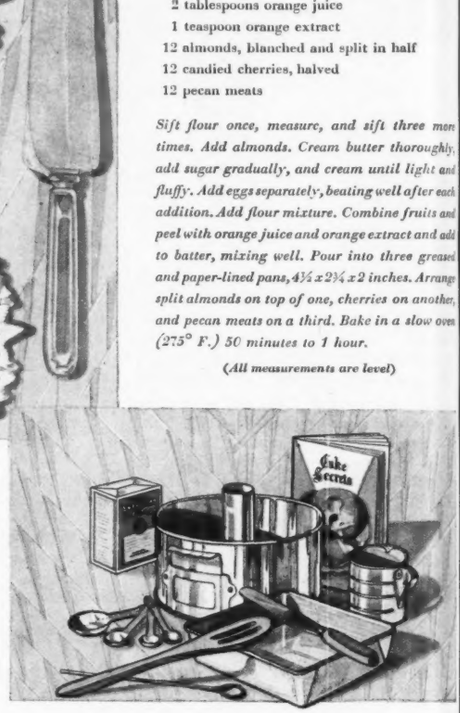
Swans Down is a specialized flour. It is made of wheat, and nothing but wheat. But what wheat it is! Wheat that is sown... cultivated... milled... especially for cakes. Only the choicest soft winter wheat is used for Swans Down. Only the choicest part of the kernels. And these are milled by a special process... Swans Down is sifted time and time again through silk... till it is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour!

This light-as-thistledown flour has a delicate gluten ...a gluten that is expressly suited to the "quick" leavens used in cake. It almost seems as if Swans Down has magic in it—it makes your cakes so much lighter... so much more delicious!

For pastry, too... all "quick" baking

Swans Down brings *extra* success not only to cakes, but to *all* "quick" baking. Biscuits. Brownies. Pastry. Waffles. Muffins. Cookies.

What is more, Swans Down is an economical flour. For with Swans Down you never have failures. You never waste precious ingredients. Not only that, but with Swans Down you can use fewer eggs and less shortening, and still obtain the feathery lightness that gives you real pride in your baking!



PAUSE, GIFT-SEEKERS!

THE SWANS DOWN KITCHEN'S OWN *CAKE SET—specially priced at just* $1.00

($1.25 at Denver and West; $1.50 in Canada; $2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions)

A Christmas gift worth the giving! You'll want one, to "give yourself." And where else, at such a price, will you find a gift so sure to be appreciated by your friends? Send TODAY.

THE SET INCLUDES:

Set aluminum measuring spoons
Wooden slotted mixing spoon
Wire cake tester
Aluminum measuring cup
Steel spatula
Heavy square cake pan (tin)
Patent angel food pan (tin)
Sample package of Swans Down Cake Flour
Copy recipe booklet "Cake Secrets"

If not entirely satisfied with the set, you may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and your money will be promptly refunded.

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..... Enclosed is 10c for my copy of "Cake Secrets."

..... Enclosed is .... for .... Cake Sets, at $1.00 each ($1.25 at Denver and West, $1.50 in Canada, $2.00 elsewhere, including U. S. possessions.)

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Fill in completely — print name and address.

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IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INC., EVANSVILLE, IND. . . . *Established 1856*

Send 10c... *for "Cake Secrets"... a wonderful booklet!*

The new edition . . . containing 127 recipes! Cakes galore! Icings, fillings. Little cakes and cookies. Pastry. All sorts of "quick" breads. And more helpfulness about baking than was ever contained in a booklet before!

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THE LIGHTED PATH

[*Continued from page 84*]

Presently she turned back; and now the north wind blew with increasing violence, and the sky was clouded, so when she came to the house she got the lantern and set it on the steps to light the way for her husband.

And the Mother went to the foot of the stairs and called up to the children, "It is time for bed," and they asked, "Has Father come?" She said, "No, but I shall wait for him."

So she sat by the fire and waited. And the flames of the fire shone on her and she was transfigured. But she was afraid to look at the clock it was so late; and it was not until she counted eleven strokes that her husband came. He crossed the room and knelt beside her and his cheek was cold against her cheek. And he said, "My dear and my darling."

And she looked into his eyes and said, "Do you think of me like that?"

And he said, "You know I do."

And she said, "I have not always known it," and her voice faltered.

He drew her close. "Listen," he said, "and I will tell you: Last night I went into town with the children. And my heart was bitter because I was tired of a world that was all work and weariness. And I wanted to be gay and young and I wanted you to be young, with your hair loose and flowers at your breast. And because I was bitter, I blamed you for what life had brought us, and I made the children blow out the lantern and said that the moon was enough. And we came to the town and I wanted roses for you and a golden scarf—but I bought you a coat and a pot and pans, because I thought you had forgotten."

Against his heart, she murmured, "I had not forgotten."

He went on. "Then we came home through the dark wood, and we walked again without the lantern, and one of the children stumbled and was hurt, and all at once I knew you were right when you said they needed more light on the path than the moon gave them. And last night I lay awake and thought of it all—of how you had flushed when I kissed you on the cheek, and of how you had sacrificed youth and girlish vanity for the sake of the children. And of how you had kept our little house clean and shining. And when I saw you today sitting at our table, serene and smiling, and thinking not of yourself but of the happiness of others, I knew that even the young bride was not more beautiful. For there is a loveliness in women which men go mad about; but there is also a loveliness which they worship—the Mother of the home is a—Goddess."

She stirred in his arms, "Am I just —the Mother of a home?"

He smiled at her. "You are my dear and my darling. When I came tonight to the edge of the dark wood, there, constant as a star, was the light you had set for me. You are that to me—my star—"

Her cheek was wet as he laid his own against it. And presently he said, "Do you know why I stayed so late?"

And she said, "No."

And he said, "I wanted you to have your roses. And there were none left in the shop where I had seen them, so I went on to the next town; and by luck I found them."

He left her for a moment and came back with the roses in his hand. And the Mother put one of them against her lips and against his lips; and when she laughed, her laugh was like a song.

"I love my pots and pans," she said, "because you have made them beautiful; and I love my warm coat, because when I wear it your arms are about me; and I love the lantern and the moon, because the moon gives a light which is like the love of God, and the lantern is the love we have for each other—and we shall need them both as we walk the path together . . ."

BLESSING THE UNION

[*Continued from page 8*]

would produce results offensive to the eyes, ears, nose and throat.

For a time, what with one talkie and another, it seemed that these dark prophecies were to be fulfilled; but now, no more than two years after *The Jazz Singer*, they are happily forgotten. The talking picture has begun to assume the dignity that was once enjoyed—albeit on rare occasions—by the silent movie; and those who declaimed most loudly against the introduction of sound are conceding that art is not dead in Hollywood.

King Vidor's extraordinary picture of negro life, *Hallelujah*, has done more than any other production to prove the aesthetic qualities of the talkative film. Mr. Vidor, having a first-rate cinematographic mind, has conceived and developed this unusual story in terms of pictures that move.

All the players in *Hallelujah* are negroes; and almost all of them are marvelously good. Their acting is artless, and therefore genuinely artistic. There is an unassailable truthfulness in their emotions as expressed by their eloquent faces, their unselfconscious gestures and their rich, profound voices.

Another worthy talking picture, though cut from a more familiar pattern, is *The Dance of Life*, adapted from the excellent stage play, *Burlesque*. It is the story of a young married couple who work together in humble burlesque shows, to be separated when the husband is elevated to eminence on Broadway. He goes on to fame and fortune and plentiful booze, and she to the protecting arms of a good man from the West who offers her a clean, decent life. But the first husband, an incurable, pathetic bum, slips from his Broadway throne and back to burlesque, a miserable wreck; and the wife, on the verge of divorce is unable to forget that she had once taken him for better or for worse. "Better for me—worse for you," he says to her. "That's all right with me, darling," she assures him. *The Dance of Life* has been superbly directed by John Cromwell and A. Edward Sutherland; and it is beautifully played by Hal Skelly and Nancy Carroll.

Still another satisfactory offspring of the marriage of sight and sound is *The Lady Lies*. This one is especially noteworthy because it possesses at least the germ of an original idea. That commendably forthright actor, Walter Huston, appears as a widower with two adolescent children and a secret love. Claudette Colbert is perfect as his hidden lady. Their romantic attachment is revealed by a nosy, New England relative.

Conspicuous among the jazz spectacles are *The Gold Diggers of Broadway* and *Glorifying the American Girl*. Both are rich in color, in peppy, provocative tunes and in feminine allure. Both are deficient in humor, but amply supplied with shapely and nimble legs.

The much photographed MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN has exquisitely tended hands

"A flattering radiance to my nails is so easy," she says, "with this delightful new Cutex Liquid Polish" . . .

She has restored romance to a tired world! Young—tranquil—very beautiful—the grave-eyed Countess Atalanta Mercati!

Talented—sophisticated—a writer of romance and intrigue—the brilliant Michael Arlen!

The society of five continents paid homage to her beauty and his fame at their impressive marriage in the Greek Orthodox Church in Cannes.

"To me," Mrs. Arlen said thoughtfully, "hands are just as expressive and interesting as people's faces. Perhaps that is why I have always given mine especial care.

"I am devoted to your new Cutex Liquid Polish. For days after using it my nails are delightful. And with so little effort. The Cutex preparations certainly have simplified my manicure!"

You will find Cutex preparations at toilet goods counters everywhere!

NORTHAM WARREN
NEW YORK . LONDON . PARIS

With grave sweetness the lovely Mrs. Arlen explained the exquisite simplicity with which she cares for her hands. "*First*, I use the Cuticle Remover which not only shapes and softens the cuticle, but so magically cleanses and whitens the nail tip; *second*, the Polish Remover to remove old polish, then the beguiling new Liquid Polish that sparkles for days; *third*, a tiny bit of Cuticle Cream or Oil and just enough Nail White to enhance the radiance of the Polish!"

■

A generous sized bottle of Cutex Liquid Polish or Remover costs only 35¢, Perfumed Polish and Remover together 60¢, unperfumed Polish and Remover together 50¢. Other Cutex preparations 35¢.

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures. (In Canada, address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal.)
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Avoidable Pain!

People are often too patient with pain. Suffering when there is no need to suffer. Shopping with a head that throbs. Working though they ache all over.

And Bayer Aspirin would bring immediate relief!

The best time to take Bayer Aspirin is the moment you first feel the pain. Why postpone relief until the pain has reached its height? Why hesitate to take anything so harmless as these tablets? They can't hurt you; can't form any "habit."

There are many uses of Bayer Aspirin that everyone should know. Read the proven directions for checking colds, easing a sore throat; relieving headaches and the pains of neuralgia, neuritis, rheumatism, etc.

You may take genuine Bayer Aspirin as often as needed. You can always count on its quick comfort. But if the pain is of frequent recurrence, see a doctor as to its cause.

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STAR IN THE EAST

[*Continued from page 21*]

"I'm terribly busy—well, I will! 'Night, Pan—'Night, everybody!"

Up in the apartment it was so silent that she thought, "Why did I come home? How can I stand it here?"

John still sat before the fire, as if he had not moved since she went out. "You're home early," he said.

"I have Christmas packages to wrap," she answered.

Because she had said it, she began to take out gifts and paper, seals and ribbon. Presently he called: "You didn't tell me about the bracelet!"

"Oh, yes, it would be very nice. But you needn't spend that much money."

He gave a little laugh that seemed to say, "You know very well you expect it of me, and that you're counting on showing that bracelet to Linda and the rest!"

His laugh made her furious, but only within. It had been a long time since he had driven her to outward fury.

She came to his doorway with a lavender velvet robe over her arm.

"This is for your mother," she said. "Is it all right?"

"Seems a little fussy for Mother," he said. "Mother keeps too busy to wear such do-dabs much!"

"Well, women like fussy things, whether they wear them or not!"

"You're probably right. Did you get things for Henry's youngsters?"

"Certainly. Books, very nice ones, for all of them."

"I doubt if they read much. Did you remember Cousin Lu?"

"Yes, I got slippers for her."

"Slippers—for Lu? Lu is the one who longs for pretty things!"

"Yes. But she's poor. She'll need slippers!"

She could not bear the sound of the little laugh with which he answered her. And more: she found the tears she had tried to shed this afternoon, come rushing.

IN THE morning she woke to see the pile of presents she had wrapped the night before. She turned her eyes away from their gay tissue and ribbon and holly. How could she get through today? She must go to Pansy's for lunch! Why had she promised?

She hadn't been to see Pansy in a long time, and when Pansy called, "Come up to my room, Jule!" she had a queer feeling as if someone called to her out of the past. Pansy's house was always upset because there were five children; but it was always gay there. She went up to Pansy's room.

For Pansy was tearing wrappings off a pile of presents. She let her task go and sat still in the midst of it, pulling her knees up into the circle of her arms. "Jule, you knocked me right on the head last night!"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean when you said that about it's being heartbreaking to see me pretend so! It was like a bath in ice water. But I needed it, Jule! How do we get so? Always pretending to care about things we don't really care about? Listen, Jule—"

"What?"

"You know what I'm doing? Well, these were presents for all the crowd I know here. I don't know any of them well, not really their hearts, I mean; and it seemed to me, after thinking about what you said, that it was all foolishness giving them presents—just more pretending. But I have something for you; and you'll get it Christmas Eve! And all these things—I'm trying to sort them and see which of the folks back on the farm they'll fit. They're nicer than the things I had for them, isn't it queer, Jule? That they'd be nicer, I mean? . . . . Oh, here's food! We can have the table here by the fire!"

When they were nearly through luncheon, Pansy said suddenly into the midst of inconsequential gossip, "I gave Grant the gate last night!"

"Good!"

"M'hm. Clean slate! . . . Oh, no, Baby! Why *did* you come up here? Well, come for a kiss! Isn't he a lamb?"

Jule saw Pansy lift the baby, saw her kiss his round red cheek, his warm neck. The pleasant, untidy room, Pansy, the baby—all began to fade away.

"Jule! What is it?"

"Nothing. I'm all right. I've got to go, though, Pan!"

"Oh, don't go yet! It's been good to see you again!"

She was out in the cold air. She was in the car. She was home.

HERE was her life, her awful life of pretense. Here in this apartment she lived week in, week out, and never a word of reality about anything. Her friendships, her marriage, her life in this house—all were covered with a bright enamel; and under the enamel, her heart was sore, untouched and untouchable.

She went to the window and looked down. Down there a little boy trudged along with a sled. And, as she watched him, far down below, pulling his sled so manfully among the crowd, she began to cry. It seemed to her she had never cried so in all her life before. But at last she turned, went to the house-phone, asked for the car, and motored in to town.

When she came in, she looked very tired, but, somehow, different. They were dining at home tonight.

When John came, he said, "Where is it tonight?"

"Nowhere!" she said, almost lightly. "Dinner's been sent up, you needn't dress!"

"A wonder! I'm tired enough to drop! How come you to be so very considerate?"

She shut her eyes a second, tight. She had steeled her heart to this, but it couldn't be done! It had gone too far! But, at the table, she said suddenly, "Listen, John, don't you think we ought to go down to your mother's for Christmas? I'd like to!"

No, it was not easy to put warmth into your voice when you had kept it cold so long! John laughed. "Yes? Why the sudden daughterly feeling?"

She felt her cheeks burn. "I don't know why," she said. "But let's go!"

"Well, naturally, I'd like to, but I don't want you to put yourself out!"

[*Continued on page 90*]

Let Us Send Your Child

A 3-Day Supply of This Delicious Swiss Creation

An Utterly NEW-TYPE Food-Drink That's Both an Adventure in Deliciousness and an Education in Child-Building

Watch the Eyes Brighten; New Energy Come; Weight Increase a Pound a Week, ana Nervousness Disappear!

THIS new way comes from Switzerland, the nation whose scientists have done so many remarkable things in child development.

From one end of the world to the other, mothers are adopting it. Results have been so remarkable that its use has spread over some 54 different nations.

What It Is

It is called Ovaltine; a food-drink that is utterly different in formula, taste and effect from any other known. A scientific food-concentrate not remotely to be confused with powdered chocolate, malt or cocoa "mixtures" offered as substitutes.

Developed 37 years ago by a famous Swiss scientist, Ovaltine contains, in highly concentrated form, practically *every single vital food element necessary to life.*

Due to an exclusive process, employed by no other food-drink known, it supplies those vital elements in such easily digested form that a child's system will absorb them even when digestion is impaired.

How It Acts

Some of those elements in Ovaltine such as iron, lime and phosphorus, build bone and muscle. And thus create new strength. Others build firm flesh. And thus constantly increase weight—as weight increases nervousness perceptibly decreases. Others foster richer blood and thus combat conditions of anemia. Important vitamins are supplied also to meet the body's needs. That is why results are often so astonishing.*

Digests Starches

Then, too, Ovaltine has high diastatic power. Which means the *power of digesting the undigested starches from other foods eaten.*

Thus, this scientific creation not only furnishes tremendous food energy in itself, but greatly increases the effectiveness of all starch food your child eats. Such as oatmeal, bread, potatoes, etc., which comprise over half the normal child's daily diet. Consider what this means.

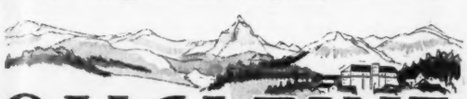
Get Ovaltine at any drug or grocery store, or send coupon for three-day test. Note the difference in your child's weight; in nerve poise, in greater strength and energy. Find out, for your child's sake, what this creation means to you and yours. Give at breakfast, always. Give at meals and between meals to increase the effectiveness of ordinary diet. Results will surprise you. Delicious as a cold shake-up drink.

"Now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad"

My little boy, three years old, had rickets. I tried to build him up with vegetables, fruit juices and medicine, but he got no better. A year ago I started to give him Ovaltine. From the first he started to pick up and is now a rosy cheeked, healthy lad. He takes Ovaltine twice a day and shall continue to do so.

MRS. R. H. WESSEL, *Grand City, Staten Island, N. Y.*

*NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. They take it hot at night, too, to insure restful sleep. During the Great War, it was a standard ration prescribed by the Red Cross as a restorative food for invalid soldiers of all nations.*



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The Swiss Food-Drink

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Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. (Or 25c for special offer at right.)

SPECIAL OFFER

Genuine Sebring pottery mug, with colored pictures of Uncle Wiggily and Grandpa Goosey Gander. Uncle Wiggily Mug and 3-day package, 25c. (This offer not good in Canada.)

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(One package to a person)

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The PICTURE OF HEALTH

HAPPY, healthy people. Children whose very complexions tell of health. Parents whose clear-eyed, carefree faces belie their age. Sometimes folks think this enviable state of health just "runs in the family." Often it's due to the friendly aid of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. There is no age at which the human system does not at times need an anti-acid. Magnesia is the most effective means of correcting over-acidity. Its most perfect form, according to physicians, is Phillips Milk of Magnesia.

Specialists put Phillips Milk of Magnesia in infant's milk and it never sours in the little stomach. They urge its use all through childhood for the gentle correction of digestive disorders and sluggish bowel action.

A coated tongue or fetid breath, or other sign of biliousness, is the signal for a spoonful of Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Its creamy, pleasant taste makes it ideal in such usage.

As one grows older, the value of this perfect anti-acid increases. It neutralizes many times its volume in acid, so there is never need to take anything harsher to sweeten a sour stomach. It is far more efficient than the cruder things some people still take for gastric disturbances. The quickest relief in any over-indulgence. And in the afternoon of life, it guards the intestinal tract from auto-intoxication. For your system's sake, get acquainted with Phillips Milk of Magnesia. Get the genuine, prescriptional product—made only by Phillips.

In conjunction with Phillips Milk of Magnesia, use Phillips Dental Magnesia. A single tube of this perfect toothpaste will convince anybody of its remarkable whitening action, and your dentist can tell you how it aids the gums.

PHILLIPS
Milk of Magnesia

STAR IN THE EAST

[*Continued from page 88*]

"It won't. I want to go."

After dinner he said, "We'd better make the rounds tonight if we're to go home tomorrow!"

"There's just Cousin Lu and Pan, and the girl at the telephone desk!"

He looked at her unbelievingly.

"What's become of Ed and Laura and Linda and the rest?"

"I didn't remember them this year."

"Well! Well! . . . Where's Lu's? I'll run over with it now!"

"I'll go, too!"

"You needn't. You've made it clear enough that you loathe her!"

"No, I don't. I like her . . . I'm ready."

"Are those slippers? Queer shaped slippers!"

"I didn't give her slippers, after all."

THEY drove silently to Lu's. Lu lived in two rooms in a queer old house down town.

"Why, hello—hello, John! You old peach, you don't know how I count on this visit! Jule, how sweet you look! Sit by the fire—just half a minute! I know you've a million places to go, but just half a jiffy!"

"How cozy it is here!" Jule heard herself say wistfully.

"Yes, isn't it? I don't know how it gets so when it's so cluttered up with such ugly things! But I have a theory—I think it's because I know so many children and they run in and out and leave something here, some kind of spirit! Oh, my present! May I open it now? I'm going to! Why, *John! Jule!*"

Jule turned away from Cousin Lu's face, so bright in its warm pleasure.

"Oh, folks, if you only knew how I wanted something—something lovely like this! Oh, this'll do me for twenty Christmases!" It was an etching of a village street in Normandy.

"John and I saw that town the year we were married," Jule said. "It's just like that."

John gave her a long, strange, unbelieving look. After a little he said, "Well, I suppose we'd better go!"

Jule said, "Oh, let's not hurry! We don't see Lu very often!"

They sat there for an hour.

Afterward they went to Pansy's. John waited in the car.

"There isn't much, Pan, only, it *is* much—I mean, I mean it for a lot!"

"Whatever it is, I'll love it! . . . And here's yours, Jule. Open it on Christmas Eve; and don't think I mean it to hurt—oh, please understand, Jule, that I give it to you because I love you!"

She spoke half lightly, half seriously, and put her hand on Jule's arm in a strangely caressing gesture. Jule turned to the steps. "Have a good time down on the farm!" she said.

The girl at the telephone desk looked up at her questioningly.

"For me? Well, for cryin' out loud! You didn't need to get *me* anything."

The girl was a tired little thing with pretty, fair hair. She used a good deal of cheap slang, but Jule had always known she was not cheap inside.

"It—it looks—it don't look like it's silk stockings!" she said to Jule, with sudden tired daring.

"It isn't!"

Nor was it. It was the lovely necklace of topaz and dull gold that she had bought for Linda because she knew Linda had bought her a Paris bag of embroidered satin.

Next day when they started out, John said, "That's an awful lot of luggage for a couple of days!"

"I know, but presents and all take up so much room!" It was a queer journey. Silent; yet there seemed to be words passing between them.

Fields everywhere were deep under snow and bare trees were outlined in white. "Well, this begins to look familiar!" John said at last. There was a note almost of boyishness in his tired, cold voice.

Then they were there, turning in the long driveway to the old white farmhouse with its many little wings and porches. There was John's mother, in a blue dress and white apron, her white hair pulled back severely, her rosy face tired and kind and wise with years, her old eyes a sudden blur of happy tears.

"Why, John! Why, boy! Are you home?" she kept saying. "Are you home?" And John was hugging her hard, as if he had waited a long, long time for this moment. Then he suddenly laughed and said, "Mince pie! I smell it!"

"Yes, and pumpkin too! Well, well, I can't believe you're here! Jule, you make yourself at home now!"

"I am," Jule answered gently.

"Well! I'll bet you're hungry! And I hadn't planned much! There's a pan of baked beans, though, and I'll fry some chicken."

John laughed. "I guess we'll make out!" he mocked her gently.

"Land, your presents have gone!"

"You're better than any present, Mother!"

"So are you, son . . . Julie, you'd better put on an apron if you're going to work around the kitchen!"

John laughed a good deal as they ate and asked for everyone—Aunt Maude, the Briggses, Henry's children, Cousin Bertha.

"I'll do up the dishes," Jule said after lunch. "John can get the tree up!"

"All right, my dear! John, the tree's on the back porch. Henry dragged it down this morning. I've still got that angel and star you used to like on your trees . . . Where'll we set it, in the bay window?"

Then they were trimming it and John was bringing in the packages.

JULE came from the kitchen in the big white apron and sorted things. She came to Pan's little box.

"Oh, this is for tonight!" she said, and opened it. It was a little snapshot in a silver frame. It was Pansy, with baby Max against her shoulder, his round face pressed to Pan's cheek.

"I don't mean it to hurt!" Pansy'd said. But it did hurt, horribly. Maybe Pansy was opening the little pot of forget-me-nots now. Once, when they'd both been very young and poor, they'd bought twin pots of forget-me-nots for each other for friendship's sake.

With eyes blinded, she began to talk.

"Look quick, Mother Barrett, before Henry gets here! I brought these skis for Johnny—where can we put them so they won't show first thing? And skates for Tad. Think he'll like 'em? And, see, look, Mother Barrett, do you think the little lame one'll like the erector set?"

"Bless you, child, he'll love it! And books, too, little Gavin loves books! And red silk for Martie! Well, now, that's beautiful! Oh, I'm not to look at this, eh? . . . . There's Henry. I know his sleighbells! Hide, Johnny."

And then Henry and his wife and all the young Barretts, in red mufflers, fur earlaps, boots, were stamping their feet in the kitchen.

[*Continued on page 93*]

WORLD'S LARGEST GROWERS AND CANNERS OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE

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WHAT a joy to open a can of pineapple and find just the grade you expected. And that's exactly what happens—if your pineapple is packed by DOLE. For now the three DOLE grades are clearly *numbered—right in the top of the can*. Just look for DOLE stamped in the can-top—and beneath, the grade you wish.

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Any mouth may have Pyorrhea, and at forty the odds are *4 out of 5*

Forhan's

Your teeth are healthy as your ***only as gums***

STAR IN THE EAST

[*Continued from page 90*]

"Granma, listen, I got you a—a—aw, I ain't told, Johnny!"

Then John stepped out from behind the pantry door and Henry was pounding him on the back. "Well, John," was all he found to say.

"Henry, you old rascal!"

After a long, noisy time, the children were in bed and the rest sat about the living-room fireplace, visiting. At last John's mother said, "Bring in the Bible, John. We'll have family prayers before we go to bed!"

Then her strong old voice was saying with slow, reverent sweetness, ". . . And there were in the same country, shepherds abiding in the field—keeping watch over their flock by night"—on to—

"But Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart."

Then they knelt about the fire and the old voice gave thanks that here were all her dear ones about her for the Christmastide. Jule, kneeling, felt, like a little girl who believed in prayers and Santa Claus and the Babe in the Manger—and the old, terrible hurt began to melt. When they rose, John's mother said, "You and Jule can have the front room, John!"

Jule smiled faintly. She and John had not shared a room in a long, long time. "Do you mind if John and I sit here by the fire a little longer before we go up?" she asked.

"Why, no, child! . . . Jule, are you well? Seems as if you're too thin!"

"Yes, I'm well!"

It came to her that she'd never let John's mother be near enough to ask her if she were well before, not in that kindly, concerned way.

She and John were alone by the fire. She thought he was going to say in his remote voice, "I'll stay down here, of course!" But he didn't. He gave her a quick look and said, "Pose of being domestic and full of wifely devotion?"

But his voice was different; it was as if he were trying to be cruel, but had forgotten the right intonations. At his words, she let her hands grip tight at the low curved arms of the chair. Now—she must do it now.

"Suppose it isn't a pose?"

He gave a little laugh. "Jule! Don't be sentimental just because you've come back to the old homestead for Christmas!"

She felt a quick, tired stinging at her lids. She bent down to hide the tears, picked up the little package from Pan.

"Well, did Pan come across with some gaudy bauble?"

"No, not so very gaudy. See!"

He gave a perfunctory glance, then there was silence. A silence that was full of the horror of all these last years of pretending. "John . . . "

"Yes?"

"Let's have another—baby!"

"Jule!" There was nothing over his words now, either. He stood behind her, near the tree. She did not dare to look around at him.

"I—I think you were right, John! I think maybe it was true—that so much riding and tennis and all made it so—so he didn't live. But next time I'd—oh, next time, I'd . . . "

Where were all the sentences she had planned for this moment? There were things she'd planned to say about pretending, how it had put a shell over their lives but she did not say them. There was a swift movement and John was there, on his knees, his head against her hands. His hair was quite gray—her John's!

"Jule!"

"John, don't cry. I love you!"

The shell was gone. Life was suddenly rich and full. The little room with its homely furnishings, its tree, its glowing stove, was like a warm, protecting arm about them, and John's hard tears were like healing ointment on her hands.

The little old star on the tree top twinkled down at them and in their hearts they felt its shining. They needed no sight of it nor sound of bells' faint caroling from some far village church down the valley to tell them that Christmas had come.

RED STOCKINGS AND BLUE

[*Continued from page 8*]

interested in the strange race of book-collectors, he will find Edward Valentine Mitchell, in *Morocco Bound,* a courteous host and an excellent gossip.

Uncle Tom is a genial soul who has been in bed for two solid weeks with flu, and is a little nervous about having his mind improved. But it's more than possible that he might be cheered and fortified by some of P. G. Wodehouse's inspired idiocy (*Fish Preferred* is his latest contribution); or by Booth Tarkington's engaging continuation of the adventures of that most diverting and unregenerate of all small boys in *Penrod Jashber;* or by John Buchan's stirring tale of high adventure in South America, *The Courts of the Morning.* No teller of strange tales has ever written with more distinction than Mr. Buchan—not even the immortal R. L. S. himself.

And Dr. Cobb, that patron saint of the entire family—what about him? Well, he might be able to lose his tired self for many a weary hour in the crowded pages of *The Incredible Marquis,* Herbert Gorman's vivid story of the fantastic and astounding Alexandre Dumas, or in Claude Bowers' record of *The Tragic Era,* which deals with the sinister reconstruction period after the Civil War in a manner that is as absorbing as a novel, and as thoroughly documented as a concordance. Dr. Cobb may suspect that Mr. Bowers is not precisely a Yankee before he has gone very far; but he will discover almost simultaneously that this historian drapes the bare bones of prejudice in the ample, dignified and becoming folds of fair play. Only occasionally will he be disturbed by the faint, subdued rattle of the skeleton beneath the toga; and as far as I am concerned, any history becomes more persuasive and piquant once I have heard the rhythm of those ghostly castanets.

And now we come, somewhat reluctantly, to Cousin Hal, the triumphant sophomore, who has made the literary magazine and the track team without so much as lifting his little finger, and is a trifle inclined to doubt the soundness of any human being's literary judgment save his own. However, even this youthful superman might condescend to the deft irony and bitter drama of William Roughead's *Malice Domestic,* which gives the true story of eight or ten perfectly good murders with a suavity that even De Quincey might have coveted. Or you might offer him the rich plunder of Carl Sandburg's *American Songbag,* where he will discover the words and music for hundreds of ribald, romantic or somber ballads, hailing from sources as widely separated as the mountains

[*Continued on page 106*]

The years that pass you by *and touch you not!*

ALL of us know women whose faces make fibbers of their birthdays. Some women at thirty seem to fade, while others of fifty are never, never taken for their age. For their eyes are clear and bright and their complexions are fine, fresh and blemish-free!

Are these latter women possessed of a special birthright? Sometimes, but not always, they are. For, either nature has endowed them with a system that keeps itself clear and free from acids and poisons, or they have learned for themselves the benefits of keeping internally clean!

To arms, then, against birthdays! Enlist to your aid Sal Hepatica. There is no better way of cleansing the system of aging and beauty-stealing poisons than this famous saline method. By purifying your bloodstream and banishing constipation, Sal Hepatica routs the dullness and the blemishes of the cheek. It keeps you young because it keeps you free from acids—exuberantly well.

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Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today. Keep internally clean for one whole week. See how much better you feel, how your complexion improves. Send the coupon for the free booklet, "To Clarice in quest of her youth," which tells in detail how to follow the saline path to health and beauty.

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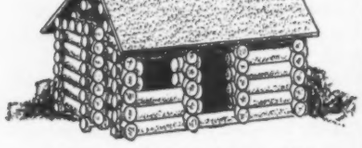

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 23*]

"Crost the canyon," replied the lad, with a bright, shrewd glance. "Utah an' the Mormons. You'll never be found or knowed there."

"I'll take your hunch an' you take this," said Ames, flipping his last dollar.

The ride down Havasupi Trail into the great gorge, the swimming of the Rio Colorado, river of red silt, the climb up the perilous Shinimo and out through the wilderness of the Siwash—two weeks of tremendous effort found Ames without pack horse or supplies, hungry and worn, lost somewhere over the Utah line.

It did not worry Ames to be lost. Nothing mattered very much. Everything save death had happened to him—death and love; the former had been ever a step back upon his trail, and the latter something which had strangely escaped him. But he felt always that Nesta had filled this need ever since he could remember the little bright-haired twin sister.

He wiped his wet face and smarting eyes. But soon he rode down into shade and now sunset and twilight cooled his dazed brain. A little further down, Ames concluded, there would be a good place for him and his horse to spend the night.

HE DID not, however, get much further. The canyon made a turn, opened wide, with a break in the right wall, where under the bulge of rock a camp fire flickered out of the shadow. Ames expected to be hailed, yet kept his horse at a natural trot. "Hands up!" rang out a harsh command.

A tall man, bareheaded, in his shirt sleeves, stepped out with gun leveled.

"Who air you?" he demanded.

"I'm nobody to hold up, you can shore bet on that," answered Ames with a dry laugh.

"What you want?"

"Well, most particular I yearn for a cup of hot coffee an' a hot biscuit."

His drawling, cool speech in the face of the extended gun had evident effect.

"An' then what?"

"Bed, by gosh, if it's only hard rock," declared Ames, fervently.

"Face round——now get off," ordered the man, curtly.

Ames was extremely careful to comply with this command.

"Keep your hands up an' go on ahead."

"Which way? Reckon I see two trails," said Ames.

"To the right."

Ames complied and after a few steps, passed an obstructing rock, to be greeted by a bright campfire. The dark forms of three men stood expectantly. Packs and saddles were scattered around under a projecting ledge of rock, the smoke-blackened roof of which afforded evidence of many camp fires. As Ames drew closer, he caught sight of unrolled beds, from which he deduced that this was a camp of some permanence.

"Heady, look this fellar over," spoke up Ames' captor.

Ames halted at a significant touch from behind. He stood in the firelight. A lanky man in ragged garb stepped up, and aside, so as not to block the light. Ames looked into a cadaverous face and gray hawk eyes.

"Steele, I never seen him in my life," said this man, called Heady. "He ain't no Mormon."

Whereupon Ames' captor stepped round in front, to disclose to Ames a swarthy, crafty face, eyes like bright beads and the tight-lipped mouth and hard jaw of a man who kept his own secrets.

Ames realized that he had, as often before, fallen into bad company. Slowly and easily he lowered his hands, and replied in a tone that suited his movement: "Shore. Short an' sweet. For reasons of my own I haided across the canyon, down Havasupi. Lost my pack mule an' supplies swimmin' the river. Climbed out by the Shinumo Trail. Then I got lost. Natural enough, for this heah's bran new country to me. I kept haidin' north. When I hit this gulch the dust was blowin' fierce, an' I started down. Never saw your tracks till I got to the bottom. That's all. Quit raggin' me an' give me somethin' to eat an' drink."

"Wal, we all have reason of our own fer things. I ain't over-inquisitive, but what's your name?"

"Ames, if that's any good to you."

"Ames? I don't know. Sounds queer."

"Reckon that's because it's my right name. They call me Arizona Ames."

"Arizona Ames? Sounds still queerer. I'm good on faces, but pore on names . . . . Wal, set down, Ames, an' pitch in. We got plenty of grub, an' Larry sure can hash it up."

"Thanks. Will you let me tend to my horse?"

"Wal, I'll throw your saddle an' turn the hoss loose. Plenty of grass and water below."

"He'll shore be as glad as I am heah," responded Ames; and espying a washbasin and a bucket of water he gave his hands much needed attention. "Oh my, but the Lord can be good to a fellow, when he just aboot gives up!"

"What you ridin' into Mormon country fer?" asked Heady, curiously. "Know any Mormons?"

"Only Mormon I ever knew was a wild-horse wrangler," replied Ames, as he bent his stiff, sore legs to sit down before the spread. "Finest chap in the world. But he stole a girl I was aboot to fall in love with."

"Haw! Haw! Sure, Mormons are hell on stealin' gurls, if nothin' else," averred Heady.

Then Ames paid strict attention only to eating, though he was aware of Steele's return. He ate prodigously, to the delight of the big cook and the amusement of the loquacious Heady. Steele did not have a small appetite himself; and the ferret-faced Noggin munched his food, listened and watched without comment. "Any smokin'?" asked Steele, at the end of the meal.

"Got the makin's," replied Ames.

PRESENTLY all save the cook had comfortable seats around the fire.

"Arizona Ames?" Steele questioned again with puzzled beady eyes on Ames. "Wal, I don't reckon I ever seen you, because you're the kind of a lookin' fellar easy to remember."

"Shore I forked a horse everywhere, except in Utah," replied Ames.

"Lookin' fer a job?" asked Heady, during a lull in the conversation.

"I'm flat broke an' I'll have to take a job with a Mormon—or anybody who's not too damn particular aboot references."

"Can you put six shots in the ace of spades, at twenty feet?"

"Steele, I can split the ace of spades, edgeways, three shots out of six."

"Air you braggin' or foolin'?"

"Neither."

"Wal, I pass. Hittin' the ace face up is my best, an' I always thought I was good."

"That's fair shootin'."

Steele stroked the scant dark hair on his lean chin. "Wal, Arizona Ames, you might do wuss than throwin' in with us." [*Continued on page 96*]

Gifts from 60¢ to $5.15

Sparkling glass baking dishes · · refrigerator dishes · · new sectional plates · · glass tiles for hot dishes

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$1.25—SECTIONAL PLATE: Serves vegetables and meat separately. Ideal for warming and serving left-overs. Diameter, 10¾ inches.

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There are glass tiles that will keep hot dishes from marring the polished surface of Aunt Sue's dining table. New sectional plates for those who like their vegetables and meat served separately; or for warming up left-overs. Three different foods can be warmed up and served on the same dish.

New three-purpose refrigerator dishes cleverly designed for storing foods in the ice box, for baking and serving. One dish does the work of three!

The other Pyrex dishes for baking and serving make ideal gifts, separately or in Christmas Sets. They never discolor foods, or affect tastes. Never wear out, crack or craze. And they save dish-washing, time and money, because they make it possible to cook and serve in the same dish.

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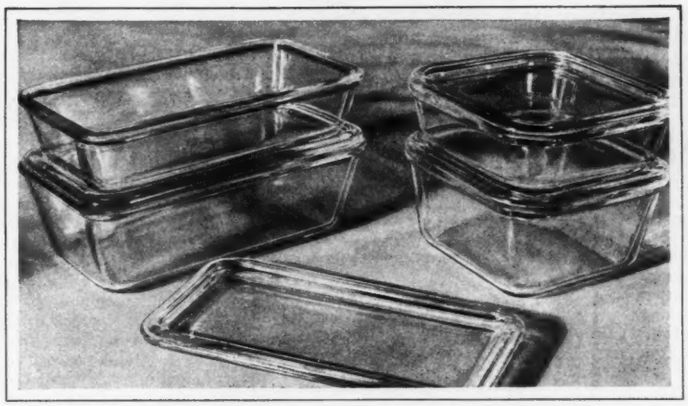
$3.25. AN IDEAL GIFT SELECTION which will be welcome in any household. The cups and casserole have so many uses that they are always acceptable. And one can always use an extra pie plate! Sizes as listed under $5.15 set.



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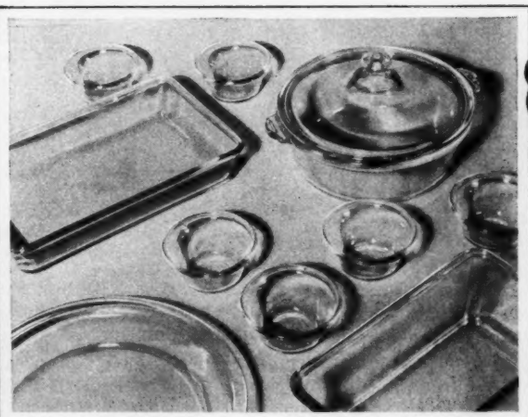

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THESE Health-O-Meter Cards make reducing a delightful game where you *win by losing.* Based on the famous Health-O-Meter Diet, the result of the Weight Control Conference at the N.Y. Academy of Medicine, it is endorsed by physicians and the thousands who have followed it. No starving, no fatiguing exercises, no discomfort—if you follow the Health-O-Meter Reducing Cards furnished free by the makers of—

Health-o-Meter

AUTOMATIC BATHROOM SCALES

A Health-O-Meter, useful always, is indispensable when reducing. It insures your losing all you should, acts as both an inspiration and a warning. Procurable at all Department, Hardware, Physicians' Supply, and Drug Stores in all popular colors.

The Health-O-Meter Co., Dept. 33-M
5703 S. Claremont Ave., Chicago
Without cost or obligation to me, send me your Reducing Cards.

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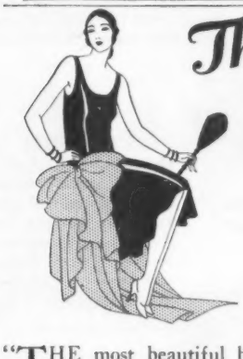

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Diamond Dyes Black never gives cloth a greenish or bronzy look, as so many black dyes do. Like Diamond Dyes Red and all the other Diamond colors, it is easy to use and gives such beautiful results because it is rich in pure anilines. It's the anilines in dyes that give them brilliance, depth and fastness; make them go on smoothly and evenly, without streaking or spotting. And Diamond Dyes *contain the highest quality anilines that money can buy.* The *white package* of Diamond Dyes is the highest quality dye, prepared for general use. It will dye *or tint* silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon or any mixture of materials. The *blue package* is a special dye, for silk and wool only. With it you can dye your valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. When you buy—remember this. The *blue package* dyes silk or wool only. The *white package* will dye every kind of goods, including silk and wool. Your dealer has both packages.

Diamond Dyes

Sun Proof

EASY TO USE—BETTER RESULTS

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ALL DEALERS 15¢

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 94*]

Ames had expected such a proposal and was prepared for it. Steele had accepted him at his face value.

Noggin, however, saw through Ames, or at least powerfully distrusted him; or, more remotely a possibility, he actually knew him by repute. With Ames, he realized, he must be wary, yet seem natural.

"Steele, I haven't got a dollar to my name," Ames replied after a pause.

"Wal, you don't need none," the trader replied.

"What's your deal?" asked Ames, pointedly.

"Hosses."

"How many?"

"Two hundred head or thereabouts. Fine blooded stock. All broke. Just about ready to be druv to Salt Lake fer sale."

"Where are they?"

"Over hyar on a Mormon ranch, on the Santa Clara. They belong to a Mormon named Morgan. He lives in St. George. Heady hyar used to ride for him."

"What's your idea?" coolly went on Ames, lighting a cigarette.

Noggin made a nervous movement, that caused a quiver to run down Ames' arm. This thief with the eyes of a ferret needed to be watched.

PRESENTLY Ames found himself in camp with only the Mormon. Ames was quick to grasp that his reputation had made him an object of great interest, to say the least, to Heady. Ames talked agreeably and with friendliness, aiming to draw the fellow out. His first impression strengthened; and it was not long before his feeling changed from contempt to pity for the apparently outcast Mormon.

"Who's Morgan?" asked Ames, at length.

"He's a rancher up St. George way. Raises hosses on the Santa Clara an' cattle on the Virgin."

"Rich Mormon?"

"Laws, no," was the reply. "Jim Morgan used to be pretty well off. But he's given away so much an' been robbed so often thet he's no longer rich. When he loses them hosses he's goin' to be poor."

"Given away so much. What you mean? I had an idea a Mormon never gave up anythin'?"

"You Gentiles get a lot of ideas thet are wrong. Mormons are generous, for the most part. Jim is a kind old man. If you'd rode into his place, same as you did here last night he'd have taken you in, just the same as if you was a Mormon."

"Well, I like that. Shore it's a dirty trick to rob such a man. Don't you think so?"

"You needn't tell these men, but I sure hate to see it done," returned Heady, lowering his voice.

"Why are you goin' to help, or do you intend to?"

"Thet's the plan. I met Steele Brandeth over in Nevada, an' he talked me into it."

"Ahuh! Well, you needn't tell these men, but I think you're a damn fool," said Ames, with his most impelling smile.

"But I've got to eat."

"Shore. So do I. Have you any family?"

"Yes. Wife an' two kids," replied the Mormon, haltingly. "But I haven't been home in a year. I did a bit of rustlin', an' got scared, though nobody seems to know."

"Is this heah Jim Morgan a Mormon with more than one wife?"

"No. Jim never had but one, an' only three children. They're all livin'. But the son left home an' never come back. Reckon thet hurt the old man. One daughter is married an' the other lives with him. She won't leave him, though they say she's had many chances to marry. She refused a bishop of her church an' thet made trouble fer her father. But he couldn't change her."

"What's her name?"

"Lespeth."

"How old is she?"

"Twenty-one or so. Big lass, an' good fer sore eyes. She can do a man's work, an' handle a hoss—say!"

"Mormon cowgirl?" mused Ames with interest. "That's a new one on me. Does she like horses?"

"Like ain't no word. She loves hosses. It's goin' to be hard on her, when we steal thet bunch. Her own hosses run with them."

"Reckon you an' I know how she'll feel," concluded Ames, rising. "I'm goin' to take a look at my own horse. Have you seen him?"

"Yes. When I was packin' water up. He took my eye. You seldom see his like in Utah . . . An' he's sure took Brandeth's eye!"

"Say, Mormon, are you just talkin' or givin' me a hunch?" queried Ames sharply.

"I—er—jest talkin'," replied the other hastily, averting his glance.

THE return of Noggin and Brandeth precluded more talk. Ames went off to bed, with the intention of lying there awhile to listen.

Contrary to usual custom Brandeth maintained silence. The cook and Heady conversed in low tones while packing supplies.

"Packin' up, eh?" snarled Noggin, at length, as if goaded.

"You've got sharp eyes when you want to see," replied the chief. An edge of aloofness hinted of alienation.

"When you leavin'?"

"Before daylight."

"Where are you goin'?"

"Wal, I was talkin' it over with Ames. An' we're goin' over hyar in the Siwash to gather wild flowers."

"Ha! Ha!" laughed Noggin, with brutal suggestion. "I'll tell you, Brandeth, if you had this Arizona galoot sized up correct, you'd think gatherin' flowers was most damn appropriate."

"Thet so. An' why?" rejoined the other, gruffly.

"Figure it out. You've no more imagination than sense."

"Wal, I never laid no claim to be extra bright."

"I asked you where you're goin'?"

"I'm goin' after Morgan's hosses, an' if I have luck I'll drive them acrost the river."

"You are like hell!"

"I am like hell!"

"Who made this deal? Who outfitted this gang?"

"Reckon you did. But you never told me the straight of it. I ain't squeamish, an' dead men don't take no trails. Reckon, though, I shy at the gurl end of it. So I'm goin' to do my own way."

"What am I goin' to do?"

"Don't ask me riddles. Haw! Haw!"

Noggin cursed impotently; that ended the quarrel, and in Ames' own

[*Continued on page 99*]

PIQUANT SALADS.. FESTIVE DESSERTS...

Holiday Greetings

CRANBERRY MOLD

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1½ cups boiling water
Juice ¼ lemon
½ cup celery, finely cut
½ cup canned, shredded pineapple
1 cup thick cranberry sauce, sweetened

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, add lemon juice, celery, pineapple, and cranberry sauce. Turn into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold on lettuce. Garnish with Hellmann's Mayonnaise. Serves 6.

✣

CIDER JELLY

1 package Orange or Lemon Jell-O
2 cups boiling sweet cider
⅛ teaspoon salt

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling cider. Add salt. Pour into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve as dessert or relish. Serves 6.

✣

PLUM PUDDING

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
Dash of salt
¾ cup raisins, finely chopped
¾ cup cooked prunes, finely chopped
¼ cup citron, finely chopped
¾ cup walnut meats, finely chopped
¾ cup Grape-Nuts
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon cloves

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Add salt. Chill. When slightly thickened, add fruits, nuts, Grape-Nuts, and spices. Turn into mold and chill until firm. Serve with whipped cream flavored with nutmeg, or with pudding sauce. Serves 8.

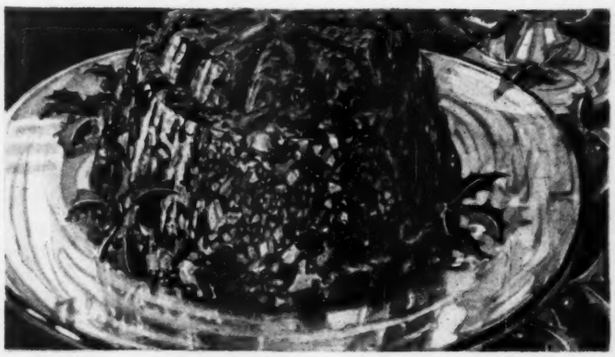
✣

BAVARIAN DATE SLICES

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
½ cup almonds, blanched and chopped
12 dates, seeded and cut
12 marshmallows, finely cut
1 cup cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon salt
6 drops almond extract

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling water. Chill. When slightly thickened, beat with rotary egg beater until of consistency of whipped cream. Fold in almonds, dates, and marshmallows; then cream, to which salt and almond flavoring have been added. Turn into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Serve in slices. Serves 8.

(All measurements on this page are level)



Holiday Greetings

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Try all the recipes on this page. And send now—this blessed minute—for the Jell-O booklet of good things. It's the most holiday-spirited booklet that ever sat at your elbow and helped you turn a drab menu into a gay one!

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The Jell-O Company, Inc.
Le Roy, New York

J.—McC.—12-29

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CIDER JELLY

1 package Orange or Lemon Jell-O
2 cups boiling sweet cider
⅛ teaspoon salt

Dissolve Jell-O in boiling cider. Add salt. Pour into mold. Chill until firm. Unmold. Serve as dessert or relish. Serves 6.

PLUM PUDDING

1 package Lemon Jell-O
1 pint boiling water
Dash of salt
¾ cup raisins, finely chopped
¼ cup cooked prunes, finely chopped
¼ cup citron, finely chopped
¼ cup walnut meats, finely chopped
¾ cup Grape-Nuts
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BAVARIAN DATE SLICES

1 package Strawberry Jell-O
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12 dates, seeded and cut
12 marshmallows, finely cut
1 cup cream, whipped
¼ teaspoon salt
6 drops almond extract

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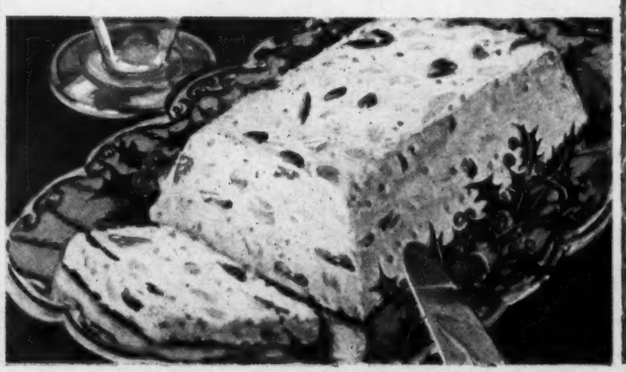

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Please send me, *free*, the new recipe booklet, "Today . . . what salad . . . what dessert?"

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"I *know* they'll all be pleased!"

JIMMY, with his bright new Pocket Ben watch... how proud and happy he will be! And I can just hear 'Sis' say..."A Baby Ben, in Old Rose, too, to match the color of my room!" And dear, punctual, practical Dad, how his eyes will sparkle when he opens his package and finds a *Big Ben.*

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Westclox come in substantial, individual, containers; securely packed and convenient for mailing. Prices range from $1.50 to $5.00... selections may be made to conform with your Christmas budget.

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[Westclox in color, Old Rose, Green or Blue, are priced the same as nickel finish.]

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Westclox

ALARMS POCKET WATCHES AUTO CLOCKS

ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 96*]

estimation, any further possible friendship between the two men.

Early the next morning, with his mind refreshed by rest, Ames went briefly over the contingencies most like to arise. It was altogether possible that Brandeth and Noggin would come to a deadlock, and obligingly erase themselves from an ugly scene, of which Ames had already wearied. If they did not—! Ames left it sufficient to that moment.

The thud of hoofs attested to the bringing in of the horses. That roused Ames with a jump. With the blankets under his arm he worked his way along the cliff; Brandeth appeared at the camp fire, grim and silent, brushing his long unkempt hair. He spoke once, to order Heady to saddle his horse. Noggin arrived from a direction opposite the one from which Ames had looked for him, a circumstance which Ames vowed would not happen again.

The cook yelled lustily, and was instantly cursed by Brandeth, who had not begun this day amiably. Then the men ate standing, hurriedly, with never a word.

"Air you goin' with us?" demanded Brandeth of Noggin.

"You know I am," came the terse reply.

"How far?"

"That's my business."

"Ahuh. Wal, you can keep company with our Mormon guide," concluded Brandeth, sarcastically.

The dark hour before dawn had passed. A dim, pale, opaque gloom possessed the canyon. Ames mounted and rode out behind Brandeth, who had followed his guide and Noggin. Larry brought up the rear.

They rode at a trot down the canyon, over a good trail that followed the meanderings of the wash. Once again the canyon opened to grand proportions. Clouds hid the tips of magnificent towers.

Heady got off his horse to lead him up a rocky slide. Noggin looked upward, then slowly followed suit.

"Git off an' climb," said Brandeth.

AMES had no hatred of slopes, as Brandeth's tone made clear he had. Soon they were toiling up a zigzag trail, seldom used, full of stones and ruts; and it was noticeable that Brandeth kept at the heels of Noggin. When Heady halted, which was often, they all had to do the same. The horses heaved; the men panted. No one spoke again during that long, strenuous hour to the top.

Suddenly Ames became aware that the guide had halted.

"Trail splits here," he said, pointing. "This one leads to the hoss canyon, a good four hours ride down hill. An' thet fork leads to Morgan's Ranch, twice as far, but better goin'."

"Ahuh. So I see," replied Brandeth. "Partin' of the ways!"

The undercurrent of his tone, caustic as vitriol, directed all eyes upon Noggin. Ames suddenly reverted to the deadly issue that had hung in the balance. Now, in a flash the moment had arrived. Brandeth had flung the gauntlet in his partner's teeth.

Noggin baffled Ames. If he had worn a mask, which was now off, he presented on the moment a more impenetrable man than before. Unfortunately the brim of his hat shaded the wonderful eyes which Ames had never trusted.

Brandeth slipped out of his saddle and in one stride stood clear. Yet Ames felt that he was too close to him. Those ferret eyes of Noggin's could command his movements as well as Brandeth's."

"Steele, will you compromise on the deal?" asked Noggin.

"Wal, I ain't much on compromisin', but what's your idee?"

Noggin's horse was mettlesome, but any cowboy could have seen that it was not only his spirit that kept him on the move. Did Noggin want to line up those four men? The idea seemed preposterous to Ames, but he grew acutely curious. The place, the hour, were menacing.

"I'll go with you for half your share as well as one-fourth for me," said Noggin.

Ames recognized craft here utterly beyond the ruffled Brandeth. And he had an inspiration. Noggin's game was not yet clear, but most certainly it was inimical to the leader of that quartet. Noggin had read Ames' mind,

or else he knew absolutely that Arizona Ames would not lend himself to horse stealing. Brandeth should never have matched wits with any one, most certainly not Noggin.

"Ames, tell the beady-eyed little skinflint you care no more'n me fer Noggin, an' thet you're goin' with me," said Brandeth, irately.

"Sorry. Noggin's coppered the trick. I'm not goin'," drawled Ames.

"Not goin'! When'd you change your mind?"

"I never intended to go."

"Git off thet hoss!" Brandeth screeched, reaching for Ames' bridle.

Noggin's gun crashed. Ames saw Brandeth's fierce expression set, go blank. Ames pitched sheer out of his saddle. Scarcely had he moved when Noggin's gun crashed again. Ames struck the ground hard on both hands. That enabled him to spring over even as he flopped on his side. On the instant he saw Brandeth fall. Cappy plunged away to disclose Noggin, his gun high, hauling on his frightened horse. In a flash Ames drew and shot. He hit Noggin's horse. It screamed and bounded convulsively, to fall and throw its rider.

NOGGIN plowed in the dust. With marvelous, terrible agility he waved up with the momentum of his fall. Half up, half turned! Then Ames' leveled gun spurted flame and boomed. Noggin whirled clear round, flinging arms high. His gun spun up, fell, and went off while yet he seemed stiffening in grotesque position, without support. Then he slumped down.

Ames sheathed his weapon and beckoned for the men to approach. Larry came slowly. Heady rode up to dismount beside Brandeth. When Ames reached them he saw that the robber had been shot through the temple.

Larry rode up within fifty paces and called out: "Ames, I hope you've nothin' agin me?"

"Shore haven't, Larry. Come heah," replied Ames. "I didn't start this—Heady, step over an' see what Noggin's got on him."

Larry approached and got off. He was livid, and his eyes rolled, then fixed on the ghastly features of his employer.

"Search him," said Ames.

Brandeth had some gold and currency upon his person, a watch and knife beside his gun.

"Larry, I reckon you'd better keep them."

Heady returned with Noggin's gun, watch, a leather wallet, a money-belt, a silver-mounted pipe. The Mormon's eyes glistened, as if he had a premonition of fortune.

"He was well heeled."

"So it looks. Let's see," returned Ames, and he opened the heavy money-belt. At each end of a long roll of double eagles lay a packet of greenbacks.

"Reckon it's an ill wind that blows nobody good," said Ames, handing the belt back to the gaping Mormon.

The wallet contained papers, which Ames placed in his pocket for future examination.

"Heady, keep that stuff, an' whatever else he's got."

"There ain't any more 'cept his saddle. I sure want that," returned Heady.

"Larry, the little expedition has been busted up. What're you goin' to do?"

"If it's all the same to you, Ames, I'll take Brandeth's hoss, an' go back to camp. I'll pack the outfit an' make a break for Nevada."

"It's shore all the same to me," replied Ames. "Only I like to think you'll throw in with a straight outfit next time."

SO LONG, Ames," replied the cook, with one short, steady glance, then mounting his horse he rode across the space to gather up the bridle of Brandeth's horse, which he led at a brisk trot up the trail toward the canyon.

"Heady, I'm going to ride over to Morgan an' tell him aboot this," said Ames. "Do you want to go?"

"Yes, if you won't give me away."

"Will you go back to that nice wife an' two kids?"

"You bet I will."

"You'll be honest an' decent?" added Ames, sharply.

"Ames, I swear by the Prophets, I will!" exclaimed the Mormon. He was sweating hard and was extremely agitated. "All I ever needed was a little money. To get out of debt an' start over! . . . . An' there must be thousands in this money-belt."

"Shore is. An' you can keep it, I reckon, without any bad qualms. Money isn't much to me any more."

"My Gawd! —— I'll never forget you, Arizona Ames!"

Late in the afternoon the Mormon led Ames through a rocky break into a valley that afforded soothing relief to his seared eyes. Squares of rich green alfalfa seemed to leap up alive into the quivering air; orchards and vineyards bloomed; and a grove of stately cottonwoods surrounded a stone house. Heady dismounted and entered. When he came out he was with a striking, gray-haired man who stood erect, and whose gray eyes still held fire.

"Ames, this is Mr. Morgan," announced Heady.

"Shore glad to meet you, sir," said Ames, extending his hand.

[*Continued on page 100*]

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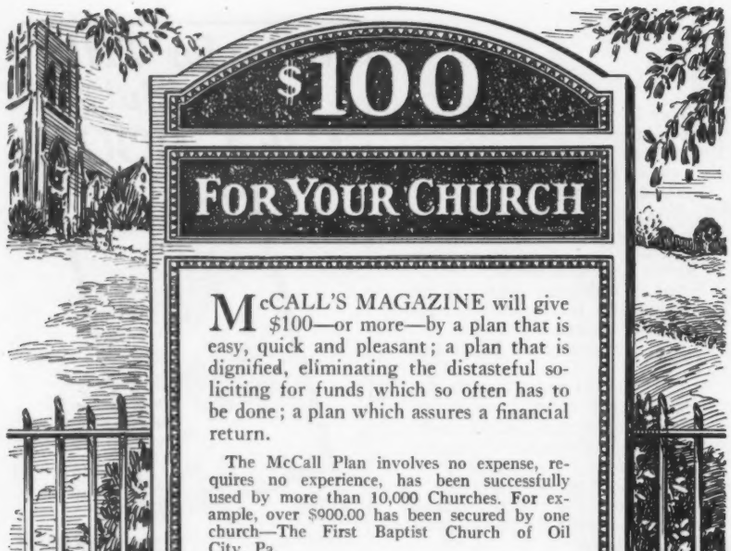

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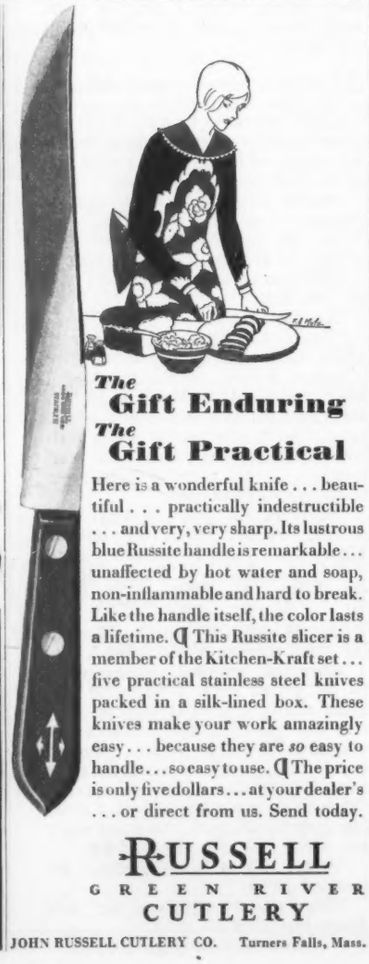

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ARIZONA AMES

[*Continued from page 99*]

"It seems I have reason to be glad to welcome you," replied the Mormon, meeting Ames' grip. "Come have a seat on the porch." He led Ames up the stone steps, still holding his hand, and bending those kind searching gray eyes upon his countenance. "My daughter will welcome you, too . . . . Don't be backward, lass. Come out. He's a very mild looking Gentile."

Ames turned at the sound of a light step. A tall girl came out into the light, a wholesome, rosy-cheeked young woman, whose large gray eyes met Ames' with fearless interest.

"Lespeth, this is the gentleman who has served us well—Ames, a rider from Arizona . . . . This is my daughter, Lespeth."

"I'm happy to meet Mr. Ames," she said, and gave him her hand.

"Miss, the pleasure's shore mine," replied Ames, somewhat embarrassed.

AMES briefly related, with little reference to Heady, the circumstances of his meeting with Brandeth and Noggin, his suspicion as to their character and how that was verified by what he heard; the plot as defined by Brandeth; and then the disagreement between the two men, the ride up out of the canyon, and lastly the fight.

"Dead! They're dead?" asked the Mormon, aghast. Manifestly Heady had not revealed that.

"Noggin had this wallet on him," went on Ames, producing it. "I haven't looked at his papers yet. It seems his real name was Bill Ackers."

"Bill Ackers? Oh, no, impossible!" ejaculated Morgan, with uplifted hands of protest. "I know Ackers. Have sold stock to him. He had paid court to Lespeth. Isn't it true, Lespeth?"

"Yes, but not with my consent," she replied, low-voiced.

"Ames, I looked with favor on his suit once," explained Morgan. "He was well-off and wanted to go in business with me. And Lespeth seemed not to want to marry any of the many Mormons who have ridden here . . . . But this Noggin could not have been Bill Ackers."

"Heah we are," continued Ames, with an air of finality. "Reckon he sailed under many handles, but this must be his right name, Bill Ackers."

"I never trusted him," broke out the girl, with intense relief.

"Hope you wasn't sweet on him," Ames teased her. "I'd shore hate to make you unhappy."

"Sweet on him?—I was not!" she declared, in a tone that matched her face. Perhaps Ames' glance, more than his words, had been responsible for her blush.

Night fell and the round golden moon soared above the wall, silvering the dark desert. An overwhelming sense of the peace and beauty of this lonely valley flooded Ames. What a haven of rest for a tired and unhappy cowboy! They were left alone on the porch and Ames realized he was too silent, too unresponsive to this glorious night—and to this girl of Utah.

"You spoke of a sister," said Lespeth, softly. "What was her name?"

"Nesta. We were twins."

"What a sweet name! Nesta. Tell me about her."

In that hour, after the strenuous day for body and mind, Ames seemed impelled to tell that story as it lived in his heart.

Brooding mystery lay like a mantle over the valley. The fragrance of verdant fields, the music of murmuring stream, the dreaming trill of frogs, the splendor of moon-blanched walls—these were not new to Ames, but this responsive girl was. He found himself telling Nesta's story. Lespeth's eyes turned dark in the moonlight, her strong hands grasped Ames', her breast rose and fell.

"You will go back some day, to see Nesta and that boy named after you? Oh, you will go back?" she pleaded.

"Yes, some day; an' seein' you makes me wish it could be soon."

"Am I like Nesta?"

"You shore are. somehow."

Ames suddenly realized that he had a tremendous longing to take Lespeth in his arms. All at once there seemed a great aching void that she could fill. The temptation was almost overwhelming with its astoundingly fierce sweetness, its shame and its regret. What would she do? Struggle, protest, and then perhaps she would cease resisting, and she would . . . . He dared not listen to his insidious imagination.

"Father likes you," Lespeth said.

"Shore seems so, I'm glad. I know I like him," returned Ames.

"Will you stay and work for him?"

"It'd be fine, but it'd hardly be fair. I shore cain't stay long anywhere."

"But you might stay long—here?"

"Shore I might at that," said Ames, helplessly.

"We have several boys, but no rider now. Father needs one."

"So I reckoned. I—I'd like to, but—"

"Arizona, I will ride with you."

He stared at her in the light of the moon. He felt as if the very fiber of his being dissolved in water.

"We shall race. I on your horse, you on mine . . . . Oh, what a race that will be."

"Girl, you—don't know what you ask," he replied, almost roughly.

"I do know, and I do ask."

BUT I am only a wanderin' cowboy," he protested. "I have nothin' except a horse—an' this blood-stained gun. You're a Mormon. Shore I've no religion, but your people would never accept me."

"You are a man. Father and I will accept you."

Ames looked sadly down upon the dreamy face. He could never hide the truth.

"Shore I'd only fetch you more trouble."

"Stay, Arizona!" she whispered.

That seemed the moment for which all the terrible journey across the canyon had been undertaken, and the fatal crisis under Hurricane Ledge. Something rose up in him, out of the long past, it seemed, to prop his failing manhood.

"Lespeth, I'm only human. An' I'd fall in love with you."

"Would that be so terrible?"

"For me, an' shore for you. Because you've a longin' for you know not what. Even if you overlooked the Mormon barrier it would yet be bad. Like as not one of the enemies I've made would cross my trail again. Always that step on my trail, Lespeth! It would be disgrace for one of your creed . . . . No, lass, I'd better leave in the mawnin'."

"But—if I am like Nesta?"

That sweet almost insurmountable appeal rang in Ames' sleepless ears all night, mingling with the tinkle of the running water and the rustle of the leaves, rang still in the soft dark dawn when he rode away like a guilty man, torn by doubts, sustained only by the conviction that he was doing what was right.

[*Concluded in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

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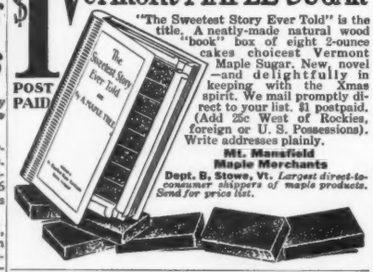

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IN MINIATURE

[*Continued from page 4*]

lovely things myself, so why not?" is Temple Bailey's philosophy.

There's a distinctly feminine touch to the furnishing of the houses into which she puts her people. The honey-colored curtains and mauve chintzes of the shabby old mansion on Washington Square, in her latest book, *Burning Beauty;* the crystal cat in *The Blue Window;* the ivory figurines in *Wallflowers,* all show her eye for the unusual and for color.

It is the human side, as well as the spiritual, which gives her such a keen understanding of the younger generation. She believes in the youth of today. Her next serial in McCall's will deal with two generations of girls, one of which grew up during the War, the other in the years following it. The story will tell of the one holding to the older ideals, the other fighting for the new, and of the two brought together finally by the knowledge that "life is as old as Genesis and as modern as an airship, and that the differences between yesterday and today are superficial rather than fundamental."

"Girls and boys in love, whether they are mid-Victorian, post-war, or up to the moment, are not as separated in their ideals as we sometimes think," she points out. "They all want constancy, and chivalry and loveliness of soul. I know, because they talk to me about it. The most frivolous débutante may seem hard on the surface; but if she shows her heart you'll find it keeping time with her dreams."

In spite of her faith in young people, Miss Bailey sees, clear-eyed, the dangers they confront. "Skepticism, sensationalism, the constant reiteration by their elders that liberty is license, tend to destroy their balance. What can you expect from the children of parents who break the laws of man and forget God?" she asks.

Miss Bailey loves books, pictures, old silver, old furniture. The Chippendale ladderback chair of *Burning Beauty* is one which she uses at her desk; the motif of *Wallflowers* was "The Boy In Red" of Vigée LeBrun, a copy of which hangs in her studio.

The books which stand out as milestones in her literary experience are *Vanity Fair, Pickwick Papers, Anna Karénina,* Kipling, *Lord Jim* and *Nigger of the Narcissus.* On her table are copies of *Pilgrim's Progress,* Blake's Poems, *John Brown's Body* and *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard.*

"I read everything that I want to read and nothing that bores me," she declares. "The test of every book is the grip it has on our interest."

She loves, too, the out of doors, and enjoys motoring through the historic country which surrounds Washington.

While she gives of herself generously to her public—she answers every letter that comes to her—Miss Bailey is not fond of the limelight.

"I belong to myself," she says, smiling; "and I must live my own life. Anyhow, there's always a bit of disillusionment when people meet the author whose books they love. They expect her to look like a counterpart of her own heroines, as young, as wistful, as romantic."

But, begging her pardon, here is one reader who wants Temple Bailey to continue not only to *look* but to *be* herself.

This restless, chaotic, neurotic old world needs her just as she is.

THE GOSPEL OF A BOY

[*Continued from page 7*]

unless it is underwritten by a wise mother, is apt to fail and go bankrupt; for the mother is the heaviest investor in the concern.

In the sermon here under review Dr. Drury deals with the religion of the boy in his teens, taking his suggestion from the life of the Boy born on Christmas who brought so much beauty and blessing into the world, and who, when lost at the age of twelve, was found in the Temple, asking and answering questions. The sermon is addressed to fathers, and asks the question: How can a wise father aid and abet the religion of his son? Shall he leave it to the mother and the parson, or will he see that in the deepest things of life there is something he can do for his boy, or it will be left undone?

"There are two attitudes toward religion," Dr. Drury says, "the one shoddy, the other superficial, which we should first cast out. The one regards religion as a bringer of useful by-products; the other estimates it as a phase of adolescence, soon to slip off. Both ideas are shoddy, as if going to church were merely a refining habit, and religion a stirring of the blood, akin to calf-love, which most of us manfully outgrow. No, religion is much deeper and more real; and to fail to see that fact is to make a profound mistake."

"Of course," as Dr. Drury well knows, "no father wants to deny his boy any benefit; and since religion is a benefit, by all means let him have some! Not too much, though—not enough to dominate him, but just enough to help along! The wish of the average man—which makes and keeps him average, perhaps—is to have a little religion, but on no account to let religion have him! Still, as matters stand, there is little danger that any of us will have too much religion!

"Obviously," Dr. Drury insists, "only a man who has some religion himself can contribute to the religion of his son. Nor does he have to be either solemn, pious or preachy to do it. Indeed, it were better if he were neither, since religion is caught rather than taught. Technical instruction he may delegate to the minister, but the real thing cannot be delegated. It is a matter of spirit, feeling, attitude and the contagion of example. The father best serves his son by believing, and by practicing what he believes.

"As a boy Jesus wished to be about his "Father's business"; so service is also a natural thing to youth, the one challenge to which it always responds. If a father does not spoil his boy by the suggestion of second-rate goals and petty ideals, as is so often done, he may become a servant of his race, a helper and not an exploiter of his fellows. If youth is cynical, it is due to the example of its elders. The best way for a father to help his boy in religion is to be in humble practicality a religious man himself."

Thus a wise teacher, speaking out of a long experience in the love and service of boys, tells us frankly and kindly that if religion is to be real to our children, it must be real to us. There is nothing for it but to take these high matters more seriously ourselves, if we would have them enter more deeply into the lives of those we love better than ourselves.

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FROSTILLA SAVES YOUR SKIN

LOVER COME BACK

[*Continued from page 26*]

She opened the door to let him out. Opened it slowly, with cold, aching fingers, because she knew that she would never open it again to let him in. She couldn't. It hurt too much. And this was what the songs were about—this aching, choking thing called love!

There was a song you heard everywhere—a haunting, heartaching thing with a sorrow in it that for days had seemed to belong to her personally.

"All the roads I've walked along, I've walked along with you—"

NOW, she shrugged it away grimly. Pitiful, a woman's love that comes unsought! Bodiless, wavering flame that warms nothing, but burns up faith instead. She rubbed cold cream on her face, drank a glass of hot milk and crept into bed. Morning would come swiftly, bringing with it more bluefloods in Act Three!

It brought also a soul-destroying, stifling heat. Stumbling down her two flights at seven Catharine felt the breath of the pavement leap at her scorchingly. The subway was a fireless cooker. Buildings simmered. And the inertia and nerve strain of the sultriness were already at work in the tired people who were toiling to put Hicock's new production on the boards.

Hicock himself, haggard after three hours' sleep, was wire-strung, on edge. And as always happens, everything went wrong. A girl, from whom much had been expected, turned out to be a flop. The tenor's wife picked this particular day to have a baby.

There was no time for lunch. Catharine's dinner was sent in on a tray and butter filmed in a crust over a bowl of asparagus soup while she typed an entire new prop sheet because somebody had mislaid the old one.

Then darkness came; but with little relief from the heat. And the mail had to be gotten out. Catharine's fingers flew, clipping the toothy machine. One-eighth of her mind began again, burning into her job like a welding torch. And the other seven-eighths persisted in straying—straying out into the summer night, out to Westchester, to beaches where the sea came kissing, to lanes where trees bent near, to open roads under the sky.

Ann Tillery—Ann Tillery had never known the stretched enduring of seventeen hours of desperate industry. Ann Tillery had been protected all her life, sheathed in silk. Ann Tillery let her heart shine in her eyes, and immediately there was a brown-eyed gallant with gentle hands to fold back the white froth of her expensive coat! The pain of rebellion tore at Catharine's heart, but she fought it down.

"That's all over. I won't be a fool —I won't!"

The tenor came in at eleven, drained, gray-faced, but shining.

"Girl," he announced, hoarsely; "and *she's* all right!"

Tears stood for a minute in his eyes. In four weeks his fan mail would average a thousand letters a week. He would toss them to somebody to open, smile in gratification, be a little vain, perhaps, but for this girl from a small Iowa town, this girl who had married him when he was a ballad singer with a nickelodeon, whose feet had come back from the brink where women must go alone—for her there was a break in his voice and a shamed dabbing at his eyelids. No wonder they made songs out of love like that!

At midnight Catharine put on her hat, too weary to powder her nose. Hicock looked up and tried to grin.

"You know what tomorrow will be like," he said. "You've been a good sport, Miss Christy—I appreciate it!"

Not much. But enough. When it was all you had. Unless you counted Charlie. All the way home in the stifling train, with tired people sleeping unbeautifully in the seats and night-workers with lunch boxes swaying on the straps, Catharine prayed a little prayer that Charlie would not be waiting when she got home.

SHE could not endure any more cheerfulness. Sleep—and solitude, these were the only cure for what ailed her. She opened the door cautiously, sniffing, cigarettes. He had been there, then. Yes, there was the heap of stubs, the magazine turned face down, a burnt match on the floor.

He was gone, however, and he had not cooked anything. There was no tray of stiffening food with a note scrawled on news copy on top. Charlie would make some woman happy some day, perhaps; or drive her mad. These domestic, helpful men palled easily.

[*Continued on page 105*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 230 Park Avenue, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 609 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal., Spring & Baker Sts., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can., 204 Gt. Portland St., London, England.

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5564	2-8	35	5855	14-18, 36-42	50	5873	6-14	35	5919	14-18, 36-42	45
5567	2-8	35	5856	14-18, 36-42	45	5874	4-14	35	5920	4-14	35
5586	1-6	30	5857	14-18, 36-42	65	5905	14-18, 36-46	45	5921	14-18, 36-46	35
5605	6-14	45	5858	14-18, 36-42	65	5906	14-18, 36-46	45	5922	14-18, 36-42	50
5744	14-18, 36-40	65	5859	14-18, 36-42	50	5907	14-18, 36-42	50	5923	14-18, 36-46	45
5772	4-14	35	5860	S. M. L.	50	5908	14-18, 36-46	45	5924	14-18, 36-42	50
5779	6-14	35	5861	14-16, 36-42	45	5909	12-20	45	5925	14-18, 36-42	50
5814	12-20	45	5862	14-18, 36-42	65	5910	14-18, 36-42	45	5926	2-8	30
5817	6-20	35	5863	14-16, 36-42	35	5911	4-14	35	5927	14-18, 36-46	45
5821	14-20	50	5864	14-18, 36-42	35	5912	14-18, 36-46	35	5928	12-20	45
5840	14-18, 36-40	65	5865	4-14	35	5913	4-14	35	5929	14-18, 36-50	45
5844	14-18, 36-40	65	5866	4-14	35	5914	2-8	30	5930	14-18, 36-42	45
5851	14-18, 36-42	65	5867	1-8	30	5915	14-18, 36-46	35	5931	14-18, 36-42	65
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LOVER COME BACK

[*Continued from page 104*]

Sunday night. The theater was airless, but cool after the glare of the streets. There was to be an orchestra rehearsal for the chorus.

The librettist was down from upstate, hot and impatient. He argued endlessly with Hicock; and Catharine tore up a half dozen pages of conflicting memoranda. She ate sandwiches and ginger ale, sitting in the dark orchestra pit among leggy music stands and light wires. Out in Westchester quiet butlers would be moving round the Arnold lawn, serving cool delicious things to Shack's mother's guests.

And Ann Tillery would be there in a flowered frock, with a wide hat to set off her blondeness, laughing, lovely, idle.

THE chorus came stumbling upstairs in ballet shoes, bare legs and rompers. They surveyed the principals, in their plain street clothes, with arrogant pity.

The rehearsal was on.

Sitting in the darkness Catharine thrilled a little to see the production come alive. It shuttled into order, like the bits of a puzzle; and it was the same old pattern—the gray of young sorrow and the gold of young love.

A little glow of creation flowed through her veins.

"It's good," Hicock said suddenly in her ear. "By gosh, it's good!"

Catharine thrilled a little. The strain had been terrible, but she had not faltered. And Hicock knew it.

"I'm going to give you a line on the program, Christy," he said. "That change you figured out in the first act is good stuff."

"The author doesn't care for it," demurred Catharine.

"Oh—the author!" his tone disposed of those feverish literati who merely wrote plays as differentiated from the he-men who fought life into them. "He should crab—after he pulls the money out of this one!"

Work! It was good. It could be made to satisfy. She knew women who made of their work their loves. They seemed happy enough.

"There's a lad in the back of the house—waiting for you," Hicock said presently. "I let him in a while ago."

"He'll wait patiently. He's a cheerful soul," Catharine replied.

Poor Charlie. Faithful lad, waiting to take her home, to make coffee for her, carry in the cup gallantly.

Get it over. Charlie would have a great many brittle and brilliant things to say about the decadence of the stage. And she would drink his coffee and agree, and creep into bed, thinking of nothing. She went up the steep aisle wearily. The man who waited in the back row rose and smiled at her. It was not Charlie Clark.

"Shack?"

"Thought you'd be working pretty late. So I came."

"But you were supposed to be at the party."

"Oh, I went to the party. Got away as soon as I could and came back to see you. I came last night—waited a couple of hours in your apartment and ate your doughnuts."

"I bought them for you, Shack." He *had* come. Ah, Ann Tillery—what do I care for you?

"Well, I ate 'em. And then Charlie Clark came in."

"Charlie Clark?"——What had he said? Poor, chivalrous, importunate Charlie.

"He's crazy about you, Kit," Shack said, as he helped her into the car.

"The sad line in that scene is that I'm not crazy about him. He mothers me beautifully. I ought to be more appreciative."

"He grilled me like a mother-in-law," laughed Shack.

Her hands cramped cold. Charlie, defending her like a knight-errant with a tin sword—what had he said?

"He's a very young man," she remarked; "and most of his views are terribly biased by his youth."

"He wanted to know my intentions."

"Shack — Charlie has no right—"

"Oh, yes he has. Any chap with the worshipful look in his eyes that that lad carries has the right to call another man's hand. He was decent about it, even after I told him."

Something must be said—something light and brittle as glass and inconsequential as foam; something that would die on the air and not go thundering through a thousand years to beat on her heart like a doom-drum ——if the answer were wrong.

"And what—" she hardly knew her own voice, so thin and far it sounded. "—and what did you tell him?"

Shack slid the car against the curb and stopped. "My lord, Kit," he said, don't you *know?*"

In his voice it was, in the nearness of him, his gentleness, his strength, his quiet sureness.

Poor little Ann Tillery, with your white, desiring hands! Catharine smiled, her voice deliciously cool, though her blood was singing.

DO I dream it—or does someone tell me?" she inquired. "If you're making an honest woman of our Nell, Shack, you ought to make it plain before the middle of the third act!"

"Child, I love you!" said Shack with a little gasp, "Good Lord—you mean you don't know it?"

And then, by some flash of divination, by some inspired magic, she said the right thing. Gravely, serenely, as one born of the gods accepts a gift from the gods. "I have known, Shack dear—always!"

"That time—when I saw you there in that theater—working on that darn show as though you'd written it—"

"I did write bits of it, Shack."

"Did you know then?"

"Always, Shack." Dear, sour, brooding old loft-building, with your hiding walls—never, never tell the truth! Never reveal the ghastly doubts, the corroding uncertainty, the wretchedness. No fear—no fear—for somehow all the doubts were gone. How had she known? But she did—she did! Women are like that.

"Always, Shack."

"Kiss me," said Shackelton Arnold.

A night-prowling traffic cop whistled at them then. Then seeing that it was no use he walked away, heavily. He was a young policeman, with Irish eyes and very gallant legs. And there was a girl out in the Bronx——

Do you take advice from your elders?

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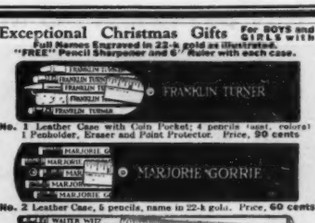

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RED STOCKINGS AND BLUE

[*Continued from page 93*]

of Kentucky, the barrooms of the nineties, the lonely plains of the cowboys—the music of America, authentic and integral as its cotton and wheat fields, its mountains and prairies.

Young Bill, in his last year of high school, is more elusive when it comes to confessing his literary leanings. If he could be lured past the horrid moment when he discovers that James Dougherty's colorful "jacket" for the attractive new edition of Benet's *John Brown's Body* indubitably conceals a poem, and an historical poem at that, he is liable not to lift his nose from its breathless pages until he has come out at the other side, abruptly aware that he has been cheated into galloping through poetry at breakneck speed. If you are afraid that he won't get beyond the "jacket," however, you can dispatch Bruce Gould's *Sky Larking*, a rhapsody on the joys of flying that is not apt to be surpassed this year, nor in the ten that follow it.

SO MUCH for the red stockings; now what can we find for the blue ones?

First that exquisite lady in New York, who is your godmother, and your cherished friend. Here is a lovely book for her, bound in dull lavender, and adorned with wood cuts, delicate, strong and clear as its contents. Lizette Woodworth Reese's *A Victorian Village* is a unique and lovely book, fragrant with apple orchards and hawthorne hedges and new-baked bread, sunlit and wind-blown, as young and undaunted as the little flaxen-haired girl who ran down the streets of the sleepy Maryland village seventy years ago.

Or if you are quite sure that this godmother of yours hasn't already read it, she—or almost anyone else I can think of—would be delighted in Katherine Anthony's *Queen Elizabeth*. A great many of us who read Strachey's superb *Elizabeth and Essex* longed for a little more knowledge as to the mysterious alchemy that transformed Henry the Eighth's desolate small daughter into the mightiest sovereign of her day—capricious, willful, outrageous and magnificent. Katherine Anthony lets us see witchcraft brewing in an extraordinarily lucid, intelligent and dramatic analysis of a woman who remains triumphantly enigmatic in spite of all our modern shrewdness at dissection. Miss Anthony has done her task so well, however, that the acquisition of knowledge becomes absolutely painless—and Tante Louise, Grandmother Carter or Young Nancy at Bryn Mawr would all be equally in your debt for a copy.

Grandmother Carter was seventy-two last week, and as her eyes and her wits are as keen as they were forty years ago, she is becoming a little impatient of cotton-wool and prudence, either for the flesh or the spirit. She has longed for strange lands and far journeys for three-score-years and ten. Let's send her voyaging this Christmas. There are dozens of intriguing travel books to choose from, but the one that fascinated me more than any that I have read this year is Grace Flandrau's *Then I Saw the Congo*. Under the skillful fingers of this intrepid young woman the old, dark, monstrous growth, formless and terrifying as a nightmare, that has spelled Africa to us for as many years as we can remember, vanishes abruptly, and the new Africa arises, challenging and immensely dramatic. There remain still the stupefying heat, the metallic green of the jungle, the theatrical flare of torches, and the ominous rhythm of the distant drums; but sharper and more dramatic than they, rise sounds and lights and colors alien to the heart of darkness—the exiles from civilization lifting their voices in this wilderness in laughter, in tears, in bitterness and despair—the weary clamor of the reluctant outposts at the frontier of mystery. *Then I saw the Congo* contains the material for half a hundred excellent short stories between its neat black covers.

If Grandmother Carter would like to see a world that seems to us now even more strange and distant than the Congo, here is another charming lady to be her guide. *Daisy, Princess of Pless*, according to her own account and that of a thousand more disinterested observers, must have been one of the most ravishing creatures to walk the earth since Helen sunk fleets and burned towers. But Daisy longed for peace instead of war; and she pulls back the curtain of darkness that has fallen over pre-war Europe, and lets us see her moving lightly toward the light, a Fairy Princess tall and golden, who sang like one of her English skylarks, danced like Mab herself, wept and laughed with disarming candor out of the bluest eyes in Europe, scolded Emperors, flirted with Kings, and moves slowly away from us like a lost dream—still young, still radiant, still incorruptibly lovely in her train of golden tissue that an Indian Prince had given her whose name she has forgotten—in the seven yards of pearls that the husband gave her whose name she cannot forget. She had thirty footmen to wait on her, and castles with hundreds of great dark rooms; but never, never in the German kingdom that she ruled, did she cease to long for the green English meadows of her childhood.

WHY not give Nancy, in Bryn Mawr, a copy of G. B. Stern's *Modesta*, a modern Taming of the Shrew, that wanders light-footedly between Italy and London, as gay, as fresh, as sophisticated as Nancy herself? Or there is Harcourt Brace's new edition of Three Comedies by William Shakespeare with James Dougherty's spirited and distinguished illustrations.

Miss Hitty, who taught you when you were a little girl and who treasures beauty more than fine gold, would bless you for one of the most beautiful of all anthologies—*The Winged Horse* compiled by Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill; and her newest pupil, your little cousin Jean, will be enraptured by a charming French mystery story, *Chestnut Court*, by Mabel Tyrrell, or by the romantic adventures of a thoroughly nice Irish child in *Alanna* by Helen Crew.

And still a week till Christmas! Wrap your gifts in blue paper thick with stars, and orange paper thick with gold dust, tie them with emerald ribbon and ruby berries and silver bells, and speed them off rejoicing.

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1710

1701

1701

1738

No. 1710. Make your serving tray an attractive *objet d'art* by simply pasting to the painted tin surface this delightfully hand-colored Godey print, adding a coat of shellac. Two prints, 5 x 6 inches. Price, 50 cents.

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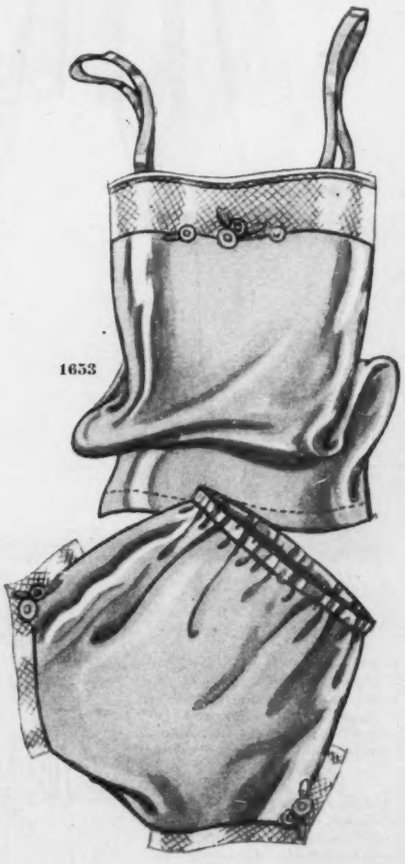
(Below) 1739

1745

1744



1653

1653

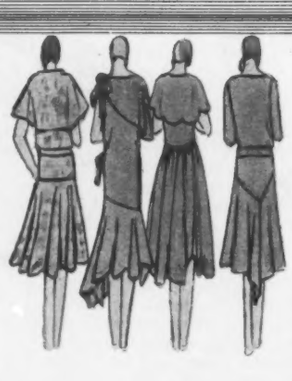
No. 1744-1745. A "Colonial Belle" and a "Colonial Beau"—Smart! New!—to grace your boudoir. They are all the fashion, of white organdie and delicately tinted. The tinted top with stamped design and the white piece for back are provided in each pattern, only the simple embroidery to do. Each tinted pattern, 50 cents.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices quoted above.

L'Echode

No. 5927. A slender frock slightly bloused by a belt at the normal waistline is circular at the sides and back and flat in the front. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5907. Spiral lines are achieved in a princess frock by the clever cut of the circular skirt. A bertha falls over one shoulder. Size 36, 4 yards 35-inch material or 3⅝ yards 39-inch.



No. 5909. A scalloped bertha, and a very full skirt cut in deep scallops add to the quaint effect of a youthful frock. Size 16, 4⅞ yards 35-inch material or 4½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5931. Seamings accent the flaring lines of the skirt and the softly draped yoke of an afternoon gown. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 35-inch material or 3½ yards 39-inch material.

New Collars Are a "Dressmaker" Detail

THE aim of every smart woman this season is not, as in some seasons past, to look very much like her smartest friends, but to look as different from them as possible. The loveliest French fashions are "dressmaker" clothes, individual styles in contrast to frocks that can be turned out by the dozen. Among the many details employed to give a frock this "dressmaker" look are collars cut cleverly and adjusted with the personal touch that individualizes any frock.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

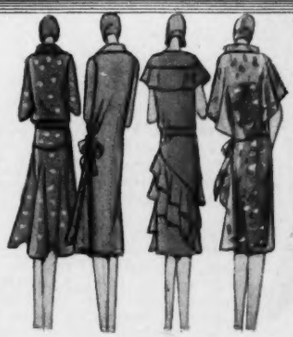
Paris

Paris Makes Youthful Frocks for All Ages

ALMOST every important silhouette in the decidedly new fashions is a youthful one, but the frocks in which they appear are not limited to young women. Along with the youthful lines there is also a tendency to introduce sophistication by means of intricate cut, jabots, flounces, subtle flares and longer skirts. The models that result from this attractive combination are frocks that can be worn by women of all ages, but tend to make anyone look youthful.

No. 5924. A straight line frock acquires fulness by means of a circular section at one side. A jabot softens the neckline. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch material; contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 5910. The skirt of an afternoon frock is cut circular all round and joined to the top in a scalloped line. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 35-inch material or 3½ yards 39-inch.



No. 5922. A deep cape collar is an attractive feature of a formal frock. The skirt flares at one side below a very novel girdle effect. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 5916. Circular flounces placed in a diagonal line at the front and the back give a graceful silhouette to a simple frock. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 35-inch material or 3⅝ yards 39-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5925

5908

5930

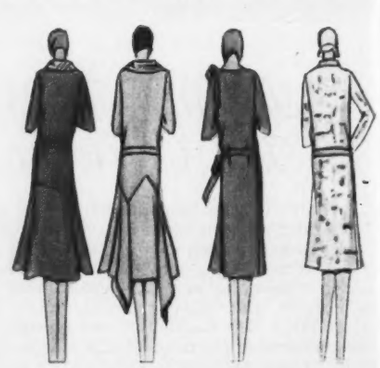
5929

No. 5925. The hemline of an afternoon frock dips in three points, and the skirt is joined to the top in a pointed line. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 35-inch material or 2¾ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5908. Curved seamings accent the slender lines of a frock that is cut straight, with a flaring section at one side of the skirt. Size 36, 2⅞ yards 39-inch or 2⅛ yards 54-inch.

No. 5930. The circular skirt of a practical frock is extended in front to form a narrow panel on the bodice. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 35-inch material; collar, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5929. A pointed yoke forms a deep V in the front of a straight line frock, revealing a vest trimmed with a narrow frill. Size 36, 2⅛ yards 54-inch: vest, ¾ yard 35-inch.



Hello, Santa Claus, Hello!

by

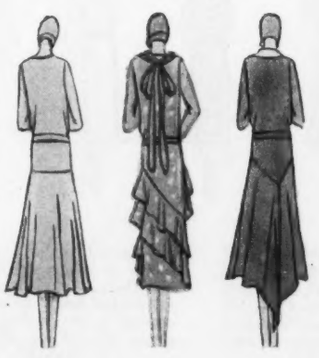
Thérèse Clemenceau

THIS morning I was taking a delicious cup of chocolate and munching my toast, feeling happy in the bright winter sunshine when the 'phone buzzed imperatively and I heard my friend Nina's voice: "Hello Theresa." "Hello Nina, how are you?" "Oh! Theresa I have had a terrible shock—why, Christmas is almost here!" "Well Nina what do you propose to do about it?" "Oh, I just wanted to ask whether you would care to come along with me this afternoon to look at some gifts which we might make . . . . or receive!" "Good idea, Nina; I shall wait for you at 2:30." And thus at 3 o'clock Nina and I left the car at the corner of the Rue de la Paix for the purpose of doing what in French we call a little "footing" and which naturally in English is called a "promenade."

The first thing to attract our attention was the variety of hand bags. One of them is big, long and rather narrow of bright red Russian leather. One side is covered with gilt nail heads while on the other there is only a large monogram made of the same nails. Lined with red satin, the pockets, billfold and powder puff bag are of gold colored satin which gives it a touch of subtle refinement. There are large bags of black suede with heavy chains or large circular handles made of blond tortoise shell-covered with crystal. Nina points out to me how novel the linings are, as they have a tendency to be dark, and smart bags now have a black lining. Fish skin triumphs over lizard this year and the beautiful finish of the skin is quite a revelation. The bags made of this skin are bright, almost luminous and they are so soft that many are shirred around the frame which always matches the color of the skin. Nina asks for envelope bags and is told that there are none to be had, for they have been out of fashion for two weeks. Rather vexed at being so hopelessly out of date she inquires what is being sold for evening. "Purses, Madam, of which we have a very nice selection." And we are shown little round bags of seed pearls so close to one another that no fabric can be seen. The clasps are jewelled with seed pearls, synthetic rubies, emeralds or turquoises and the lining matches the colored stones of the clasp.

We make our exit and further down the street Nina stops me in front of a lingerie shop. She has spotted some quaint handkerchiefs by which I, myself, am rather puzzled. We go in to ask for explanations. "These handkerchiefs, Madam, are decorated on one side with the name of their owners in Chinese, Arabic, Turkish or Greek characters. You see how pretty the designs are and how unique it makes the handkerchief." We agree.

Later I again noticed two attractive bags. They are of petit point tapestry with large tortoise shell frames. One represents Japanese figures copied from drawings by Utamaro and Hiroshige, while the other, utterly modernistic in style, is the reproduction of a beautiful woman's portrait by Jean Gabriel Domergue. I am beginning to regret I came out with Nina. I shall never have enough friends to offer me all these tempting presents. I take Nina's arm and we retrace our steps along the Rue de La Paix looking for suitable gifts. Need I say they were not hard to find?



No. 5927. Graceful lines are lent to a very simple frock by a circular section that forms the sides and back of the skirt. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 35-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5931. Seamings are used to accent the flaring lines of the skirt that dips in a point front and back, and the diagonal neckline. Size 36, 3⅜ yards 39-inch; collar, ½ yard 39-inch.

No. 5916. A frock that is cut on straight slender lines acquires a princess suggestion by means of circular flounces placed in a diagonal line at the front and back. Size 36, 4⅛ yards 39-inch.

page 104.

Longer Lines in Daytime Dresses

THE change to longer skirts in daytime frocks was sudden and complete, without the gradual dipping that slowly lengthened the hemline of formal frocks. While we were still wearing short dresses, we were offered the choice of changing to frocks four or five inches below the knee, or of looking old-fashioned. In the new frocks every line suggests length from seamings that accent the length from neckline to hipline, to the skirt that features the new graceful length.

L'ECHO DE

No. 5928. Curved seamings are decoratively used on a frock which has a circular skirt and a narrow belt to mark the normal waistline. Size 16, 3⅝ yards 35-inch or 3⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 5928. Worn with a short circular cape and made of one of the new woolen fabrics, this frock becomes a smart outdoor fashion. Size 16, 2¾ yards 54-inch material; binding, 10½ yards.

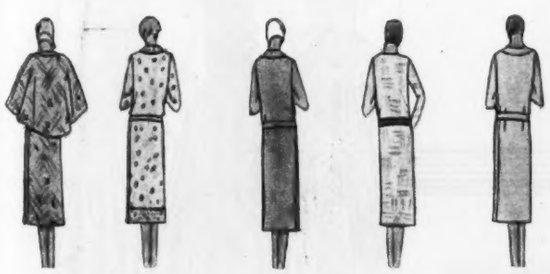
No. 5919. Diagonal lines are the theme of a slender frock designed to fall flat in back and form a circular flare in front. Size 36, 2 yards 54-inch; contrasting, ⅝ yard 39-inch.

No. 5906. A simple frock cut to flare in front has a shaped panel under which a narrow belt is attached to mark the waistline. Size 36, 3⅝ yards 32-inch; contrasting, ⅜ yard 39-inch.

No. 5905. Circular sections inserted at each side lend princess lines to a simple tailored frock that has a pointed yoke crossed in front. Size 36, 3¼ yards 39-inch or 2⅜ yards 54-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

PARIS



Even the Pleated Tailored Frock is Softly Treated

THIS season's fashions are called "feminine" and everyone understands by that, clothes that are not too sensible, that consider beauty and becomingness a great deal more important than mere practical considerations. In other seasons when a frock wanted to be practical above all things, it grew slightly mannish in the attempt. But now Paris makes even the most practical frocks conform to the new spirit in fashions. There are plenty of French models with straight lines, and plenty with pleats. But there are almost none that do not show a feminine treatment in some way, in a soft cape or a collar, a flattering bow, or a front closing finished in the newest decorative way with points or scallops.

No. 5921. A circular cape is a smart addition to a frock made with a skirt pleated in front and a bodice belted at the normal line. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5921. The same frock, with a different collar and with the effective use of bordered fabric acquires a softly feminine air. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 39-inch bordered material.

No. 5915. A large bow inserted under a tab gives a becoming neckline to a straight line frock. A patch pocket heads a group of pleats. Size 36, 2¼ yards 54-inch; ribbon, 1⅛ yards 5-inch.

No. 5923. Scallops down the front form a restrained trimming feature in keeping with the smart straight lines of a tailored frock. Size 36, 3½ yards 35-inch material or 2¼ yards 54-inch.

No. 5912. A pointed neckline is accented by a pointed decoration to the waistline above an inverted pleat all the way down the front. Size 36, 3½ yards 35-inch or 2½ yards 54-inch.

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L'Echo

Favorite Silhouettes for Formal Evenings

IN FORMAL evening gowns Paris lets its liking for length go to extremes. Some of the models at the showings trail along the floor after the wearer, and others have a detachable train, to be removed while dancing. The robe de style with a slender waist and long bouffant skirts that only a short time ago presented a "picture" type of frock in distinct contrast to the season's fashions, now closely resembles the most advanced evening models, in both silhouette as well as in length.

No. 5814. A bouffant frock for a young girl has longer panels looped up at the sides and a very long panel in the back. Size 16 requires 7 yards of 35-inch or 39-inch material.

No. 5744. A very full skirt is attached to a wide draped girdle tightened by a bow tied in front. Size 36, 5 yards 72-inch; contrasting, 1⅛ yards 35-inch; slip, 1⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 5840. Flaring sections inserted at the hemline accent the long lines of a formal evening gown slightly fitted to the figure. Size 36 requires 4⅞ yards 35-inch material or 4 yards 39-inch.

de Paris

New Points About Princess Frocks

THE princess silhouette has been accepted so enthusiastically that by this time it is almost as standard as straight lines used to be. So, as long as no good fashion can afford to stand still, princess lines are constantly showing new developments. The slender bodice, slightly fitted waist and slender hipline can hardly be improved on, but the skirts change constantly. In many of the new models, the flare is replaced by a soft fulness, cut to dip in points almost to the floor.

No. 5821. A graceful dance frock is simply designed, with pointed seamings in the front and a hemline that dips in long points. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 35-inch material or 3¾ yards 39-inch.

No. 5841. Rows of circular flounces accent the princess lines of a formal evening gown. The neckline is square front and V back. Size 36, 9¼ yards 39-inch; foundation for flounces 1½ yards 35-inch.

No. 5858. A simple evening frock has an underskirt attached to a slip and circular flounces falling over the skirt in tunic effect. Size 36, 4½ yards 39-inch material; upper slip, 1⅜ yards 39-inch.

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PYROZIDE POWDER

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5772. A frock cut straight, with circular sections to provide fulness in front has a deep bertha collar. Size 12, 2¾ yards 39-inch material; ribbon, 3 yards.

No. 5909. A very full skirt is gathered to a fitted bodice which crosses in front in surplice effect. Size 16 requires 3 yards 39-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 39-inch material.

No. 5920. Sections that provide fulness at the sides of a simple frock are finished at the top with rows of shirring. Size 14 requires 3 yards 35-inch or 2⅞ yards 39-inch material.

No. 5911. Clever lines are interpreted in a frock with pointed yoke in front and pointed seamings above an inverted pleat. Size 12 requires 1⅝ yards 54-inch material.

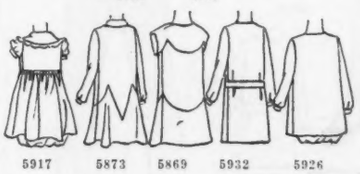
No. 5914. Curved seamings decorate a small frock which has matching bloomers. Pleats at one side provide fulness. Size 4, 1⅞ yards 39-inch or 1⅝ yards 54-inch.

No. 5918. Contrasting bands and flat tailored bows trim a bloomer frock with drop shoulders and gathered skirt. Size 6, 2¼ yards 39-inch; contrasting, each color, ⅛ yard 35-inch.

No. 5913. Pleated sections at the front and back of the skirt are cut in points at the top and overlap the belt. Size 12, 2⅝ yards 39-inch material or 2 yards 54-inch material.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 5873. The circular skirt is joined to the top in an upward curve in front and cut in deep points in back. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 39-inch; collar, ¼ yard 39-inch.

No. 5869. Contrasting materials are used effectively in a frock which has a yoke cut in one with short sleeves. Size 8, waist, 1¼ yards 32-inch material; skirt, 1 yard 32-inch.

No. 5932. Pleats at the side of a practical frock cut straight with a belt at the waist are emphasized by a yoke cut in steps at one side. Size 12, 1½ yards 54-inch material.

No. 5928. A cape frock with contrasting bindings is cut slightly circular and curved seamings suggest jacket lines. Size 14, 3⅞ yards 39-inch or 2⅝ yards 54-inch; binding, 10⅛ yards.

No. 5917. The collar of a bloomer frock for a very small girl is crossed in front to form a quaint fichu effect. Size 2, 2 yards 35-inch; contrasting, ½ yard 35-inch.

No. 5926. A simple frock made with bloomers has a pleated section in the front cut in scallops at the top. Size 6, 2½ yards 35- or 39-inch material or 1¾ yards 54-inch.

No. 5817. A new suspender dress consists of a pleated skirt attached to a yoke with shoulder straps and a separate blouse. Size 12, blouse, 1⅞ yards 39-inch; skirt, 1⅞ yards 54-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

With NONE SUCH it's made in MINUTES

MINCE PIE is an *every* season dessert —delicious and wholesome for *all* the family *all* the year 'round. And when it's made of None Such, it's made in minutes!

Your recipe is in the package. Just roll your dough, add your None Such—your oven does the rest. It's all so quick—so easy—so certain—with None Such.

What a treat a None Such Mince Pie is! Ripe fruits and tangy spices—21 ingredients, many of them rare—blended temptingly. Best of all, it's just as nourishing and digestible as it is full-flavored.

For more than 40 years None Such has had a place of honor on the shelves—and in the pies!—of good home cooks. Of course *you'll* bake a None Such Mince Pie for the holidays. But why wait till then? Your family deserves a treat this very day! Just 'phone your grocer for a package or tin, as you prefer . . . And don't forget to send for the booklet, "None Such Recipes"—delightful new ways to serve an old-time favorite.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Inc.
350 Madison Avenue
New York

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

Ice Does Not Stick in a FLEXO TRAY

Pure Rubber Tray *for* Electric Refrigerators

Fits in ice-cube pan in place of metal grid. Does away with difficulty of removing ice cubes. No water necessary to loosen cubes. Simply lift out the Flexo-Tray and bend it—every cube will be loose. Take out what you need—no waste of remaining cubes. No meltage whatsoever. Made of pure crepe rubber—does not transmit taste or odor to ice cubes. Buy from your electric refrigerator dealer or direct from us—$2 each, postpaid. In ordering, specify name of refrigerator and number of cubes each tray holds. *An ideal Christmas gift.*

G. M. DWELLEY, INC., 241 Curtis Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Agents: $6 a Day

easily made taking orders for our delicious Ready-Prepared Pure Food Specialties. Something new—different. Not sold in stores. Save time, work and trouble. Housewives eager to buy. Tremendous demand. Easy to make $6 to $9 profit in a day. Repeat orders insure steady income. No experience or capital required. Wonderful opportunity to make money in full or spare time. Write today for particulars. No obligation in getting the facts.

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6788 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Polished—But Still Dirty!

WHEN you use ordinary furniture polish or wax you polish *over* the dirt and seal it in. The *real* surface does not show through at all.

When you use the New Liquid Veneer you polish *off* the dirt—actually remove it. You get down to the original surface and make it like new because you beautify the *original* finish—not the dirt over it.

The New Liquid Veneer saves work too. A little on your dust cloth makes frequent polishing unnecessary. Leaves no greasy film—does not collect dust, does not soil clothing. 4 oz. 30c; 12 oz. 60c; 12 oz. and 30c polishing glove, 75c.

FREE—Sample bottle and helpful booklet, "The Care of Fine Finishes." Address Liquid Veneer Corporation, Dept. 1122, Buffalo, N. Y.

LIQUID VENEER

Polishes Better *Because it Cleans*

Learn Electricity In 12 Weeks by Actual Work in the Great Shops of Coyne—no books—no lessons. Earn while you learn. Aviation, Radio and Auto Electrical courses included. You don't need advanced education or experience. SEND FOR BIG NEW FREE BOOK!
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL, Dept. 99-51
500 South Pauling Street CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

A different ELECTRICAL gift

It whips, beats, mixes, stirs

Stands by itself. Operates alone in any bowl.

Has wide range of speed. Mixes everything from liquids to cake batters or mashed potatoes.

The New Improved Dormeyer Electric Food Mixer

is a beautiful appliance—chromium plated. Built for a life time service and guaranteed electrically and mechanically.

It is useful at every meal, yet costs only a fractional part of a cleaner or washer that are used but once or twice a week.

Saves time and tired arms and makes it easy to be a wonderful cook. Makes a marvelous gift. If not at your electrical store, write us quickly.

A. F. DORMEYER MFG. CO., Dept. K
2640 Greenview Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Please send folder and prices of the new Dormeyer.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

L'ECHO DE PARIS

5779 5567 5564

5779 5567

5870 4776 5870 4776 5564

No. 5779. A smart ensemble has a frock which has a pleated jabot and pleated inserted sections. Size 8, dress, 2⅛ yards 39-inch; coat, 1⅜ yards 54-inch.

No. 5567. A raglan coat is cut on practical lines with a double-breasted front closing. Size 8, 1¾ yards 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5870. Princess lines are attractively adapted to a small coat which is cut slightly circular. Size 10, 2 yards 54-inch material; lining 2 yards 39-inch.

No. 4776. A useful outfit for a little boy consists of a smart coat and a round cap. Size 4, 1½ yards 54-inch material; lining; 1¼ yards 40-inch.

No. 5564. A coat for a small boy is cut with raglan sleeves and fastened high in the neck. Size 4, 1½ yards 54-inch material; lining, 1⅛ yards 39-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

1st drop PAIN stops

Don't suffer another minute! Drop Freezone on that aching corn. Instantly pain stops. Soon corn lifts off easily, painlessly. Works on every corn, hard or soft. A tiny bottle, costing only a few cents, is sufficient to end all corns and calluses. Get a bottle from any druggist.

Corns Lift Off FREEZONE

An Extra $10. For You

The coupon below will bring you complete information about an easy, dignified way to secure an extra $10.00 or more. Send for this information today.

Dept. 12-Y, McCall's Magazine
McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio

Please tell me how I can get an extra $10.00.

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Street and No.....

Post Office and State.....

Artifical Teeth, Plates and Removable Bridges should be Cleaned Every day

Dentists advise daily cleaning of plates, bridges and artificial teeth. It cannot be done effectually with ordinary tooth paste or powder, nor with a tooth brush. Neglect endangers health and injures plates.

We guarantee Pla-ti-clene paste to remove all unclean, dangerous deposits. Its thorough cleansing, antiseptic action prevents corrosion of plates and disagreeable odor. Endorsed by dentists who have tested it as the most effectual cleanser. It will not scratch or injure, but will clean, polish and brighten. Large tube (5 inches long) 35c postpaid in U. S. Sample mailed FREE.

Our PLATE Brush operates scientifically, reaching into deep channels and crevices, removing all harmful deposits. Guaranteed quality, 35c postpaid in U. S. Mail your order to

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Please send FREE Trial tube of Pla-ti-clene

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BARTONS TRIMMINGS

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Write for FREE samples, and ask your dealer to show you Bartons Double Fold Trimmings.

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CORNS

and tender toes—relieved in 1 minute by these thin, soothing, healing pads. Safe! *At all drug, shoe and dept. stores.*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone

L'ECHO DE PARIS

No. 5605. An ensemble has a coat and frock with pleated panel. Size 6, dress, 1¾ yards 36-inch; contrasting, ¼ yard 36-inch; coat, 1½ yards 54-inch.

No. 5866. A princess coat for a small girl is designed with a circular skirt section. Size 6, 1½ yards 54-inch material; lining, 1½ yards 39-inch.

No. 5874. Smart straight lines give a practical air to a coat made with a becoming narrow collar. Size 8, 1⅞ yards 54-inch; lining, 1⅜ yards 39-inch.

No. 5586. A small girl's coat is gathered to a round yoke that closes with three buttons. Size 4, 1⅛ yards 54-inch; lining, 1¼ yards 39-inch.

No. 5260. Raglan sleeves and back belt are features of a coat that closes with a single button. Size 10, 1⅞ yards 54-inch; lining, 1⅝ yards 40-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 230 Park Avenue, New York City, at prices listed on page 104.

GIFTS TO MAKE AT HOME

What a delightful surprise it will be if this year you *make* right at home clever, attractive gifts for your friends. They will treasure your gifts the more and you can have all the joy of making them, at surprisingly little cost. For Dennison has a host of new suggestions, with simple, step-by-step directions to follow.

For example, there is a dainty doll that hides a powder box, waxed pond lilies of fragile beauty and 23 kinds of flowers, all easily made of crepe paper. There are strikingly attractive flowers, to be made of the colorful new Cellophane. With sealing wax you can make and decorate vases, boxes, brilliant swinging parrots and decorative wall plaques.

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Dennison-craft instruction books and folders, and materials for making all your gifts are on sale at stationers, department stores and many drug stores. Or send the coupon below for the instruction booklets. Many are free. Simply check what you want and enclose proper amount.

And why not let us include the holiday issue of Parties, a magazine filled with delightful suggestions for Christmas and New Year's entertaining. Also free folders showing smart, new ways to wrap your gifts and decorate your home inside and out for the holiday season.

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Framingham, Mass.
Please send me the Free Instructions and Books I have checked below. I enclose proper amount.

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____*Cellophane Flowers (Free)* ____*Weaving with Rope (10c)*
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Dennison craft

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RIGHT at home, in spare time, you learn to make your own clothes for half or third of what you pay in the shops. The Woman's Institute will teach you the secrets of designing, cutting, fitting and finishing that make the professional modiste so successful.

So that you may see with your own eyes how easily you can learn through this fascinating step-by-step method, we will gladly send you a 68-page sample lesson free.

In words and pictures, it describes the details of cutting and finishing sleeves, collars, shoulders and other difficult parts of a dress. Every page is full of helpful instructions, all so simple and complete that you can quickly master them.

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Please send me—*Free*—your booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and the 68-PAGE SAMPLE LESSON described above. I am most interested in—

☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
Address _____

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PYREX Nursing Bottles

Won't break in boiling water

Won't break in cooling

PHYSICIANS all over the country are urging the use of the boil-proof Pyrex Nursing Bottles.

They write us that it means a real step forward in infant health standards because it keeps the regular feeding schedule from being upset by breaking bottles.

Don't risk having your baby's schedule upset by bottles that break when you are heating his milk.

Use this boil-proof, easily sterilized, bottle that doctors recommend.

6-sided—Pyrex Nursing Bottles cannot slip from your hand or from baby's. There are no sharp angles on the inside of the bottle, which is rounded off broadly and is very easy to clean.

Flat-bottomed—they stand firmly.

Ounces and half-ounces are plainly marked.

The two shapes that baby specialists approve—narrow neck and wide mouth—both in 8-ounce size.

Get enough Pyrex Nursing Bottles for a full day's feeding from your druggist. They are made by the makers of Pyrex ovenware. Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y.

Trade-mark "PYREX" Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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The possibilities of making your own Christmas gifts smart and attractive with

WRIGHT'S BIAS FOLD TAPE

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With every sewing book at 10c we will send *free* a three-yard sample of our bias fold tape. Every piece of Wright's Bias Fold Tape is guaranteed fast, every piece is cut on a true bias.

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Decorative Moore Push-Pins

"To Hang Up Things"
3 sizes 6 colors

10c a Block. All Dealers

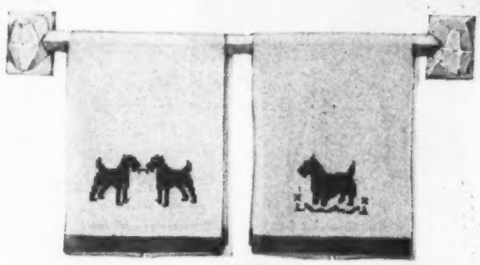
Linens of New Loveliness!

by Elisabeth May Blondel

1748

1748. Colonial Figures cross-stitched and framed.

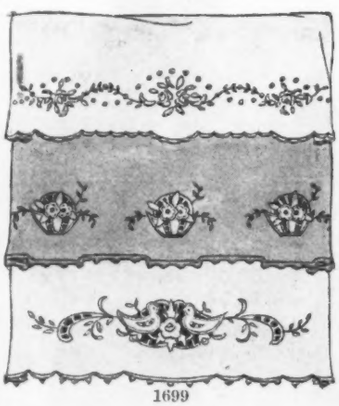
1748



1748

No. 1748. Pert pups are irresistible when cross-stitched on towel ends in a shade complementary to your bathroom color scheme. Small cross-stitch silhouettes in oval designs are charmingly quaint done in black on fine white linen and framed.

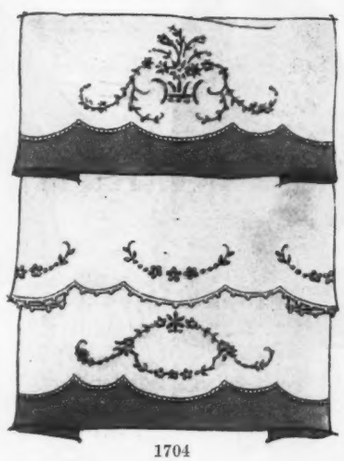
No. 1704. (Below.) Are your linens up-to-date, and do they harmonize with the color scheme of your room? Smart sheets and pillow slips now have flower sprays embroidered in white, or in color to match a colored border.



1699

No. 1699. Fashion decrees color. We have color in our breakfast room, boudoir, bath—and now, the final exquisite detail, in colored linens. A rose spray, basket design or bird motif is especially charming in white embroidered on pastel pillow slips.

No. 1746. For imparting an antique atmosphere, or a quaint note to your colonial room, spirited figures in cross-stitch design are worked for trays, pillow tops, luncheon sets or framed as pictures, and finished with initials and date.



1704

1746. Spirited figures for cross-stitch designs.

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Colds

As soon as you notice the symptoms take Grove's *Laxative* BROMO QUININE—two tablets every two or three hours until symptoms disappear.

Universally recognized as the standard remedy for colds. In use for over 40 years.

Grove's *Laxative* BROMO QUININE *Tablets*

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by world's leading authors. Recent and standard publications, fiction and non-fiction. Every book offered at greatly reduced prices. More than a million satisfied customers. Thirty-four years in business. Service quick. Special discounts on large orders. **FREE—352 page Catalog,** listing over 25,000 books, used by schools, colleges, libraries and individuals everywhere. We supply every book published. Send for catalogue today and save money.

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The coupon below will bring you complete information about a quick, easy, dignified way to secure an extra $5.00 or more, regularly. Send for this information today.

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McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Please tell me how I can have an extra $5.00 or more regularly.

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Local Address .....

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No Gray Hair
Test This Safe Way FREE

GRAY hair must go! But don't try to end it with any crude, sticky, messy dye which produces a dull, lifeless look that is worse than grayness. Use Brownatone—the quick, sure, safe, *harmless* method tested and approved by millions. Even close friends do not suspect its use. Brownatone is easily applied by anyone. It does not rub off nor wash out. It is beneficial to the scalp—adds luster to the hair. Takes any kind of wave. Comes in two colors: blond to medium brown; dark brown to black. All druggists sell Brownatone under an absolute guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Make This *FREE TEST*

Send name and address to The Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. S-15, Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky., for liberal FREE test bottle of Brownatone. Be sure to state color desired. Canadian address: Windsor, Ont.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS

BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

Instant Foot Relief

Keeps Shoes Shapely

Hides Large Joints

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Gives INSTANT relief to bunions and large joints. Wear in any style shoe—in your regular size—outside or under stocking. Sold for over 20 years by **shoe dealers, druggists,** and **department stores.**

Free **Trial Offer: Money back if not instantly relieved. Write, giving shoe size and for which foot.**

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ELECTRIC FIRELESS COOKER RANGE

Get My Factory Price

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Amazingly low FACTORY PRICE and small monthly payments. *Write for free book and special offer.*

The Wm. Campbell Co.
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MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY, Ltd.
700 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

The Silhouette Christmas Gift

by Elisabeth May Blondel

1740

Silhouettes hung in pairs are charming.

1741

1749

No. 1740. Martha Washington Silhouette. With her frilly cap and old-time air of dignity, this silhouette is exceedingly quaint. A pair of silhouettes makes a delightful gift. Size 4 by 5 inches. Price, 75 cents, framed.

No. 1741. George Washington Silhouette. An excellent likeness, reproduced from the original cut by H. G. Guttman. Its charm is enhanced by the mellow parchment tone of the background. Size 4 by 5 inches, framed. Price, 75 cents.

No. 1749. Lincoln Silhouette. We all desire silhouettes of statesmen we admire, but we all can't afford antique dealer's prices. These excellent silhouettes (size 4 by 5 inches) are framed, ready for hanging. Price, 75 cents each.

1750

No. 1750. Roosevelt Silhouette. Silhouettes hung in pairs, over a small table, or in any desirable spot, add a subtle accent of good taste to your home. Size 4 by 5 inches. Price, 75 cents, framed.

1730

No. 1730. A charming design and a fascinating piece of pick-up work! What more could be said for this old-fashioned garden, stamped on canvas, 10 by 14 inches, except that the wool comes in twenty glorious shades, all given in pattern with color chart. Price, $1.75.

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How to Decorate *with* Color Lights.. *for Christmas*

BE sure your lights for this year's Christmas decorating are NOMA Color-Lights. Each NOMA outfit has an *extension connector*, so that it can be strung on to another set, merely by plugging in. Thus you can create attractive and elaborate decorative effects with long, continuous strings of sparkling color lights; and you can add a new set or two each year. . . . NOMA Color-Lights have exclusive little red bead attachments to fasten each tiny lamp to the tree so that it will stand up like a fairy candle. *All Noma Outfits are equipped with Mazda Color Lamps*, for sturdiness, dependability and low current cost. You can see the NOMA name stamped plainly on each patented Bakelite socket—and the MAZDA name stamped on every lamp.

Send for Decorating Booklet

Send 10 cents for the fascinating booklet, "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember'," giving beautiful and unusual ideas for decorating at Christmas and other festive occasions. Your friends will enjoy these novel displays, all so simple to achieve with these radiant NOMA Color-Lights.

Noma Electric Corp., Dept. 22, 340 Hudson Street, New York City.

Noma
STRINGS OF COLOR
lights

Noma Electric Corporation, Dept. 22,
340 Hudson Street, New York.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send me "Decorating with Color-Light, 54 Plans for 'Parties They'll Remember'."
Name.....
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You, too, can earn money in leisure time "without being tied down to a position"

WHAT woman isn't interested in a purseful of money nowadays! Aren't you, yourself? Perhaps you are longing right this minute for money for charming clothes . . . money for Christmas spending . . . money to pay a bill or start a snug bank account.

Glad news! You can join The Girls' Club, where Happy Modern Women earn *money of their own to spend*. You can share the successes of such members as Mrs. Edward Goff, who regularly earns $1.35 an hour in leisure time, and Gladys Christiansen, who earned $350.00 in two months for charming clothes, an automobile fund and a vacation.

And, in the Junior division of our Club, Fun-Loving Girls from seven to seventeen can earn plenty of money and such gay prizes as banjo ukes, watches, and bright rain coats.

Simply fill in the coupon below and mail it today. The Club will supply, without cost, full information and valuable helps.

Manager of The Girls' Club
The Ladies' Home Journal
1084 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Please tell me how to earn money in leisure moments.
Name_____ Age_____
Address_____

"I don't know why any woman submits to gray hairs and Heartbreak Age"

"If there were only the old henna or metallic 'restorer' types of dyes available, a woman might well prefer to stay gray-haired. For they are apt to turn your hair green or purplish shades, and they always make the hair stiff and coarse. But NOTOX is so different there's no comparison. You can't tell hair that has been recolored with Inecto Rapid NOTOX. Because — "

When hair is recolored with NOTOX, the full color develops at once and the color is permanent. It does not fade to queer shades or wear off in streaks. NOTOX does not coat each hair with an external paint, as other dyes do. It penetrates the hair and replaces the color inside the transparent hair shaft. It colors hair inside as nature does, which explains why your hair retains all its natural sheen and texture and soft pliability. And explains why you can wash, wave and sun your hair, as you have always done. Make up your mind to use NOTOX today.

The smartest beauty shops use Inecto Rapid Notox. An expert hairdresser can remove other unsatisfactory dyes and recolor your hair with Notox.

Beauty shops and drug and department stores sell Inecto Rapid Notox for use at home. Simple complete directions in every box.

NOTOX

Colors hair inside as nature does

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You can complete this simplified High School Course at home inside two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

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Dept H 980 Drexel Av. & 58th St. © A. S. 1923 CHICAGO

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"I made it myself—just for you!"

Christmas Sentiment Money Can't Buy

"It seems almost impossible that my unskilled fingers could fashion so dainty a thing as the Curtain Tieback" —writes Mrs. S-M.

Not alone for Christmas—but throughout the year, make your gifts of COLORFOIL. They cannot be duplicated for beauty or sentiment—for you will MOLD your love and thought into them.

Novel Curtain Tiebacks are only one of 50 exquisite gifts which the skilled or unskilled can quickly make from this new, lustrous art material that is so simple to model into gifts of charm.

Our 22 page COLORFOIL BOOK is brim full of all-around-the-year gift suggestions, including color photographs of 50 decorative, useful articles to make, and gives complete information about them. A pattern and a lesson have been prepared for every article and even the most inexperienced will find them simple, quick, and inexpensive to produce. Send today for the COLORFOIL BOOK.

Reynolds Metals Co., Colorfoil Dept. 105, Louisville, Ky.

Reynolds Metals Co., Colorfoil Dept. 105, Louisville, Ky.

Enclosed is 25c for COLORFOIL BOOK of 50 Gift Suggestions. With it send—FREE ART LESSON, PATTERN & COLORFOIL to make 2 Curtain Tiebacks. (Wrap coin securely.)

Name..... Address.....

Style 12, $275— Genuine Mahogany Case, Ivory Keys—Full 88 notes—4 ft. high

A Famous WING Piano

Founded 1868

NO MONEY DOWN $275 ONLY $12 A MONTH

FREE TRIAL TILL MARCH
IN YOUR OWN HOME—WE PAY ALL FREIGHT

Direct from factory—save $100 to $200. Rich inspiring tone. 40,000 in use. 40-year guarantee. Pianos, Players and Grands. 30 styles. Easy terms. *Write today* for Book and offer FREE.

WING & SON, *Founded 1868—61st Year*
Dept. 90-89 13th Street and 9th Ave., New York, N. Y.

Baby Parlor Grands

JIMMIE GEE AND THE MAGIC EYE

[*Continued from page 34*]

"Well, Mother, isn't it time for the Christmas tree?" the Father asked. The mother smiled and left her place and went into the other room.

Soon the tones of a parlor organ floated in to them and Karen took Jimmie Gee's hand and led the little procession into the other room.

The Christmas tree caught Jimmie Gee's attention immediately. It wasn't like any Christmas tree he had ever seen, with costly baubles and brilliant electric lights. Its sole trimming consisted of small white candles and gilded apples and oranges that hung like little suns all over it. Little cornucopias of brightly-colored glazed paper filled with hard candies tempted here and there and on the very point of the tall tree glistened a home star covered with gilt paint.

The children and the Father joined hands and walked slowly around the tree while the Mother played "Silent night, holy night."

IT WAS all so beautiful that it brought a lump into Jimmie Gee's throat. He had never known Christmas was sweetly solemn like this before, making you want to cry from a curious happiness.

Then the Mother played something else, a happy little song with a gay lilt that told of Christmas joy and Christmas nonsense. Jimmie Gee laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks as he jumped around the tree with the others in a regular polka.

Now you will get your presents," the Father laughed as they stopped exhausted and sank down on the floor in a little circle around the tree.

For Karen there was a curiously flat-faced doll with painted cheeks and brown wood hair that looked like little waves that her Father had carved himself. For Johan there was a real grown-up man's saw! His happiness made Jimmie Gee laugh too, and the Father took the gilt star from the Christmas tree and gave it to him.

Jimmie thought that he had never had anything so beautiful before. "You've given me the star of Bethlehem," he cried. "That's almost the biggest part of Christmas."

"Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas," they all shouted then in unison.

"Merry Christmas," said Uncle Jim's voice coming suddenly out of somewhere. "And in Norway, Christmas is really merry because it brings happiness to everybody alike, man and bird and beast."

JIMMIE GEE blinked his eyes and he smelt the smoke of the wood fire at home. Uncle Jim was sitting across from him and the magic eye sparkled in his hand like a fairy jewel.

Karen and Johan and the Mother and Father had vanished, but somehow Jimmie Gee was not lonely. He felt they were still with him in his heart and the star they had given him peeped in at him through the window where it hung in the winter sky and it glittered brighter than any other star.

"It's Christmas that makes you happy," Jimmie Gee said, his eyes almost as bright as his star. "Let's have a real merry Christmas this year, Uncle Jim. Let's have a Christmas for the birds and for the poor horses and dogs and cats down in the city and for the children who haven't anyone to make them happy."

And as he clapped his hands he heard the echo of Karen and Johan's voices calling, "Merry Christmas, Jimmie Gee, Merry Christmas!"

Milk Alone is not Enough

DOCTORS say many babies need cod-liver oil daily to help keep them well and happy. Especially in winter when sunshine is scarce and milk less rich. It helps the growth of sturdy bones and sound teeth, and prevents rickets. Give it the easy, pleasant way—Scott's Emulsion. Pure Norwegian cod-liver oil whipped into a cream. This way even tiny infants digest and retain it perfectly.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
SUMMER SUNSHINE FOR BABIES

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Can Such Youth — Be Yours?

Practice this simple preventive measure if you want to look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets, a substitute for calomel. By cleansing the system they help relieve constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Get Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c, 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

$10 For You!

A CRINKLY ten dollar bill appeals to you—doesn't it? And a pleasant way to spend some of your spare time? Did you know that thousands of women—busy women too—are using their spare time now to secure extra money each month the McCall way?

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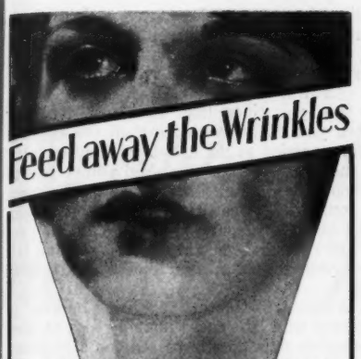

Feed away the Wrinkles

WRINKLES appear when the flesh and tissues under the skin become soft or lifeless. Babies and children never have wrinkles; their flesh is firm and live.

To smooth away wrinkles, the tissues under the skin must be nourished back to firmness. Dr. Charles' Flesh Food does this by absorption. You use it as an ordinary night cream. It feeds the tissues and tones them up. Wrinkles and sagging flesh disappear. It is also invaluable for rounding out hollows in the neck and shoulders.

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DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 28*]

"Don't get hysterical!" said Griselda. "There's no sense in making a fuss now. I've told you that she was a bad woman. That's enough. Mind you don't follow in her steps!"

"I—don't believe it!" whispered Charmaine through her white lips. "I don't—believe it!"

"Oh, don't you?" a red gleam suddenly shone in Griselda's eyes. "Then I'll tell you something further which I don't advise you to pass on to the Conister family. It's a good thing for you that you're safely married, for you've no claim whatever upon any of us. Heaven alone knows where you sprang from, but—except that you were born in wedlock—you don't belong to us. There! Now you know!"

SHE swung upon her heel with the words and walked to the door. Aunt Edith, reëntering almost immediately upon her departure, found Charmaine barely conscious upon the floor.

Mrs. Dicker, hastily summoned, lent her aid, and between them they coaxed her back to life; but all her strength seemed to have gone.

"Charmaine, darling," Aunt Edith said very firmly and lovingly, "I don't know what your horrible sister has been saying to you and I don't care. But I want you to understand just this. You are Basil's wife now. Nothing can alter that or make you anything else. So be that to the very best of your ability and let the rest go!"

Aunt Edith saw with relief that she had struck the right note and though still very pale, Charmaine managed to muster a smile for Basil when she finally descended. He came to meet her and took instant and complete possession of her in the fashion that delighted Aunt Edith's heart.

"We must go, dear. It's getting late," he said. Charmaine, too, found relief in his protecting presence. But when at last she found herself by Basil's side in the car, speeding away from the great house in Park Lane, she lay back as one utterly exhausted, conscious only of an immense thankfulness that it was all over.

She spoke at last on a little sigh. "Oh, isn't it nice to get away?"

He turned and his eyes smiled at her sympathetically. "Poor little girl! What a time you've had! Beginning to get over it?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "I'm only tired."

"You haven't been sleeping very well lately," he suggested gently.

The color rushed up over her face in a great, overwhelming wave.

"Never mind, darling!" he said. "I understand. You went out early, didn't you, to see the dawn yesterday morning at Culverley?"

She turned toward him in desperation. "You—you—where were you? I—never saw you."

"I was called to Hugh in the night," he said. "When I came back, the day was breaking and I glanced up your passage and saw the light was coming through the open door. After that I lay and waited till I heard you at the dining-room window. Then I knew you had been out to see the dawn. I nearly came to meet you, but just refrained."

"Oh!" breathed Charmaine. She was trembling all over. If he had met her, surely she would have fallen at his feet and told him everything! And she would not have been his bride today!

Old Willis was waiting to receive them when they reached Culverley. Though he mustered a decorous smile of welcome his face was drawn in a fashion that Basil was quick to note.

[*Continued on page 124*]

A King's illness and *Your* COLD

VERY dramatically, the recent illness of a great ruler focused attention on the calcium content of the blood. It is rumored that a Knighthood is in prospect for the young biochemist who prescribed and administered calcium to His Majesty.

If you are troubled with frequent and recurring colds, although nose and throat seem perfect, your blood, too, is probably deficient in calcium. To restore the normal alkaline balance take FELLOWS' Syrup. It supplies calcium in a most assimilable form, in addition to four other vital mineral elements needed by the body, and two dynamic ingredients.

This explains why physicians in 58 countries consider FELLOWS' the winter tonic without equal. When you are physically and mentally let-down, it "picks you up." It promotes appetite, aids digestion, soothes nerves. Abounding vitality returns. Energy revives. Handicaps disappear. If you feel below par, ask your own family physician. He is probably among those who regularly prescribe this fine old tonic.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

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Remove blemishes and discolorations by regularly using Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores, have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To reduce wrinkles and age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and one-half pint witch hazel. At Drug & Dept. Stores.

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THE ALTAR OF HONOR

[*Continued from page 124*]

"It's going to last," said Basil with quiet resolution, "just as long as you and I are together and love each other."

Charmaine was silent.

He pressed her close. "Do you think you will ever change, Charmaine?" he asked earnestly.

She shook her head again. "No. But—other things do."

They made their way homeward by easy stages, but yet somehow she seemed to get overtired with even the shortest journey; and when they finally reached Paris, Basil became anxious.

"I don't believe you're well, darling," he said. "I'm going to get a doctor."

She implored him almost with tears not to do so, but ignoring her entreaties he summoned a doctor to their hotel and put her to bed.

When the doctor had departed she lay spent and powerless, until Basil came again to her. Kneeling beside her, he gathered her bodily to his heart.

"Oh, Charmaine—Charmaine!" he whispered. "Do you know what the doctor has just said to me?"

"What?" whispered Charmaine, trembling.

"Don't, darling, don't!" he said. "There's nothing to frighten you. I'll take such care of you. Charmaine, he said—'Madam may hope to present you with an heir in six months' time.' And you never guessed—my little innocent wife!"

She was lying in his arms, her face hidden. Then gaspingly, she spoke. "No, I never guessed—" With the words she turned her face upwards as though suffocated. "I wonder—" she panted—"I wonder—if—Hugh—knows."

Her words surprised him, but he hastened to reply. "He's jolly glad if he does, darling," he assured her. "It was the one thing he most desired."

A FEW days later they were in England, and then began for Charmaine a period of much tender petting from Aunt Edith, Mrs. Dicker and Basil.

They settled down at Culverley for the winter, Basil throwing himself whole-heartedly into the business of the estate. Charmaine's happiest hours in those days were those she spent in Basil's company. His presence seemed a protection from both past and future, standing between her and all the world.

Christmas came and went. Charmaine was not allowed to see any visitors as they over-tired her. Even Mrs. Deloraine, who was inclined to claim the privilege of old acquaintance, was intercepted by Basil and courteously denied admittance to his wife's presence.

When he reported this fact to Charmaine, she colored vividly. "But—I'll see her next time," she added, "I don't think I should mind."

"There won't be a next time," Basil said quietly. "She is leaving before long. The house is sold."

The vivid color faded and Charmaine was conscious of a sense of numbness spreading over her. Then, feeling Basil's eyes upon her, she made a tremendous effort to smile at him.

"I shall have to manage to say goodbye to her somehow," she said.

"We'll see when the time comes," said Basil.

There came some mild days at the beginning of March and one afternoon, tempted by the glint of golden sunshine on bare boughs, Charmaine slipped out to that sacred corner hidden among shrubs, where she and Rory had said goodbye.

In all these months she had had no news of him, and now with the departure of Mrs. Deloraine the last link would be severed. A great tempest of feeling went through her.

"Oh, Rory—Rory—Rory!" She cried his name into the emptiness. "Shall I never see you again?"

SHE was crying helplessly, piteously, until it seemed to her that the whole world rocked and swayed beneath her and she sank down upon the earth in a huddled heap.

When strong arms lifted her she scarcely knew it; for something else had come upon her, an anguish that swept away all coherent thought. "Oh, Basil, help me—help me!" she gasped.

And she heard his steadfast answer above her head: "It's all right, darling. I have you safe," the second before her senses reeled into the abyss of suffering that yawned before her and an awful darkness came.

Very early on the following morning, Aunt Edith crept into the room adjoining Charmaine's in which Basil had been pacing to and fro almost ceaselessly throughout the night and came to him with both hands outstretched.

"Basil, your son is born," she said.

He took her hands, unconsciously gripping them in the anxiety that devoured him.

"What—tell me, please, what of—Charmaine?" he demanded excitedly.

AUNT EDITH'S face was as drawn and haggard as his own, though she made a brave attempt to smile.

"She is terribly exhausted. The doctor is very uneasy about her—but—"

"She is young," Basil said, his voice low with agitation. "She must get over it. Aunt Edith, she must."

After a few moments Aunt Edith spoke again in a whisper. "You know, Basil, dear, I've a feeling—I can't tell you why—that she doesn't really want to get over it. It's as if—as if life had been too stern and harsh to her. It's impossible somehow to get near her to help. I've tried so often."

"I can help her," Basil said in a low, repressed voice. "She isn't going to die like this. I can't let her. I'm going to her now."

He entered his wife's room and went straight to Charmaine, lying still and white on her pillows. Bending down he spoke to her tenderly, while he fondled the tendrils of hair that clung to her damp temples.

"Charmaine, my darling, it's all over and you're quite safe. I know what you've been through. And I'm here by your side helping you. Look up at me, darling! Speak to me! I'm here—ready to carry all your burdens."

She heard him. The white lids fluttered and lifted. Her eyes gazed at him, but they saw him not. "It was such—a big wave," she said, her breathing quick and uneven. "Do you think we're safe?"

"Quite safe, dearest; quite, quite safe," he said.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You saved me. I'll never forget. Shall we—shall we go and sit on the steps now and—pretend it's old times again?"

"If you like, darling," he said.

"Only for a little while," she murmured. "I can't stop long: But I've been wanting you so lately. No, don't let's go inside the Lover's Temple! It's dark in there. And I want to see you—all the time. I can never remember your face properly when you're away. Only your eyes—your dear—Irish—eyes." She uttered a little gasping sigh and nestled lower in his arms.

"Feeling better, darling?" he whispered.

"Oh, yes!" Her answer came softly, as though spoken in a dream. "Thank you for coming back—and—and—for saving—me—loving me." Her eyes were drooping heavily. He kissed them and they closed. "I'll never forget you," she said, her lips scarcely stirring. "Goodbye—darling! Goodbye!"

She sank against his breast and slept.

THROUGHOUT the long night Basil knelt wide-eyed, unstirring, his wife still clasped in his arms. With the slow coming of the dawn Charmaine at length stirred in his arms and awoke. Her eyes looked up to his, faintly smiling their recognition.

"Basil dear." she said, "have you been up all night?"

He smiled back at her. "That's all right, darling. How are you feeling now?"

Her delicate brows drew together. "I don't quite know. But I expect I'm better. But you, Basil, you!"

"I'm all right," he said. "Only a little stiff."

But his brain was reeling, and when the doctor suddenly appeared and held a glass to his lips he drained it with an urgent sense of expediency.

As his brain gradually steadied, he heard the nurse speaking. "There's nothing at all to worry about, Lady Conister. You have a splendid son. I'll fetch him for you to see."

She turned round with the words and Basil spurred himself into action and got to his feet.

"I'll fetch him myself," he said.

He moved across the room with legs that felt strangely unlike his own, and reached the door into the adjoining room. He fumbled awkwardly at the handle and finally opened it.

Aunt Edith was sitting by the fire with a white bundle on her lap, Mrs. Dicker was sunk in an armchair. Basil saw keen anxiety flash into his aunt's face at his appearance and hastened to reassure her.

"She is better," he said, and moved forward into the room. "She wants the baby. Can I have him?"

Aunt Edith rose with her precious burden. "Of course, dear, of course! Such a bonny boy, Basil, with the most wonderful eyes! Not much like the Conisters though at present!

She turned on a generous impulse. "Let Mrs. Dicker carry him in!" she said. "Charmaine will like to see her."

Basil acquiesced, and the white bundle was transferred to Mrs. Dicker's proud arms. He followed her back into Charmaine's room.

"See, my precious!" said Mrs. Dicker, bending to hold her burden for Charmaine's inspection. "Isn't he beautiful? I've never seen such dark eyes in a new-born babe before. Regular Irish eyes they are."

Charmaine took one long look and closed her own. "Yes, Irish eyes!" she said. "And—it's a boy."

IT WAS a critical moment. Basil bent and touched her death-white face.

"Yes, a boy, Charmaine," he said. "We must try and make him all that Hugh would have wished him to be." Then as she only quivered in response, he bent a little lower. "But you are more to me than anything else in the world, my darling, and always will be," he said, in a voice that trembled. "Won't you get well now—for my sake?"

That reached her. She opened her eyes again and faintly smiled at him, through tears. "Anything for you, Basil, darling!" she whispered. "But, oh, I'm not—worth it."

"You are everything in life to me," he said. "I simply—can't—do—without you." His voice failed on the last words.

She regarded him with wondering tenderness. "Can't you?" she murmured. "Then—Basil—I'll try—I'll try."

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By Neysa McMein

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"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold

Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys germs that lodge there.

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

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It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

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"I can help her," Basil said in a low, repressed voice. "She isn't going to die like this. I can't let her. I'm going to her now."

He entered his wife's room and went straight to Charmaine, lying still and white on her pillows. Bending down he spoke to her tenderly, while he fondled the tendrils of hair that clung to her damp temples.

"Charmaine, my darling, it's all over and you're quite safe. I know what you've been through. And I'm here by your side helping you. Look up at me, darling! Speak to me! I'm here—ready to carry all your burdens."

She heard him. The white lids fluttered and lifted. Her eyes gazed at him, but they saw him not. "It was such—a big wave," she said, her breathing quick and uneven. "Do you think we're safe?"

"Quite safe, dearest; quite, quite safe," he said.

"Thank you," she whispered. "You saved me. I'll never forget. Shall we—shall we go and sit on the steps now and—pretend it's old times again?"

"If you like, darling," he said.

"Only for a little while," she murmured. "I can't stop long: But I've been wanting you so lately. No, don't let's go inside the Lover's Temple! It's dark in there. And I want to see you—all the time. I can never remember your face properly when you're away. Only your eyes—your dear—Irish—eyes." She uttered a little gasping sigh and nestled lower in his arms.

"Feeling better, darling?" he whispered.

"Oh, yes!" Her answer came softly, as though spoken in a dream. "Thank you for coming back—and—and—for saving—me—loving me." Her eyes were drooping heavily. He kissed them and they closed. "I'll never forget you," she said, her lips scarcely stirring. "Goodbye—darling! Goodbye!"

She sank against his breast and slept.

THROUGHOUT the long night Basil knelt wide-eyed, unstirring, his wife still clasped in his arms. With the slow coming of the dawn Charmaine at length stirred in his arms and awoke. Her eyes looked up to his, faintly smiling their recognition.

"Basil dear," she said, "have you been up all night?"

He smiled back at her. "That's all right, darling. How are you feeling now?"

Her delicate brows drew together. "I don't quite know. But I expect I'm better. But you, Basil, you!"

"I'm all right," he said. "Only a little stiff."

But his brain was reeling, and when the doctor suddenly appeared and held a glass to his lips he drained it with an urgent sense of expediency.

As his brain gradually steadied, he heard the nurse speaking. "There's nothing at all to worry about, Lady Conister. You have a splendid son. I'll fetch him for you to see."

She turned round with the words and Basil spurred himself into action and got to his feet.

"I'll fetch him myself," he said.

He moved across the room with legs that felt strangely unlike his own, and reached the door into the adjoining room. He fumbled awkwardly at the handle and finally opened it.

Aunt Edith was sitting by the fire with a white bundle on her lap, Mrs. Dicker was sunk in an armchair. Basil saw keen anxiety flash into his aunt's face at his appearance and hastened to reassure her.

"She is better," he said, and moved forward into the room. "She wants the baby. Can I have him?"

Aunt Edith rose with her precious burden. "Of course, dear, of course! Such a bonny boy, Basil, with the most wonderful eyes! Not much like the Conisters though at present!"

She turned on a generous impulse. "Let Mrs. Dicker carry him in!" she said. "Charmaine will like to see her."

Basil acquiesced, and the white bundle was transferred to Mrs. Dicker's proud arms. He followed her back into Charmaine's room.

"See, my precious!" said Mrs. Dicker, bending to hold her burden for Charmaine's inspection. "Isn't he beautiful? I've never seen such dark eyes in a new-born babe before. Regular Irish eyes they are."

Charmaine took one long look and closed her own. "Yes, Irish eyes!" she said. "And—it's a boy."

IT WAS a critical moment. Basil bent and touched her death-white face.

"Yes, a boy, Charmaine," he said. "We must try and make him all that Hugh would have wished him to be." Then as she only quivered in response, he bent a little lower. "But you are more to me than anything else in the world, my darling, and always will be," he said, in a voice that trembled. "Won't you get well now—for my sake?"

That reached her. She opened her eyes again and faintly smiled at him, through tears. "Anything for you, Basil, darling!" she whispered. "But, oh, I'm not—worth it."

"You are everything in life to me," he said. "I simply—can't—do—without you." His voice failed on the last words.

She regarded him with wondering tenderness. "Can't you?" she murmured. "Then—Basil—I'll try—I'll try."

[*Continued in* JANUARY McCALL'S]

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"The same advice I gave your Dad... LISTERINE, often"

Gargle with full strength Listerine every day. It inhibits the development of sore throat, and checks it should it develop.

How to prevent a cold

Rinsing the hands with Listerine before every meal destroys germs that lodge there.

Do you remember—

When the good old family doctor came into the house how your heart began to thump? You didn't know but what you had cholera morbus or something equally dreadful. You saw yourself dying in no time.

Then his firm gentle hands poked you here and there. His bright kind eyes looked down your gullet. And, oh, what a load left your mind when you learned that your trouble was only a badly inflamed throat and that Listerine would take care of it?

The basic things of life seldom change: Listerine, today, is the same tireless enemy of sore throat and colds that it was half a century ago.

It is regularly prescribed by the bright, busy young physicians of this day, just as it was by those old timers —bless their souls—who mixed friendship and wisdom with their medicines.

Listerine's success against infection is due to one quality—its amazing power against germs, particularly those lodging in the throat.

Used full strength it kills even the virulent Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in counts ranging to 200,000,000 in 15 seconds. Tests by three great bacteriological laboratories prove it.

Yet Listerine is so safe it may be used full strength in any body cavity.

Make a habit of gargling systematically with full strength Listerine during nasty weather. It aids in preventing the outbreak of colds and sore throat. And often remedies them when they have developed. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

It checks SORE THROAT *quickly*

KILLS 200,000,000 GERMS IN 15 SECONDS

Is *she* ON YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST?

SHE has a job, and a tiny place of her own... that she pretends to be very debonair about and secretly adores... She gets breakfast with one eye on the clock, but the other eye very firmly on the charm of her service, the prettiness of her table...

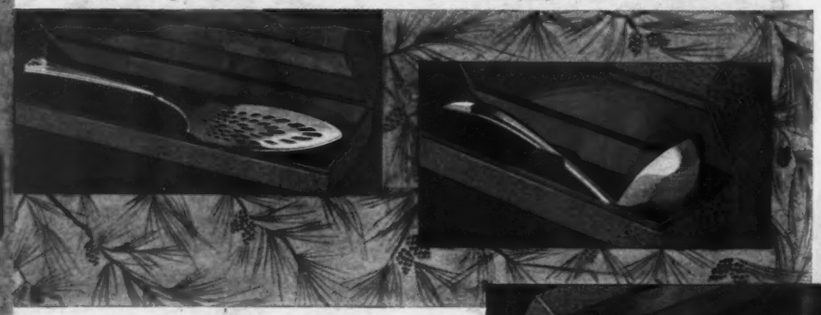
IGNORE her pretensions to being an independent woman (there aren't any.) You can win her heart and her eternal gratitude by giving her some trifle of COMMUNITY PLATE—practical but charming,—and as feminine as her lipstick!

OR: if you want to give her the thrill of a lifetime as well as a Christmas present—and two presents in one, at that—give her a complete service of Community—knives, forks, spoons, serving things—in the little overnight case called the *"Petit Voyage"* which is the newest and gayest Community container... She will adore the silverware—she will find the little dressing-case indispensable... The silverware will cost only $36.50 for a service for six, $48.00 for eight—*and the dressing-case is free.*

The PETIT VOYAGE CASE
"Paul Revere" design illustrated

PERHAPS, this pastry server in the new *"Deauville"* design... $4.50

OR, this gravy ladle... in the *"Patrician-Moderne"* design... $3.00



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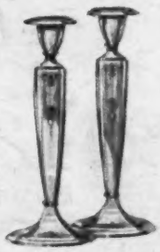
OR, a double vegetable dish that will warm her heart as well as her broccoli... $17.50 in the new *"Deauville"* design



OR, a pair of bright candlesticks, in the *"Grosvenor"* design $17.50

PERHAPS, some salts and peppers ... like these, in the *"Grosvenor"* design... $7.50

PERHAPS, a jelly server—like this one—*"Bird of Paradise"* design... $1.75

COMMUNITY PLATE
Most Feminine of Gifts